

SOUTHERN BIVOUAC

Volume II

September 1883 — August 1884



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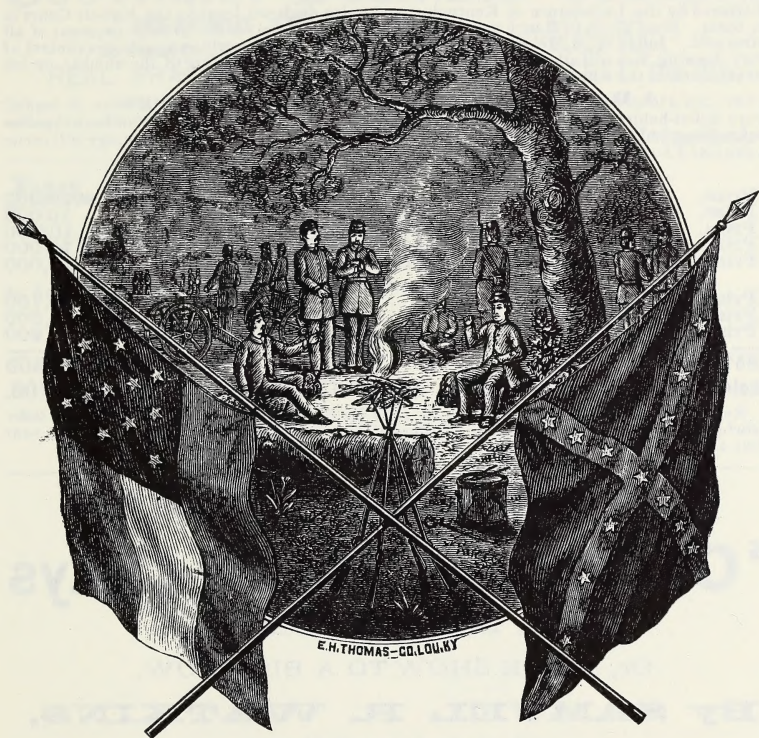
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SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.



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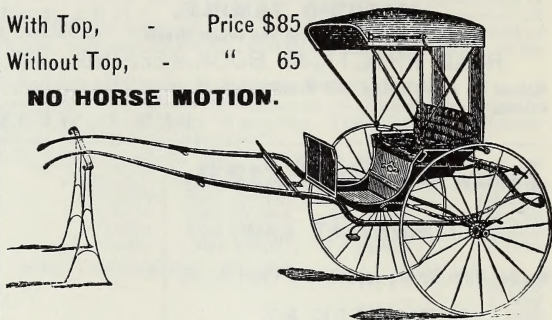
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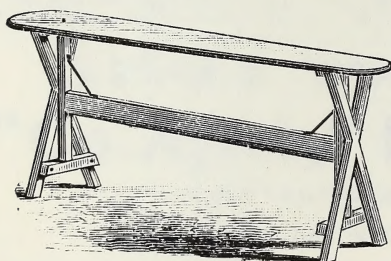
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THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1883.

No. 1.

LEE.

BY MAJOR JOHN W. DANIELS.

As little things make up the sum of life, so they reveal the inward nature of men and furnish the keys to history. It is in the office, the street, the field, the workshop, and by the fireside that men show what stuff they are made of, not less than in those eventful actions which write themselves in lightnings across the skies, and mark the rise and fall of nations. Nay, more! the highest attributes of human nature are not disclosed in action, but in self-restraint and repose. "Self-restraint," as has been truly said by Thomas Hughes, "Is the highest form of self-assertion." It is harder, as every soldier knows, to lie down and take the fire of batteries without returning it than to rise and charge to the cannon's mouth. It is harder to give the soft answer that turneth away wrath than to retort a word with a blow. De Long, in the frozen Arctic wastes, dying alone inch by inch of cold and starvation, yet intent on his work, and writing lines for the benefit of others, deserved as well as the Marshal of France who received the name of "bravest of the brave." The artless little Alabama girl who was guiding General Forrest along a dangerous path when the enemy fired a volley upon him, and who instinctively spread her skirts and cried, "Get behind me!" had a spirit as high as that which filled the bosom of Joan of Arc or Charlotte Corday. The little Holland boy, who, seeing the water oozing through the dyke, and the town near by about to be deluged and destroyed, neither cried nor ran, but stopped, and all alone stifled the opening gap with earth, in constant peril of being swept to death unhonored and unknown, showed a finer and nobler fiber than that of Cambronne when he shouted to the conquering British, "The Guard dies, but never surrenders." The soldier of Pompeii, buried at his post—standing there and flying not from the hot waves of lava that

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rolled over him—tells the Roman story in grander language than the ruins of the Coliseum. And Herndon, on the deck of his ship, doing all to save his crew, making deliberate choice of death before dishonor, and going down into the great deep with brow calm and unruffled, is a grander picture of true, heroic temper than that of Cæsar leading his legions or of the young Corsican at the bridge of Lodi.

Among the quiet, nameless workers of the world—in the stubble-field and by the forge, bending over a sick child's bed or smoothing an outcast's pillow—is many a hero and heroine, truer, nobler than those over whose brows hang plumes and laurels.

In action there is the stimulus of excited physical and mental faculties and of the moving passions; but in the composure of the calm mind that quietly devotes itself to hard life-work, putting aside temptations, contemplating and rising superior to all surroundings of adversity, suffering danger and death, man is revealed in his highest manifestation. Then, and then alone, he seems to have redeemed his fallen state, and to be re-created in God's image. At the bottom of all true heroism is unselfishness. Its crowning expression is self-sacrifice. The world is suspicious of vaunted heroes. They are so easily manufactured. So many feet are cut and trimmed to fit Cinderella's slippers that we hesitate long before we hail the princess. But when the true hero has come, and we know that here is he, in verity, ah! how the hearts of men leap to greet him; how worshipfully we welcome God's noblest work—the strong, honest, fearless, upright man.

In Robert Lee was such a hero vouchsafed to us and to mankind, and whether we behold him declining command of the Federal army to fight the battles and share the miseries of his own people; proclaiming on the heights in front of Gettysburg that the fault of the disaster was his own; leading charges in the crisis of combat; walking under the yoke of conquest without a murmur of complaint; or refusing fortunes to come here and train the youth of his country in the path of duty, he is ever the same meek, grand, self-sacrificing spirit. Here he exhibited qualities not less worthy and heroic than those displayed on the broad and open theater of conflict, when the eyes of nations watched his every action. Here in the calm repose of civil and domestic duties, and in the trying routine of incessant tasks, he lived a life as high as when day by day he marshaled and led the thin and wasting lines, and slept by night upon the field that was to be drenched again in blood upon the morrow.

Here in these quiet walks, far removed from "war or battle's sound," he came into view. As, when the storm passes o'er, the mountain seems a pinnacle of light, the landscape beams with fresher and tenderer beauties, and the purple-golden clouds float above us in the azure depths like the islands of the blest, so came into view the massive splendor and loving kindness of the character of General Lee, and the very sorrows that overhung his life seemed luminous with celestial hues. Here he revealed, in manifold gracious hospitalities, tender charities, and patient, worthy counsels, how deep and pure and inexhaustible were the fountains of his virtues. And loving hearts delight to tell the thousand little things he did which sent forth lines of light to irradiate the gloom of the conquered land, and to lift up the hopes and cheer the works of the people.

Was there a scheme of public improvement? he took hearty interest in promoting its success in every way he could. Was there an enterprise of charity, or education, or religion that needed friendly aid? he gave to it according to his store, and sent with the gift words that were deeds. Was there a poor soldier in distress? whoever else forgot him, it was not Lee. Was there a proud spirit chafing under defeat and breaking forth in angry complaints and criminations, or a wanderer who had sought in other lands an unvexed retreat denied him here? he it was, who, with mild voice, conjured restraint and patience, recalled the wanderer home, and reared above the desolate hearthstone the image of duty. And whoever mourned the loved and lost who had died in vain for the cause now perished, he it was who poured into the stricken heart the balm of sympathy and consolation. Here indeed, Lee, no longer the leader, became, as it were, the priest of his people, and the young men of Washington College were but a fragment of those who found in his voice and his example the shining sign that never misguided their footsteps.

As we glance back through the smoke-drifts of his many campaigns and battles, his kind, considerate acts toward his officers and men gleam through them as brightly as their burnished weapons, and they formed a fellowship as noble as that which bound the Knights of the Round Table to Arthur, "the beardless king." His principle of discipline was indicated in his expression that "a true man of honor feels himself humbled when he can not help humbling others," and never exercising stern authority except when absolutely indispensable, his influence was the more potent because it ever appealed to honorable motives and natural affections. In the dark days of the Revolution two major-generals conspired with a faction of the Conti-

nental Congress to put Gates in the place of Washington, denominating him a "weak general." Never did Confederate dream a disloyal thought of Lee, and the greater the disaster the more his army leaned upon him.

When Jackson fell Lee wrote to him, "You are better off than I am, for while you have lost your left arm I have lost my right arm." And Jackson said of him, "Lee is a phenomenon; he is the only man that I would follow blindfold." Midway between Petersburg and Appomattox, with the ruins of an empire falling on his shoulders, and the gory remnants of his army staggering under the thick blows of the advancing foe, we see Lee turning aside from the column, and riding up to the home of the widow of the gallant Colonel John Thornton, who had fallen at Sharpsburg. "I have not time to tarry," he says, "but I could not pass by without stopping a moment to pay my respects to the widow of my honored soldier, Colonel John Thornton, and tender her my deep sympathy in the sore bereavement she sustained when the country was deprived of his valuable services."

Three of his sons were there in the army with him, but they were too noble to seek, as he was too noble to bestow, honors because of the tie of blood. One of them, a private in the artillery, served his gun with his fellows. Another he is requested by President Davis to assign to command an army; but he will not be the medium of exalting his own house though a superior ask that it be done and though his son deserve. Yet another is in a hostile prison, and a Federal officer of equal rank begs that General Lee will effect an exchange, the one for the other. The general declined, saying, "That he will ask no favor for his own son that could not be asked for the humblest private in the army." On the cars crowded with passengers a soldier, scarce noticed, struggles to draw his coat over his wounded arm. One from among many rises and goes to his aid. It is General Lee. An army surgeon relates that while the battle of the Crater raged General Lee rode to the rear of the line where the wounded lay, and dismounting, moved among them. "Doctor, why are you not doing something for this man?" he said, pointing to one sorely stricken. The doctor raised the gray jacket and pointed to the ghastly wound which made life hopeless. General Lee bent tenderly over the wounded man, and then, in a voice tremulous with emotion, exclaimed, "Alas, poor soldier; may God make soft his dying pillow!"

Such were some of the many acts that made the men love Lee. And in the fight he was ever ready to be foremost. Lee the soldier

overrode Lee the general, and when the pinch and struggle came there was he. "Lee to the rear!" became the soldiers' battle-cry; and oftentimes when the long lines came gleaming on, and shot and shell in tempest ripped the earth, up tore the forest, and filled the air with death, those soldiers in their rusty rags paused as they saw his face among them, and then with manhood's imperious love these sovereigns of the field commanded, "General Lee, go back!" as their condition of advancing. And then, forward to the death! Was ever such devotion? Yes; Lee loved his men "as a father pitieth his children," and they loved him with a love that "passeth the love of woman;" for they saw in him the iron hero who could lead the brave with front as dauntless as a warrior's crest, and the gentle friend who comforted the stricken with soul as tender as a mother's prayer.

Five years rolled by while here "the self-imposed mission" of Lee was being accomplished, and now, in 1870, he had reached the age of sixty-three. A robust constitution, never abused by injurious habit, would doubtless have prolonged his life beyond the threescore years and ten which the psalmist has ascribed as the allotted term of man, but many causes were sapping and undermining it. The exposures of two wars in which he had participated, and the tremendous strain on nerve and heart and brain which his vast responsibilities and his accumulated trials had entailed, had been silently and gradually doing their work, and now his step had lost something of its elasticity, the shoulders began to stoop as if under a growing burden, and the ruddy glow of health upon his countenance had passed into a feverish flush. Into his ears and into his heart had been poured the afflictions of his people, and while composed and self-contained and uncomplaining, who could have looked on that great face, over whose majestic lineaments there stole the shade of sadness, without perceiving that grief for those he loved was gnawing at the heart-strings? without perceiving in the brilliant eye, which now and then had a far-away, abstracted gaze, that the soul within bore a sorrow that only Heaven could heal.

What he suffered his lips have never spoken. In the beautiful language of another, "His lips were closed like the gates of some majestic temple, not for concealment, but because that within was holy." Yet, let us take consolation to ourselves that there came to him much to give him joy. Around him were those united by the closest ties of blood and relationship in unremitting fidelity. Not a man of those who ever fought under him—aye, not one—ever proved

faithless in respect for him; the great mass of them gave to him every expression in their power of their affection. To the noble mind sweet is the generous and genuine praise of noble men, and for Lee there was a full measure. He lived to see deeply laid the foundation, and firmly built the pedestal of his great glory, and to catch the murmur of those voices which would rear high his image and bear his name and fame to remote ages and distant nations. The brave and true of every land paid him tribute. The first soldiers of foreign climes saluted him with eulogy; the scholar decorated his page with dedication to his name; the artist enshrined his form and features in noblest work of brush and chisel; the poet voiced the heroic pathos of his life in tender, lofty strain. Enmity grew into friendship before his noble bearing, and humanity itself attended him with all human sympathy. And over all, "God made soft his dying pillow."

The particular form of his mortal malady was rheumatism of the heart, originating in the exposure of his campaigns, and aggravated by the circumstances of his many trying situations. He traveled South in the spring of 1870, and in the summer resorted to the Hot Springs of Virginia, and when September came he was again here in better health and spirits at his accustomed work. On the 28th of September he conducted, as usual, his correspondence, and performed the incidental tasks of his office, and after dinner he attended a meeting of the vestry of Grace Episcopal Church, of which body he was a member. A question as to the minister's salary coming before the board, and there being a deficiency in the amount necessary, General Lee said, "I will give that sum." A sense of weariness came over him before the meeting ended, and at its close he retired with wan, flushed face. Returning home he found the family circle gathered for tea, and took his place at the board, standing to say grace. The lips failed to voice the blessing prompted by the heart, and, without a word, he took his seat with an expression of sublime resignation on his face, for well he knew that the Master's call had come, and he was ready to answer.

He was borne to his chamber, and skilled physicians and loving hands did all that man could do. For nearly a fortnight

" 'Twixt night and morn upon the horizon's verge
Between two worlds life hovered like a star ; "

and then, on the morning of October 11, the star of the mortal sank

in the sunrise of immortality, and Robert Lee passed hence to "where beyond these voices there is peace."

"Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action," were among the last words of Stonewall Jackson. "Tell Hill he *must* come up" were the last words of Lee. Their brave lieutenant, who rests under the green turf of Hollywood, seems to have been latest in the minds of his great commanders while their spirits, yet in martial fancy, roamed again the fields of conflict, and ere they passed to where the soldier dreams of battle-fields no more.

And did he live in vain, this brave and gentle Lee? And have his works perished with him? I would blush to ask the question, save to give the answer.

A leader of armies, he closed his career in complete disaster. But the military scientist studies his campaigns and finds in them designs as bold and brilliant, and actions as intense and energetic as ever illustrated the art of war. The gallant captain beholds in his bearing courage as rare as ever faced a desperate field or restored a lost one. The private soldier looks up at an image as benignant and commanding as ever thrilled the heart with highest impulse of devotion.

The men who wrested victory from his little band stood wonder-stricken and abashed when they saw how few were those who dared oppose them, and generous admiration burst into spontaneous tribute to the splendid leader who bore defeat with the quiet resignation of a hero. The men who fought under him never revered or loved him more than on the day he sheathed his sword. Had he but said the word, they would have died for honor. It was because he said the word that they resolved to live for duty.

Plato congratulated himself—first, that he was born a man; second, that he had the happiness of being a Greek; and third, that he was the contemporary of Sophocles. And in this vast throng to-day, and here and there the wide world over, is many a one who wore the gray who rejoices that he was born a man to do man's part for his country; that he had the glory of being a Confederate, and who feels a just, proud, and glowing consciousness in his bosom when he says unto himself, "I was a follower of Robert Lee; I was a soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia."

Did he wield patronage and power? No! He could not have appointed a friend to the smallest office. He could bestow no emolument upon any of his followers. But an intimation of his wish among his own people carried an influence which the command of

the autocrat can never possess; and his approval of conduct or character was deemed an honor, and was an honor which outlived the stars and crosses and titles conferred by kings.

Did he gain wealth? No! He neither sought nor despised it. It thrust itself upon him, but he put it away from him. He refused its companionship because his people could not have its company. He gave what he had to a weak cause and to those whose necessities were greater than his own. And home itself he sacrificed on the altar of his country. But he refuted the shallow worldling's maxim that "every man has his price," and proved that true manhood has none, however great.

The plunderer of India defends himself by exclaiming that "when he considered his opportunities he was astonished at his own moderation." Mark Anthony appeased the anger of the Roman populace against the fallen tyrant by reading Cæsar's will, wherein he left them his rich and fair possessions—to them and their heirs forever. The captive of St. Helena, aggrandized with the tears and blood of Europe, drew his own long will dispensing millions to his favorites. Lee had opportunities as great as any conqueror, and took nothing, not even that which others pushed upon him.

But he has left a great, imperishable legacy to us and our heirs forever. The heart of man is his perpetual kingdom; there he reigns transcendent, and we exclaim, "O, king, live forever!"

Did he possess rank? Not so; far from it! He was not even a citizen! The country which gave the right of suffrage to the alien ere he could speak its language, and to the African freedman ere he could read or understand its laws, denied to him the privilege of a free ballot. He had asked amnesty. He had been refused. He had not been tried, but he had been convicted. He forgave, but he was unforgiven. He died a paroled prisoner of war, in the calm of peace, five years after the war had ended—died the foremost and noblest of men in a Republic which proclaims itself "the land of the free, and the home of the brave," himself and his commander-in-chief constituting the most conspicuous of its political slaves.

But as the oak stripped of its foliage by the winter blast, then and then only, stands forth in solemn and mighty majesty against the wintry sky, so Robert Lee, stripped of every rank that man could give him, towered above the earth and those around him in the pure sublimity and strength of that character which we can only fitly contemplate when we lift our eyes from earth and see it limned against the heavens!

Did he save his country from conquest? No! He saw his every foreboding of evil verified. He came to share the miseries of his people. He shared them, drinking every drop of sorrow's cup. His cause was lost, and the land for which he fought lives not amongst the nations; but the voice of history echoes the poet's song:

"Ah! realm of tombs. But let it bear
This blazon to the last of times;
No nation rose so white and fair,
Or fell so pure of crimes."

And he, its type, lived and died, teaching life's greatest lessons, "to suffer and be strong," and that "misfortune nobly borne is good fortune."

There is a rare exotic that blooms but once in a century, and then it fills the light with beauty and the air with fragrance. In each of the two centuries of Virginia's statehood there has sprung from the loins of her heroic race a son whose name and deeds will bloom throughout the ages. Both fought for liberty and independence. George Washington won against a kingdom whose seat was three thousand miles away, whose soldiers had to sail in ships across the deep, and he found in the boundless area of his own land its strongest fortifications. August, beyond the reach of destruction, is the glory of his name. Robert Edward Lee made fiercer and bloodier fight against greater odds, and at greater sacrifice, and lost, against the greatest nation of modern history, armed with steam and electricity and all the appliances of modern science—a nation which mustered its hosts at the very threshold of his door. But his life teaches the grandest lesson—how manhood can rise transcendent over adversity, and is in itself alone, under God, pre-eminent—the grander lesson because a sorrow and misfortune are sooner or later the common lot, even that of him who is the conqueror, he who bears them best is made of sternest stuff, and is the most useful and universal, as he is the greatest and noblest exemplar.

And now he has vanished from us forever! And is this all that is left of him—this handful of dust beneath the marble stone? No! the ages answer as they rise from where lay the wrecks of kingdoms and estates, holding up in their hands as their only trophies the names of those who have wrought for man the love and fear of God, and in love unfearing for their fellow-men.

No! the present answers, bending by his tomb.

No! the future answers, as the breath of the morning fans its

radiant brow, and its soul drinks in sweet inspirations from the lovely life of Lee.

No! methinks the very heavens echo, as melt into their depths the words of reverent love that voice the hearts of men to the tingling stars.

Come we then to-day in loyal love to sanctify our memories, to purify our hopes, to make strong all good intent by communion with the spirit of him who, being dead, yet speaketh. Come, child, in thy spotless innocence; come, maiden, in thy purity; come, youth, in thy prime; come, manhood, in thy strength; come, mother, in thy nobility; come, age, in thy ripe wisdom; come, citizen; come soldier—let us strew the roses and lilies of June around his tomb, for he, like them, exhaled in his life nature's beneficence, and the grave has consecrated that life and given it to us all.

Come! for here he rests, and

“On this green bank, by this fair stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may his deeds redeem
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.”

Come! for here the genius of loftiest poesy in the artist's dream and through the sculptor's touch has restored his form and features. A Valentine has lifted the marble veil and disclosed him to us as we would love to look upon him—lying, the flower of knighthood, in “Joyous card.” His sword beside him is sheathed forever, but Honor's seal is on his brow, and Valor's star is on his breast, and the peace that passeth all understanding descends upon him. Here, not in the hour of his grandest triumph of earth, as when, 'mid the battle's roar, shouting battalions followed his trenchant sword, and bleeding veterans forgot their wounds to leap between him and his enemies, but here, in victory supreme over Earth itself, and over Death, its conqueror, he rests, his warfare done.

And as we seem to gaze once more on him we loved and hailed as Chief, in his sweet, dreamless sleep, the tranquil face is clothed with Heaven's light, and the mute lips seem to voice again the message that in life he spoke, “There is a true glory and a true honor; the glory of duty done, the honor of the integrity of principle.”

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

ANSWER TO "BURY THE HATCHET."

The following bitter but lively exhibition of relentless hate is published not to show what wrongs were done, but to reveal one of the inevitable consequences of civil strife.

Nay, ask me not to love my foe;
'Tis Christian-like and right, I know,
And 'tis divinely great.
Yet there's enough who will forgive;
Then grant to me while yet I live
The luxury to hate.

For well you know my mother dwelt
Where peace and every joy was felt,
And plenty blessed our board.
But O! what utter ruin came
From shot and sword and thirsty flame,
From cruel Federal horde.

The beauteous fields like magic-spell,
Cropped by ten thousand horses, fell
Withered in one short night.
And fragile forms who met the morn
Houseless, and of each treasure shorn,
Told of the fire-fiend's blight.

A mother broken-hearted, dead!
Her children from the hearth-stone fled,
Driven from home's sweet lea.
Deprived of all that made life dear,
Without an oar their barque to steer
O'er life's unventured sea.

And O! the graves of sire and sons
Who fought to save these tender ones,
And fell to rise no more,
Cry to my aching heart aloud,
Cry from their soiled and blood-stained shroud,
Cry from the "other" shore—

"Forgive them not!" To hide I'll try
The bitter anguish and the sigh,
And good for evil give.
I'll breathe no murmur to the foe,
Suppress the tears so prone to flow,
But *can not* say forgive.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

ONE OF THE UNRECONSTRUCTED.

I am more and more struck with each successive visit to our big show. It has grown to huge proportions, and I confess that I feel a good deal of wholesome pride as I pause at the threshold of the entrance and see the word "Southern" spanning the portals above me, and then the many evidences within the beautiful building of the advancement, both agricultural and mechanical, from the barbarous lethargy into which the war was said to have plunged us. I look around upon it all "and feel that swelling of the heart" which I thought "I ne'er should feel again."

Now don't understand me to be holloaing for our side; not at all. I have been too well reconstructed for that. The old, imaginary border-line of those ancient incendiaries, Mason and Dixon, has long since been wiped out by the blood of heroes in blue and gray. I recognize the fact, as well as any other reconstructed man, that there is "no North, no South, etc." Things have gotten muchly mixed these latter days, the points of the compass seem to have slipped out of place somehow. I believe old Sol sticks it out on the same line, though he'll need reconstructing next.

In ambling through the streets the other day, searching for some diversion, I was brought to a sudden halt by the appearance, and I might almost say the voice, of a sentinel, in a doorway near me. I looked intently and for a moment, felt that I must be waking from a Rip Van Winkle nap; there stood Johnny Reb as big as life, indeed a good deal bigger, as if he might have been growing all these twenty years. The poor fellow had seen a sight of trouble though, for he had grown gray from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot.

I went up to get a nearer look. "Why, how d'ye do, old fell," says I, and looking around quickly, to see if I was observed, extended my hand; but he was too good a sentinel for that; he said never a word, just looked straight ahead. "Look here, my friend," says I again, feeling alarmed for his safety, "Have'n't you been reconstructed *yet*? for that old gun of yours wont be worth shucks if they catch you here in this plight." He had a "Federal" canteen suspended from his belt, but with that exception he was thoroughly C.S.A. I reckon he picked the canteen up after the battle of Manassas. His old slouch hat and musket at a "order arms" was true to life. I noticed presently that he was kind o' boxed up, as if they were afraid he might get loose. The mystery seemed growing greater. I

could stand it no longer. "For the Lord's sake, old comrade, tell me what you are doing here?" Then in a sepulchral tone of voice, heard only by myself, he explained that he was the first fruits of the seventeenth amendment, which condemned all surviving soldiers of the C. S. A., who could not or would not be reconstructed, to an eternal state of petrification, whose honorable duty should be to guard the last resting-place of the noble braves who fell in defense of their inalienable rights.

And there he stood "a perfect petrification of glory" waiting to be transferred to South Carolina, to which field he had been assigned. I handed him my hat and walked off, fearing to trust myself longer in such an unreconstructed atmosphere. RE.

NOTE.—The author of above has allusion to the colossal size statute of a Confederate soldier in position of "rest," which has been so admired at the marble-rooms of Muldoon & Co., on Green Street, in this city. The statue is to be raised on a pedestal about thirty-five feet high and will be placed in the cemetery of Columbia, S. C., for the Ladies' Memorial Association of that city.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.

THE BAD YOUNG SOLDIER—HE NEVER TOLD A LIE.

In July, 1863, the ——— Kentucky Regiment of Cavalry, C. S. A., was encamped at Spring Creek, near Rome, Ga., enjoying a season of rest, earned by two years of unremitting service. Camp discipline was light and the boys were enjoying to the utmost their vacation from school, as they called it. There were no drills, only nominal guard duty and unlimited opportunities for foraging on the citizens about the camp, with whom the command soon became well acquainted. To the credit of the boys be it said, they paid their way and left both earnest friends and dearly-loved sweet-hearts behind them, when the skirmishing preliminary to Chickamauga took them from their pleasant quarters to the perilous edge of battle again. There was a good deal of rather bad whisky drunk by officers and men in those days, and the — Kentucky Cavalry furnished no exception to the rule. They did not care particularly for the whisky, but it was there in the neighborhood, and its character was such that if left unused it would sour on the hands of its owners, and we were too patriotic to permit such a disaster to occur. We quietly drank it to prevent its being wasted.

One day one of the boys in the — Kentucky regiment from Jef-

erson County (whose name, as well as all others connected with this true narrative must be omitted because it is true), found his comrade too sick to drink his allowance of "pine top," and at once proceeding in a spirit of comradeship to the performance of double duty, drank it himself. To say that it warmed the inner chambers of his soul would be a mild way of stating a tangible and lively fact. He was the incarnation of a Kentucky thoroughbred, foot-loose and fancy free, out for a lark. His rambles through the camp soon brought him to the quarters of the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment. This officer had a fine and vivid imagination with a generous flow of words, and the combination was being worked to its fullest capacity when the young and patriotic soldier on double duty put in his appearance.

"I never told a lie in my life," was the remark the lieutenant-colonel was making as the patriot joined the circle. He heard it, took it in, digested it, and departed. Soon the camp rang with a voice that filled it, "Show me the man who never told a lie! Trot him right out here; I want him! I want to put him in a cage and show him to the admiring gaze of a large constituency! I'll put him on exhibition, charge an admission fee, pay off the Confederate debt, raise the blockade, and in six months collect a sum big enough to buy out the Federal army! Trot him out, I say; I want to see him! It's your duty to produce the man who never told a lie, because he is the rarest bird that ever winged his flight over these Southern swamps!"

A good deal more of the same sort followed this as the young soldier who had, in the meantime, generously relieved another friend of his patriotic "pine-top" duty, meandered through the camp. Of course the officer heard the uproar and understood its cause. At first he treated it as a joke, but as the outcry continued and the camp began to fully understand the demand for a sight of "the man who never told a lie," the joke became serious, and the officer of the guard was appealed to. A file of men started in search of the offender, and he started for the woods. The camp was on the bank of a stream, across this a dead pine tree had fallen, its top resting against a precipitous bluff almost a hundred feet high, forming the opposite bank of the stream. The tree was dead, its bark had fallen off, and it was almost without limbs, but it furnished the only avenue of escape. The youthful patriot was fond of double rations, but had no taste for double duty, and up this precipitous pine pathway he clambered. "Pine-top" got him into trouble, and pine-top and

a high hill had to get him out. Up the perilous way he climbed like a squirrel, and when the file of soldiers reached the base of the old tree he was serenely seated on the summit of the bluff, and, leaning forward, he mildly inquired of the officer in charge "if *he* ever saw a man who never told a lie?" The officer ordered him to come down, to which the wicked offender responded, "Wish I could, lieutenant, but I am afraid; I had a letter from General Wheeler yesterday in which he stated that good men were growing scarce in his army, and he wished me to take care of myself, so I can afford to take no risks."

In vain the officer ordered, begged, and implored the culprit to come down, but he was firm as the rock on which he sat, suggesting to his superior that the view from the elevated point was excellent, and inviting him to come up. Finally, the officer and men, disgusted with their failure, went back to headquarters, when the young culprit, from his airy height, delivered another address to his assembled countrymen, introducing the main features of his opening remarks which caused his flight. At its conclusion he sought a shady spot, and, lying down to pleasant slumbers, dreamed of his new plan for bringing the war to a close, and paying the Confederate war-debt. After a time, awakening, he found his way back to camp, but failed to find courage enough to retrace the dangerous pine-tree path which had no terrors to him a few hours before. Keeping close to his quarters during the remainder of the day, he went next morning to the quarters of his commanding officer, whom he really liked, and made the apologies due from one gentleman to another, and to the credit of the officer, he made no distinction of rank, but bringing forth his canteen sealed the new compact with a generous flow of the provoking cause of the episode.

Years have gone by! The young soldier has filled numerous places of trust, and is to-day the gray and bald father of a family. The officer, after serving well his people in civil stations, passed away:

His sword is rust, his bones are dust,
His soul is with his God we trust."

E. P. J.

THE OLD SOLDIER'S WAY.—"What is true bravery?" asks a New York paper. It is going to sleep while your wife sits up in bed to listen for burglars.

REUNION OF FIRST BRIGADE KENTUCKY INFANTRY—OFFICIAL PROCEEDINGS.

A second Reunion of the First Kentucky Brigade held at Masonic Hall. The meeting was called to order by Lieutenant Col. Hervey McDowell, Chairman, and opened with prayer by Capt. Wm. H. Stanly. The minutes of the first Reunion held at Blue Lick Springs last year were read by the Secretary, Capt. Jno. H. Weller, and approved.

General Wm. Preston delivered a welcome address, followed by addresses by Generals S. B. Buckner and Joseph H. Lewis. Letters were read expressing hearty sympathy from Hon. Jefferson Davis, Gov. Wm. B. Bate, Gen. Frank Cheatham, and Col. M. L. Stansel, Forty-first Alabama.

On motion the following committee was appointed on Organization, viz: Capt. T. J. Henry, Fifth Kentucky; Col. J. C. Wickliffe, Ninth Kentucky; Judge Thomas Owens, Fourth Kentucky; Maj. Joel Higgins, Second Kentucky; Adjutant Virgil Hewitt, Sixth Kentucky: Which made the following report:

We your committee, appointed to select officers to preside over the Reunion of First Kentucky Brigade, held at Lexington on Wednesday, September 5, 1883, respectfully recommend the following: *President*—Col. Hervey McDowell; *Secretary*—Capt. W. E. Bell.

(Signed by the Committee.)

Which report was adopted.

On motion of John W. Green, of the Ninth Kentucky, the following ladies were elected honorary members of Brigade, viz: Mrs. Emille Ferrier and Mrs. Emilie L. Buchanan.

On motion the following committee was appointed to select the time and place for the next meeting of the brigade, viz: Judge W. L. Jett, Fourth Kentucky; Maj. Wynher, Fifth Kentucky; Capt. Ed. F. Spears, Second Kentucky; John W. Green, Ninth Kentucky; Capt. Wm. Stanly, Sixth Kentucky.

The committee recommended Elizabethtown as the place and September 19, 1884, as the time for the next annual Reunion, which was adopted.

Prof. Jos. Desha Pickett was called upon and addressed the meeting while the committees were preparing their reports, in his usual acceptable manner.

On motion the following committee was appointed to inquire into

the feasibility, and raise, if practicable, funds to erect monuments to Generals Roger W. Hanson and Ben Hardin Helm, viz: Norborne Gray, Ninth Kentucky; Dr. Wm. Dudley, Second Kentucky; Capt. Joe C. Bailey, Fourth Kentucky; Judge Thos. Owens, Fifth Kentucky; Adjutant Virgil Hewitt, Sixth Kentucky.

On motion, the thanks of this brigade are tendered the Honorable Judge of the Clark County Court for the use of the portrait of General Hanson for this occasion.

On motion, Virgil Hewitt was appointed chairman of a committee, "the other members of which to be selected by himself," for the purpose of making all necessary arrangements for the third annual Reunion of this Brigade at Elizabethtown, September 19, 1884.

The brigade was then formed and marched in a body headed by Generals Buckner and Lewis to the grave of General Roger W. Hanson in the Lexington Cemetery, where an address was made by Gen. Preston upon the character of Gen. Hanson, the ceremonies closing with prayer by Prof. Pickett. The brigade then re-visited the graves of Generals Breckinridge and Morgan, and then the meeting adjourned to meet at Elizabethtown September 19, 1884.

ROLL OF THE FIRST KENTUCKY BRIGADE REUNION AT LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1883.

FIELD AND STAFF.

Brigadier-General Joseph H. Lewis, Frankfort, Ky.; Fayette Hewitt, Frankfort, Ky.; J. Desha Pickett, Frankfort, Ky.; General S. B. Buckner, Hart County, Ky.; Brigadier-General Wm. Preston, Lexington, Ky.

SECOND KENTUCKY REGIMENT.

Colonel Hervey McDowell, Cynthiana, Ky.; Major Joel Higgins, Lexington, Ky.; Surgeon B. W. Dudley, Lexington, Ky.; Brigadier-General Wm. T. Withers, Lexington, Ky.; J. T. Hogg, Cynthiana, Ky.

Company A—Willis L. Ringo, Cynthiana, Ky.

Company B—Captain Robert J. Breckinridge, Louisville, Ky.; D. B. Worsham, Lexington, Ky.; Ed. Thomasson, Lexington, Ky.; Second Lieutenant J. C. Griffith, Oxford, Ky.; O. S. Bradley, Lexington, Ky.; J. S. McKensie, Keene, Ky.; John Montague, Lexington, Ky.; J. V. Emerson, Lexington, Ky.; J. S. Lonney, Lexington, Ky.; Mornix W. Virden, Spears, Ky.; J. E. Cromwell, Harrodsburgh, Ky.; York Keene, Slickaway, Ky.; L. D. Payne, Athens, Ky.; Henry C. Payne, Athens, Ky.; A. S. Carter, Lexington, Ky.; Charles Boler, Midway, Ky.

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Company C—F. W. Lane, Midway, Ky.

Company E—E. P. Meershon, Frankfort, Ky.

Company F—Thomas Cummins, Newtown, Ky.; Bruce Champ, Paris, Ky.; First Lieutenant H. M. Carpenter, Paris, Ky.; J. T. Howard, Cynthiana, Ky.

Company G—Captain E. F. Spears, Paris, Ky.; First Lieutenant James A. Allen, Paris, Ky.; John J. Corrington, Nicholasville, Ky.; Thomas York, Paris, Ky.; Pat. Punch, Mt. Sterling, Ky.; H. Spears, Paris, Ky.; James A. Allison, Woodlake, Ky.

Company H—Captain A. K. Lair, Georgetown, Ky.; S. T. Rawlins, Long Lick, Scott County, Ky.; Elijah Parker, Petersburg, Boone County, Ky.; Charles Herbst, Macon, Ga.; James Summers, Ludlow, Ky.

Company I—Captain Dan. Turney, Paris, Ky.; Captain Wm. E. Bell, Lawrenceburg, Ky.; Charles R. Tolle, Lexington, Ky.; E. D. Scrugham, Louisville, Ky.; J. C. Montfort, Lexington, Ky.; S. O. Hackley, Lawrenceburg, Ky.; John W. Crain, Lawrenceburg, Ky.; C. C. Lillard, Lawrenceburg, Ky.; J. A. McGuire, Lawrenceburg, Ky.

Company K—Wm. M. Yandell, Seguin, Texas.

FOURTH KENTUCKY REGIMENT.

Colonel J. P. Nuckols, Frankfort, Ky.; R. A. Thompson, Frankfort, Ky.

Company A—J. R. Fisher, Glasgow, Ky.

Company C—George Deifenberg, Louisville, Ky.

Company D—Captain John H. Weller, Louisville, Ky.; J. M. Herndon, Monterey, Ky.

Company E—Joseph Cole, Frankfort, Ky.; John Cardwell, Peytona, Ky.; Geo. W. Lawler, Ironton, Ohio; James H. Smith, Versailles, Ky.; E. R. Dawson, Versailles, Ky.; Jo. C. Bailey, Versailles, Ky.; Thos. J. Surrans, Lexington, Ky.; J. G. Crockett, Frankfort, Ky.; W. L. Jett, Frankfort.

Company F—Theodore Cowherd, Lagrange, Ky.

Company G—J. N. Carter, Clark's Creek, Grant County, Ky.

Company H—Captain Hugh Henry, Paris, Ky.; L. D. Young, First Lieutenant, Plum Lick, Ky.; J. P. Vaughan, Lawrenceburg, Ky.; C. E. Brown, Millersburg, Ky.; W. E. Knox, Carlisle, Ky.

Company I—Thomas Owens, Carlisle, Ky.; Henry W. Rau, Louisville, Ky.; Henry Craft, Louisville, Ky.

FIFTH KENTUCKY REGIMENT.

Major W. Mynhier, West Liberty, Ky.

Company A—Geo. Hendricks, Catawba, Ky.; W. R. Fryar, Second Lieutenant, Falmouth, Ky.

Company B—Captain Barry South, Frankfort, Ky.; E. C. Strong, First Lieutenant, Lost Creek, Breathitt County, Ky.; Sam. South, Frankfort, Ky.; Dan Baker, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Company C—Captain Thos. J. Henry, Frankfort, Ky.; Milton Cox, First Lieutenant, West Liberty, Ky.; M. L. Johnston, West Liberty, Ky.; W. W. Lewis, West Liberty, Ky.; W. H. Manning, Henry, Morgan County, Ky.;

J. C. McGuire, White Oak, Morgan County, Ky.; J. D. Johnston, West Liberty, Morgan County, Ky.; W. F. Harens, Grassy, Morgan County, Ky.; Haydon Williams, West Liberty, Morgan County, Ky.; B. C. Stamper, Grassy, Morgan County, Ky.; Woodson Johnston, West Liberty, Morgan County, Ky.; David Jennings, Tolliversville, Morgan County, Ky.; John W. Jennings, Tolliversville, Morgan County, Ky.; Allen M. Barker, West Liberty, Ky.; Pat. Henry, Little Rock, Bourbon County, Ky.; W. S. Henry, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Company D—First Lieutenant J. K. P. South, Jett, Franklin County, Ky.

Company E—G. W. Jamison, New Eagle Mills, Grant County, Ky.; Charles Bradley, Long Lick, Ky.

Company F—Captain J. M. White, Nicholasville, Ky.; First Lieutenant H. C. Musselman, Williamstown, Ky.; Lieutenant S. J. Eales, Burton, Kansas; Lieutenant Tilford Nare, Hanly, Ky.; J. G. Sandusky, Lexington, Ky.; Wm. Haydon, Lexington, Ky.; George W. Metcalfe, Harrodsburgh, Ky.; Robert C. Bowman, Spears, Ky.; Thomas Lynn, Turkey Foot, Scott County, Ky.; John T. Hawkins, Lexington, Ky.

Company I—Captain Joseph Desha, Cynthiana, Ky.; Jeff. Oxley, Nicholasville, Ky.; Coal Whitehead, Avena, Ky.; Charles W. Pope, Sylvan Dale, Ky.; M. D. Asbury, Kentontown, Ky.; A. J. McKinney, Falmouth, Ky.; W. T. Casey, Harilandsville, Ky.; B. A. Whittaker, Harilandsville, Ky.

Company K—Ben F. Rogers, Farmdale, Ky.; Jacob Williams, Frankfort, Ky.

SIXTH KENTUCKY REGIMENT.

Captain Wm. Stanley, Co. G., Cynthiana, Ky.; H. H. Kavanaugh, Frankfort, Ky.; Virgil Hewitt, Adjutant, Frankfort, Ky.; John F. Davis, Shelbyville, Ky.

Company A—Jesse F. Sedeasy, Lawrenceburg, Ky.; J. W. Kackly, Lexington, Ky.; B. S. Bennett, Elk Creek, Ky.; J. M. Stillwell, Taylorsville, Ky.

Company G—J. R. Wilson, Lawrenceburg, Ky.; Jas. Searcy, Salvisa, Ky.; M. F. Routt, Rippyville, Ky.; Geo. W. Humes, Frankfort, Ky.; John Coulter, Louisville, Ky.

NINTH KENTUCKY REGIMENT.

Lieutenant Colonel J. C. Wickliffe, Bardstown, Ky.; John W. Green, Louisville, Ky.

Company B—T. H. Ellis, First Lieutenant, Bardstown, Ky.; Norborne G. Gray, Lieutenant, Louisville, Ky.; J. S. Jackman, Louisville, Ky.

Company D—R. M. Wall, Lieutenant, Cynthiana, Ky.; Dr. A. J. Bealle, Cynthiana, Ky.; H. M. Keller, First Lieutenant, Cynthiana, Ky.; J. H. Taylor, Cynthiana, Ky.; J. W. Martin, Cynthiana, Ky.; D. W. Taylor, Cynthiana, Ky.; W. H. Whaley, Paris, Ky.; Alvin Agnew, Leesburg, Ky.; Wm. Hedger, Knoxville, Ky.; Thos. Snodgrass, Shawhan, Ky.

Company G—John W. Evans, Sonora, Ky.; William W. Badger, Hawesville, Ky.

BYRNE'S BATTERY.

J. W. Mason, Sonora, Ky.

VISITORS.

W. W. McClure, W. W. Williams, Co. A, Second Kentucky Cavalry; Ed. Murphy, Old Fifth Kentucky, Captain May; D. L. Osborne, Giltner's Regiment; Wilmore Kendall, Courier John S. Williams; A. J. White, Captain Old Fifth Kentucky, Rowan County; M. G. Phillips, Old Fifth Kentucky, Johnson County; M. Syms, Old Fifth Kentucky, Rowan County; A. J. Morey, Seventh Confederate Regiment, "Cynthiana New;" S. G. Sharp, Eighth Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan, Lexington, Ky.; L. L. Prewitt, B, Fifth Kentucky Cavalry; Lieutenant W. B. Black, Co. E, First Kentucky Infantry; S. C. Jewell, Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan; W. P. Taulbee, visitor; S. W. Hayer, visitor; John R. Pope, First Kentucky Mounted Riflemen; General A. Buford, Second Division Forrest's Cavalry; General S. W. Ferguson, Jackson's Division Army of Tennessee; W. C. Davis, Co. B, Eighth Kentucky Cavalry; W. H. May, Forrest's Cavalry, Lexington, Ky.; W. O. Mize, State Senator; W. J. Crandiel, State Senator, Manchester, Ky.; Major A. M. McDowell, Forty-third Alabama Regiment, Infantry, Cynthiana, Ky.; Judge Jos. D. Hunt, Lexington, Ky.; S. F. Wilson, Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, Lexington, Ky.; General W. C. P. Breckenridge, Lexington, Ky.; Dr. M. S. Brown, Zollicoffer's Brigade; Gus. Jaubert, First Kentucky Regiment, Infantry, Co. A, Lexington, Ky.; Levi Hickey, Fifth Kentucky Cavalry, Scott County Ky.; James Tevis, Seventh Kentucky Cavalry; Stephen Jett, Kiddville, Clark County; W. C. Arnett, Fifth Kentucky Cavalry, Versailles, Ky.; C. H. Higbee, Shelby's Cavalry, Missouri; Quincy Burgess, Eighth Kentucky Cavalry; W. W. Batterton, D. Howard Smith's Regiment, Second Kentucky Cavalry; Jos. Duncan, Co. A. First Kentucky Battalion; John Duvall, Ninth Kentucky Cavalry; J. Stoddard Johnson, Breckenridge's Staff; W. J. Jones, Quirk's Scouts; J. P. Sacre, Eighth Kentucky Cavalry; A. Gilligan, Eighth Kentucky Cavalry; Captain W. T. Havens, Third Kentucky Cavalry, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

THE BATTLE OF SALTVILLE.

BY T. L. BURNETT.

It was the purpose of the enemy, under Burbridge, to take the Salt Works and then form a junction with Gillem and destroy the lead and iron works, and then by rapid movement form a junction with Sheridan at or near Lynchburg. The success of these plans would have told heavily on our cause and on our country, but, thanks to the skill and valor of our officers and men, these schemes, so cunningly devised and so extensively planned, have failed; the enemy, with a large force, have been whipped, and his disorganized and scattered ranks driven from our lines.

Colonel H. L. Giltner, of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, met

the enemy, and for three days and nights, contested, with great energy, his advance; but his superior strength finally pressed the gallant Giltner and his men back on the Salt Works. We had by this time collected a little less than seven hundred reserves and a number of pieces of artillery. Colonel Trigg, of the Fifty-fourth Virginia, had volunteered his services, and was actively engaged in disposing of the forces when Brigadier-general A. E. Jackson arrived.

The enemy were now in our front in full force, with eleven regiments and eight pieces of artillery. The contest seemed almost hopeless, yet surrender would have been disgraceful.

All the ammunition belonging to the six-pound guns and much of that belonging to the small arms had been sent back the evening before nine miles distant, to Glade Spring. It seemed almost madness to yield, and yet destruction to contend. This was early in the morning, before ten o'clock. Just then, Brigadier-general John S. Williams, with his magnificent division, composed of three brigades, arrived. A new feeling and spirit at once came over the face of affairs. He promptly assumed command of all the troops present, and made his dispositions. The First Kentucky, Colonel Griffith, Tenth Kentucky, Colonel Trimble, Fourth Kentucky, Colonel Giltner, two battalions of reserves, Brigadier-general Robertson's brigade, Colonel Debrill's brigade, and Colonel Breckenridge's Ninth Kentucky Cavalry constituted our line of battle, extending from left to right in the order in which they are mentioned. We had also a number of pieces of artillery, well posted in redoubts, so as to command the enemy as he advanced. These were well served—all of them. The fight was severe along our wholeline, but the severest and most destructive was on our right. Colonel Debrill's brigade mowed down the advancing hosts of the enemy with terrible slaughter. All our troops behaved most admirably. The reserves acted well their part and deserve all praise; but the heaviest and severest portion of the fighting was done by General Williams's division and Giltner's brigade.

It is to Colonel Giltner, who held the enemy in check, and kept him back from the Salt Works for a period so long and to General Williams, who placed the troops and did the fighting on the day of the battle at Saltville, on the second instant, that the credit is due for saving the Salt Works, and incidentally, the country. It is to him, and the valor of the troops under him—Brigadier-general John S. Williams—that the credit of this glorious and important victory is due.

There was not a general present ranking him or one that assumed the responsibility of that important engagement, until the last gun was fired. And yet, strange to say, from the published accounts, made by telegraph and otherwise, no one would suppose that this gallant and distinguished officer was even present.

The loss of the enemy was very heavy—it could not have been less than seven hundred or eight hundred in killed, wounded, and missing. They left dead on the field one hundred and four white and one hundred and fifty-six negro soldiers, which were buried by the citizens the next day after the battle. The number of wounded and captured was much larger still.

The loss on our side was comparatively small—less than one hundred in number, killed and wounded. Among those who fell gloriously discharging their duty were Colonel Trimble, Tenth Kentucky Cavalry, and Lieutenant Crutchfield, of the same regiment. Their deeds of valor will long be remembered by their countrymen.

[Written for the BIVOUC.]

ADVENTURES OF A CONFEDERATE.

CHAPTER TENTH.

When Captain Harkins found that he had the heels of his pursuers and was rapidly leaving them behind, he had sufficient coolness of mind and wisdom to perceive the necessity of saving his horse as much as possible. Gradually he slackened his speed, until, seeing his adversaries had abandoned the chase, he brought his horse to a quiet trot. At this gait he proceeded onward, his mind full of gloomy misgivings and resentful thoughts over the defeat of the scheme, which he had of late fully believed would be accomplished without hindrance. Instead of feelings of gratitude for the narrow escape from a felon's doom which he had just made, and of solicitude concerning the fate of his gallant host, whom he had every reason to fear had fallen into the hands of the enemy, he harbored thoughts of the most vindictive character, and cursed bitterly the folly which had led him into the abandonment of a luxurious home, for the pursuit of what he now knew to be a wild and dangerous vagary. In the poignancy of his bitterness he momentarily forgot all about that other scheme, so lately the center of all his thoughts, of making Irene and her vast possessions his own. He longed for

something upon which to vent his spleen. He had recognized his principal pursuer as Abner Montholon, and had noted the eagerness with which Montholon had followed—the severity with which he had belabored his horse in the efforts made to overtake him. But he could not for “the life of him” understand why it was that Montholon should occupy the position of an enemy. Puzzle his brain as much as he would, no solution of the question presented itself. An intimate friend—a confederate—possessed of all their secrets; but lately, aye, even during the last night, in the midst of their most secret councils, and to-day amid the enemy, leading them even to the destruction of himself and the colonel. What could this mean? Plainly, Montholon had “gone back on them,” had been under the guise of friendship playing the spy. But wherefore? He was certainly a Unionist at first. No man could act and talk so sincerely in a cause, who did not at heart feel and believe in what he was saying and doing. Besides, the colonel who had known him from boyhood, knew and vouched for his fidelity. Yet, here he was, an enemy beyond a doubt. He could not account for it, so he gave it over in despair. Still, in abandoning the subject, he felt in some curious way that he himself was somehow mixed up in the cause of this mysterious conduct of Montholon, and he shuddered as he remembered the scowling look of hatred which he saw upon Montholon’s face as he watched him shake his fist in impotent fury when compelled to give up the chase. He mentally resolved if fate ever gave him the chance, he would make the scores between himself and Montholon even. By and by he quit thinking of him, and turned his attention to other matters. What was he to do? Here he was in a strange country alone. Where should he go and to whom should he turn for help and advice. He knew that the DeBoin family had left early the morning before for St. Augustine, but he knew nothing of the route by which they were to travel. So entirely had he believed in the unhindered success of their scheme, that he had not studied the topography of the country through which they proposed to travel, but had left that part of the plan altogether to the colonel, relying without question on his knowledge of the State to guide them safely to their intended destination. He was sorry enough now that he had done this, but it was too late to retrieve the error. He was pursuing an unknown road, in a direction, too, which he had been often told by members of the colonel’s family, led into a vast and uninhabited wilderness. Born and raised in a crowded city, he had not the first elements of a woodsman, and he was satisfied that he

would as certainly get lost as that two and two make four. He possessed not a particle of that woodcraft by which men in the forests are enabled to work their way to a given point as unerringly as a crow flies to her nest, and, cowardly by nature, he was filled with all those vague and shadowy fears with which the unknown and untried fill the fancy of children and women and suggest the worst possible to their terrified imaginations.

The road he was traveling was at best almost a blind trail, and was gradually getting blinder. Directed in its course here and there by a "blazed" place upon the pine-trees, easily followed by a native or person used to the woods, but difficult to a person raised in a city. Night, too, was rapidly approaching, and he had never spent an hour of darkness in the woods, alone, in his life. His imagination became crowded with thoughts of wild beasts, snakes, and crocodiles, and he trembled with the fears engendered by the situation. Suddenly the hooting of an owl smote upon his ear, and he brought his horse to a standstill, thinking it to be the war-whoop of savages, but a moment's thought told him the folly of such an idea, and a repetition of the sound enabled him to recognize the fact that it was a bird and not a man which produced them. The sun had gone down, night was rapidly closing in, his horse was weary; the distant call of the whippoorwill, and the dusky forms of the bats flitting across his path were all additional causes of alarm, when, all at once, the idea came into his mind, "What if his enemies had not abandoned his pursuit; what if they had only seemed to do so?" Knowing that he was ignorant of the country, they might, at this very moment, be taking a short cut to head him off, and at any instant he might unsuspectingly fall into an ambush and be captured. To be captured after what had transpired would be certain death. The thought almost maddened him with fear. But what could he do? How impotent and helpless did he feel, and utterly come to naught were all the fine speculations in which he had lately reveled. Lost in the maze of the difficulties aroused by his distorted fancy, he had been for the last few minutes unobservant of the direction his horse had taken. Now he was awakened from this condition by the animal stopping to drink, when he found, to his horror, that the trail was no longer visible; that he had unknowingly left it. But on which side? It was impossible for him to tell, nor could he remember exactly the last time he noticed the trail. In all directions around him, wherever he could see through the approaching darkness, an immense forest of pines greeted his vision. He felt like some lost soul in the

wilderness, and he then registered a vow that if he ever got out of this scrape, he'd see the world well lost before he entered another. He could do nothing now but let his tired horse take his own course. He must, he thought, have traveled twenty miles or more, though, in fact, he had gone little more than half that distance. Onward then he went, until an hour or two later he saw, glimmering through the trees, the glassy surface of a lake. A moment or two longer, and he found himself in a road running along its shores. A short distance further, and to his great relief he recognized the overseer's house on the colonel's plantation. The horse, left to himself, had returned home. To dismount and reconnoiter carefully before venturing in was a matter of course. Finding the coast clear he knocked gently on the door, was recognized and admitted. The overseer informed him that the affair had become already known all over the country; that a party of the soldiers had visited the plantation searching every where for the conspirators, and had gone away leaving a guard at the colonel's residence; that it was dangerous for him to remain, and the sooner he left the better, as the guard had already been at his (the overseer's) house twice, and there was no telling what moment they might come again. Captain Harkins begged for something to eat, a fresh horse, and a guide to put him on the right road for St. Augustine. This the overseer told him he would furnish, saying, at the same time, "I do this because I can not forget the friendship I have for the old colonel, though I want you to understand, Captain Harkins, that I am a Confederate out and out, but I intend to look after the colonel's interests here, and you can tell him if you see him again that they shan't come to harm if Ben Brooks can help it. I'll do what you wish, but it's only because you have bin stopping with him, though I'm mortally opposed to all sich doings as you and he have been up to this day. If it weren't for that I'd give you up this night, sure as my name's Ben Brooks," and the honest man struck his fist heavily on the table near which he was standing.

While delivering this speech, Harkins, as white as a sheet, said, in supplicating tones, "For God's sake don't do that Mr. Brooks; those fellows would kill me! Here, sir, here is my purse; take it all, but for Heaven's sake don't turn me over to those bloodthirsty devils!"

"Keep your money to yourself," replied Brooks, pushing the extended hand of Harkins away. "I don't want any of your silver or your gold. Ben Brooks is a man as can do his duty without pay,

when he knows what that duty is. You hurry up and eat this cold vittles, while I go and see about a horse and some one to show you the way, and don't you open this door on no account before I get back. Whar did you leave Black Bet " (that was the horse Harkins had been riding).

"Outside, hitched to the fence," said the captain. With this Brooks departed on his errand. Captain Harkins gulped down a few mouthfuls of cold food^s, but full of suspicions, like all cowardly persons under similar circumstances, of what Brooks might do, he became afraid to remain in the house, so he quietly slipped out-of-doors and hid himself in a clump of bushes near the road, determined to await the issue of events where he could have a chance of making his escape, should his suspicions assume the expected shape. He fully imagined that Brooks would betray him into the hands of his enemy.

But it was not long before the overseer returned with a fresh horse, and accompanying him was one of the plantation negroes named Newt, whom Harkins had often seen around the colonel's stables—a bright, mulatto boy about sixteen years of age, and possessing much more than the ordinary intelligence of negroes. As soon as the captain saw that all was right, he came out of his hiding-place, much to Brooks's surprise, and after servilely thanking the overseer for what he had done, mounted the horse, while Newt mounted a mule which he had been leading, and both stood ready to leave. "Mind now, Newt, you take this gentleman 'round the southern part of the lake and put him in the Leesburg road. He can't miss that once he gits in it, and when you gits about a mile beyond the lower end of the lake, captain, you take the left hand, which will take you to Stark's Landing, on the Ocklawaha River, whar you kin git across on the ferry and you can also git directions whar to go; but you better be mighty keerful when you come to the ferry, for fear some of the boys may be watching out for you. And you be back by daylight," this last to Newt, just as they started.

When Montholon and his party abandoned the chase, it was as Captain Harkins surmised, only apparently. The last thing in Montholon's mind was giving up the pursuit. He was as resolutely revengeful as ever, and just as much determined to run his rival to earth, but he saw that Harkins had the best horse and that there was no earthly chance to effect his capture or even to get near enough to shoot him by the pursuit they were then engaged in. So, no matter how bitterly he might regret it, he was compelled for the moment to

abandon the chase. After they had turned back, he left Captain Fletcher's company and struck out for home. He reckoned on Harkins's ignorance of the country, and knew that if he continued the course he had taken he would before another day be inextricably lost in the swamps and wilderness which lay to the south of Lake Weir. On the other hand, he might turn in to the left and come back to the colonel's place. His ultimate destination must be St. Augustine, for thither the colonel's family had gone and Harkins would be sure to follow in Irene's wake. At any rate, he, Montholon, would have ample time to get a fresh horse and make the necessary arrangements for the long chase which he believed was before him before he had accomplished the object which he had proposed to himself. His home was but a few miles off and he reached it in due time.

He had a fine black-and-tan deer-hound, which had been trained to follow the track of any person or animal that he was put upon and he would do it as long as he could go. This hound Montholon purposed taking with him, hoping much from his aid. He set diligently to work preparing for his trip, filling a pair of saddlebags with provisions and arranging his ammunition together with everything which he considered needful for such a journey. By nine o'clock, or bedtime, he was all ready for the start, had bidden his parents good-bye, telling them only that he would be gone a week or two on a hunt, and mounting his horse, shouldering his gun, and whistling to his dog, he rode off into the darkness, little heeding or dreaming of the miserable events which lay hidden in the womb of the future. At first he had made up his mind to take up Captain Harkins's trail where he and Fletcher's men had turned back, but on maturer thought he concluded that before he did so, he would visit Oak Grove on the idea that Harkins might have returned thither. If so, he would be saved a long and tedious ride, and might even run his prey to earth at that point, so he made directly for the colonel's plantation, which he reached shortly after Harkins had left. The first thing he did was to go to the stables and examine the horses. Here, to his extreme joy, he found Black Bet, and her appearance, so far as he could discover from the dim light of the moon, which had just begun to rise, showed that she had only very lately been stabled. He at once came to the conclusion that Harkins was on the place, probably at the "big house," as the dwelling-houses on large plantations are usually called, snugly in bed. His next act, therefore, was to go up to the dwelling and cautiously reconnoiter.

Sounds of revelling met his near approach and he soon discovered the guards left by Captain Fletcher's command, seated around a table in the large verandah, making merry over some of the colonel's best wine, which the corporal in charge of the squad had ordered brought from the cellar. They were making themselves perfectly at home, and were already in that hilarious condition which made them feel victorious over all the ills of life. Montholon did not care to join them under present circumstances, therefore he slipped by unperceived and entered the house. He doubted very much the presence of his foe, but still he determined to solve that doubt by a thorough examination. He found the doors of the house all open and soon satisfied himself that he must look elsewhere for "his bird." He went next to the house of Brooks, the overseer. Here every thing was dark and silent, but a vigorous rapping soon brought Brooks to the window. From him Montholon learned that Captain Harkins had come to the plantation, exchanged Black Bet for a fresh horse, and left, but exactly when or in what direction Brooks would not say further than that he believed the captain intended reaching the Yankee lines if possible. Nor could all the art and ingenuity of Montholon elicit any thing further. With this therefore he was obliged to rest contented. He returned to the stables where he had left his horse, mounted, and rode off by the north end of Lake Weir, taking the nearest route for St. Augustine, intending to cross the Ocklawaha at Weiss's Landing and the St. John's at Ft. Gates, thence across Dennis's Creek around the upper end of Crescent Lake, directly to the Matanzas River, at which point he would "head off" Captain Harkins, should he have traveled the lower and more circuitous way. If the captain was traveling this route, Montholon reckoned upon overtaking him this side of Matanzas. The distance from Oak Grove to St. Augustine, by the lower road was over one hundred and forty miles, the distance by the one Montholon went, was about a hundred and seven, a difference of nearly a day's travel between them. So that it is easily perceived Montholon had much the advantage and his expectations of overtaking his enemy were quite reasonable.

We will leave him to pursue his silent way. Captain Harkins had, by many an argument and persuasion induced Newt to abandon the idea of returning home and to accompany him to the Federal lines. It was a long while before Newt would listen to the golden hopes held out for his seduction, but after a time he ceased to struggle and eventually agreed to go with Harkins in the capacity

of a servant. He would not probably have yielded, had he not known that his "mammy" and his mistress were in St. Augustine, where in all likelihood his old master would soon be. So he yielded, and he and Harkins jogged along through the "flat woods" feeling perfectly secure under the idea that as they had neither saw or heard any thing further from Captain Harkins's pursuers they had entirely given o'er the chase.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LETTER FROM TENNESSEE.

COLUMBIA, TENN., *September 10, 1883.*

MESSRS. MARRINER & McDONALD, Louisville, Ky.:

EDITORS OF BIVOUAC: You have sent me every copy of the BIVOUAC since its first number, and I am much interested and pleased with it.

Your circular and prospectus of the BIVOUAC contains sentiments that should be cherished and entertained by every old soldier, be he Federal or Confederate, Yankee or Rebel.

You say, "The BIVOUAC appreciates the value of annals, but it seeks something more. It means to reproduce and preserve in book form, as far as practicable, the life and body of Confederate times. It is believed that the soldiers of neither side desire the remembrance of that period to perish. Its very bitterness has its lessons, while the good and brave deeds that adorned it are the precious heritage of our common country."

"If it matters little what the world may say, it is surely of importance what their children may think. They owe it not only to their descendants, but to the Republic, that the motives which impelled them to engage in secession shall not be misunderstood.

"But the survivors of the 'Lost Cause' can, least of all, afford to be silent. The fairest history a victor may write never does justice to the cause of the conquered.

"Contributions from both sides are solicited, but especially from those who are the links between the old and the new, and who keep deep graven in their hearts the memory of a past which 'though dead, yet speaketh.'"

The above sentiment should be in each and every heart. No selfish purpose or sordid motive guided the men who fell in that unequal contest. They went to death as cheerfully as the old

reformers who sang a hymn on the eve of battle, or our forefathers who fought for the broad principles of liberty at the battle of Cowpens, King's Mountain, and Yorktown, over a hundred years ago. They were of the same kith and kin as the men who fought under General Jackson, and those who marched across the alkaline plains of Mexico, and planted the stars and stripes on the halls of the Montezumas. Who can say that our fallen comrades were less patriotic or entitled to less honor? No costly inclosure, no glittering shaft, no forms in marble molded by the classic hand of art mark their last resting-place. No sentries save the trees that grow in God's free air, and the stars that glitter in the heavens at night keep watch over their lowly graves. The birds, insects, and gentle breezes sing their requiem. Heroic and brave in war, in time of peace they became the best citizens; and if the adjustment of political and sectional questions had been left to those who wore the blue and the gray, complete reconciliation and good feeling would have long ago pervaded our land. The true Confederate soldier to-day loves the Union as much as he who fought under the stars and stripes.

Respectfully,

SAM. R. WATKINS.

LETTER FROM FRED. JOYCE, COMPANY D, FOURTH KENTUCKY INFANTRY.

LEXINGTON, *Sept. 5, 1883.*

DEAR BIVOUAC: We are happy and proud to-day in this old town of Henry Clay memory, for there stands his monument in grand beauty, wooing the fleeting clouds; near by the lowly grave of our idol, John C. Breckinridge; and a little further on the no less cherished Hanson. All around the far-famed bluegrass invites the world to peace and plenty. We are sad, we are joyful, we are happy, yet we drop the tear of grief again over our beloved.

Here is Mrs. Roger Hanson, too brave and dauntless to give way to a loss at once desolating and irreparable, going about doing good to the living who were disabled and orphaned. And we remember Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm, the patient heroine who follows our fortunes as she did when the form of her gentle-faced husband went down at the head of the "Orphan Brigade."

And we remember our cheerful Fannie Breckinridge (now Mrs. John A. Steele, of Woodford), true and faithful as the name she

wears. God bless you for the love you bear us. We trust God will some day give Kentucky as great a man as your father was; and may He fill Kentucky with good, Christian, dutiful women like yourself. Ah, it is hard to tell how we feel to-day. Wait till I grasp the remaining hand of my empty-sleeved comrade just arrived. So, but not yet, here is another who has hung his cane on his crutch-arm and waits to greet me. Steady—will we laugh or cry? He solves it, for out comes the ringing laugh, and I vow 'tis the same I heard as he led the charge at Murfreesboro. Yes, I know, you came back that day minus a leg, but you are as light-hearted as ever. How are you, Hugh, and Ed, and all of you. It seems like fancy to be again with our best beloved and hear them talk and laugh, and see the tears standing in their eyes when we speak of the dead.

A comrade has just shown us a wee bit of our battle-flag, only three or four inches square, yet it has two bullet-holes through it. We cluster around and look at it reverently. Ah, what thoughts come up—where are the hands that bore the old flag aloft? Buried with our cause, in glory, but not forgetfulness, we trust.

Now Gen. Preston is on the stand speaking to us—ringing up the curtain of the past. We laugh, and cry, and applaud, and are still. But as he speaks—I declare we must be dreaming—in comes Buckner, Lewis, Pickett, Hewitt, and a score of our old comrades. Now for the old yell; again and again the shout goes up as they are ushered to the front. Buckner, Lewis, and Pickett (the old chaplain) address us amid varying scenes of emotion. All of them white-headed and venerable looking. Hardly any of us without silver in our locks. The larger part of us have gone across the river, and the remnant will follow soon.

Now we form in line, regiment by regiment—Second, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Ninth, and with Generals Buckner and Lewis mounted in front, we march to the cemetery, where with bowed heads we listen to the eulogy pronounced over the dead and put evergreens on their graves.

I like these reunions. It is pleasant to meet our old friends who have stood side by side with us and shared the danger of battle, the pleasures of camp, the toilsome march, and restful bivouac. Yes, and literally the last crust, or the full haversack. It is said with truth that war will bring out the character of a man quicker than any thing else. We were fortunate in finding so many good true men as we had with us. No wonder we love them and feel bound to them as if with ties of blood.

I met a man who when he had a pone of corn bread no larger than an apple, or a slice of bacon no larger than your two fingers, would no more think of eating it till he knew my situation than we would think of trying to rob a poor old widow, at this day, of the last thing she owned. I believe he secretly worked to keep me better supplied than himself. You remember how we used to sit down with all earnestness to a small piece of bread and meat, and our canteens full of swamp-water? Yet we ate and carried the delusion still further by being satisfied. We would eat and go to bed on the ground hungry, awake in the morning hungry, march all day hungry, and fight all the next day hungry, and still hungry after the battle, and hungry till our faces became pinched and wán, and our belts so loose that we had to cut new holes in them for the buckles every once in a while. Don't you deny it, old "pard," that you told me a story after Chickamauga about you having had your supper and made me eat that biscuit and slip of bacon. You know I accidentally found out from a poor wounded Yankee boy the next day that you had given him precisely the same as you gave me. Don't I know you had nothing left for yourself? Yes, you say, let it pass, it's nothing. You have not forgotten the times when we had full skillets and camp-kettles in regular camp? What though our toes grinned at each other across the fire, through our gaping shoes, and our ragged clothes were too thin to protect us properly from the weather.

We were gay and happy, and indulged in all the sarcasm and repartee that the rich enjoy in their opulence. Woe to him who fell under the keen blade of a "Johnny Reb.'s" wit. In our mess were "Wild Bill," "Devil Dick," the "Blue Sow," the "Man Who Would Ride the Mule," "Cold Victuals," the "Old Hen," and the "Too He Man." We lived well enough when any thing existed in five miles of camp.

And so it goes, Messrs. Editors; we are living the old times over and enjoying it. But the end is come, and we part to meet again in Elizabethtown September 19th, 1884.

DO YOU WANT TO LIVE FOREVER?—On one occasion Colonel Harvey McDowell was leading a skirmish line, and the men didn't move along briskly enough to suit him. He cried to them, "Move up, men, move up! Do you want to live forever?"

Youths' Department.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.

SPARKING DURING THE WAR.

My brigade was camped near the town of ———, in Georgia, in the fall of 1863. One of the soldiers (Charles Gardner) invited Captain E. and myself to go to a party at the house of a relative of his. At the earnest solicitation of Captain E., I consented to go, though not till after trying every way I could to beg off. The fact is I was, at that time, a fearfully bashful young man, though fond of dress, and having a very high idea of the dignity of rank. I refused point blank to go except in borrowed plumes. Accordingly, the brigade-inspector's new uniform and a paper collar were procured for my outfit. About dusk we reached the house where the party was given. Horses were hitched all about in the yard; and there were wagons in the orchard, and quite a crowd standing about the front and side doors. Gardner marched us straight into the house, and just as I was studying how to make my best bow to the hostess, he said, waving his hand, "Take seats, gents, and make yourselves at home." On the opposite side of the room from us, in chairs arranged in line of battle, sat about twenty girls. I knew they were there by instinct, for I never dared to look that way. At the door were congregated (some inside and some outside) the sturdy gallants, sons of the neighboring farmers, and many of them privates in my regiment. Captain E. and myself were the only males who were seated, and were, on account of our brilliant uniforms, "the observed of all observers." Presently Gardner started to leave us. I remarked, in an undertone, "You haven't introduced us to the hostess." "To what?" said he. "To your distinguished relative," said I. "O, you mean Aunt Sally," said he; "don't bother yourself about her, she is in the kitchen baking cakes." For twenty minutes after that we sat there, overcome with conscious guilt; the girls whispering and the young men stalking around the door eyeing us fiercely. It was positive torture. "Why don't somebody

introduce somebody?" said I to Captain E. "O, dry up!" said he, it'll be all right directly; wait till the Gyroscutus comes in." "They are not going to play circus, surely," said I, fixing my eyes upon the door. Just then a tall youth bounced into the room with a large handkerchief all knotted at one end, and began beating the young men over the head, crying out, "Seize your partners!" I was thunderstruck. Every man rushed frantically at the female line of battle, and there were shrieks, and laughter, and a general scuffle. "Git your gal!" said one, as he ran by me pursued by the handkerchief-fiend. On seeing me the latter turned and rained blows about my ears. Blinded and confused, I was about to break for the door, when a pretty little girl ran right into my arms. Then the demon left me, in search of more victims. As soon as I could disentangle myself from my preserver, I said, "Really, madam, I owe you a thousand thanks." "Kiss your partners!" yelled the handkerchief-demon. "Excuse me!" said I, driven beyond all bounds of propriety by the sight of the demon striding toward me. "Hurry up!" said she, and—well, there was no help for it—I obeyed orders. The exercises of the evening were beginning to do away with my embarrassment, and I waited for the next command of the drill-officer, with a proper degree of attention. "My dear," said I, becoming frisky, "It is a delightful evening, and the hilarity of the occasion—" "Kiss your partners three times!" yelled the officer of the day. It was awful, but what could a gentleman do? I began, and never stopped to count, when a rousing box on the ear, from the girl, and a shower of blows from the man with the handkerchief, brought me to a position of attention. "Mind your racket!" said he, "and kiss just the times you are told to; we don't want no supe putting on airs here." To console the young lady, who seemed greatly mortified, he continued, "Never mind, Jenny, you can go for him in the dog scene!" I had noticed a large, ferocious-looking, crop-eared bulldog skulking about the yard as I came in, and my thoughts were none of the sweetest at this remark. I now began to watch nervously, expecting every moment to be my last.

"Change partners!" shouted the officer of the day. Suddenly I felt myself violently seized, was pulled backward out of my chair, trampled upon, and run over several times before rising. The first thing I saw was the terrible handkerchief. Thinking any port in a storm would do, I broke desperately for a solitary female in black sitting in a corner, and escaped by the skin of my teeth. After a short breathing spell, a chair was brought and placed in the middle of the room, and a young lady was seated in it.

"What are they going to do now?" said I to the lady in black. "Play dog!" said she. "Does he bite?" I asked, in a tone of indifference. "Whatever do you mean?" said she, giggling; "the dog is a gent, you know."

Presently one of the gentlemen was selected. He had to get down on all fours and approach the lady in the chair, barking like a dog. If she said, "Get out!" the "dog" was belabored till he found a partner. If she hung her head and said nothing, the representative of the canine species kissed her and led her off in triumph. After a few turns Miss Jennie took the seat of honor, and when I saw the officer of the day busily making the knot of the handkerchief harder, I knew my time had come. I was called first, and went like a martyr to the stake. At the first howl the death-sentence was uttered, and the machine of torture descended. I arose with difficulty, fell, and rose again, and at last, after leaving a track of ruin behind, reached the solitary female in the corner. The thing was growing monotonous, but I forgot my aching head while laughing at others who were treated in a similar way. After many other plays, quite as lively, such as "here we go round the gooseberry bush," and "passing through the bridge," the company broke up, and our party went back to camp.

STRAGGLER.

A PIECE OF GOOD LUCK.

In the fall of '63, after the return to Virginia of the Confederate army from the battle of Gettysburg, Stewart's cavalry was encamped in Culpeper County for some two or three weeks, and there being little or no grain, orders were issued that our horses be grazed during the day and tied up when night came on, ready for any emergency, as the enemy was not far off on the north side of the Rappahannock River, and an advance was hourly expected.

There was a private in our company *par excellence* the lazy man of the regiment, who neither curried nor fed his horse (but by some means he was always curried and fed); a happy-go-lucky fellow whom every one loved and whom every one took care of. It would make you laugh to see the lazy attitudes he could assume in camp or on the march. Well, of course, *he* cheerfully obeyed orders to turn loose his horse to graze. Nothing suited him better than to be relieved of the responsibility of caring for a horse. He was a large sorrel horse, fat as a seal—how he kept fat no one ever knew—with a

very large white spot in his forehead, and known familiarly throughout the regiment as "Old Bolly."

He was turned loose to graze the first day we went into camp in Culpepper County, but of course not tied up at night, and finally, after some lazy and ineffectual attempts to find his horse, our lazy comrade gave him up as gone for good. The whole company assisted in the search for several days, but nothing could be seen or heard of him. About three weeks afterward, a very dark night, when you could scarcely see your hand before your face, the bugle sounded to "saddle up," as the enemy had crossed the river and was advancing rapidly. It did not seem to disconcert our philosophic friend at all; he, however, quietly remarked that he was going to put his saddle and bridle on the first loose horse he could find, and, having found one, shortly afterward he fell into line, and when day dawned he found himself seated on *his own horse*, "Old Bolly," and the company gave a yell.

"Co. D."

A HOLIDAY SOLDIER.

Thomas G—— was a well-to do farmer, who, at the first sound of the martial drum gallantly shouldered his musket. In appearance he was every inch a soldier. A giant in stature, with the "front of Jove himself," and a voice deep and musical, he impressed the beholder as one born to command, and certain to make for himself a brilliant future.

When his company was ordered to leave the mountains of North Carolina to join a regiment about to set out for the front at Manassas his heart fairly jumped for joy. On the march his example of cheerful fortitude encouraged the weary and homesick. At drill he was prompt and showed a keen relish for all the exercises of mimic war. At one of the camps where his regiment stopped for a few days there was a sham fight, in which deafening volleys of guns loaded with blank cartridges struck terror to the hearts of admiring maids and matrons. Amid the smoke of musketry, the tall form of Thomas G—— was always seen full on the front; and far above the roar of battle was heard his war-cry. His name was on every tongue; lovely girls pressed forward to get a near view of his warlike figure and to listen to the accents of his speech, as he described the duties of a patriot and the fascinations of war.

Before the plains of Manassas were reached he had already climbed several rounds of the ladder of fame.

He rose rapidly through the various grades of rank, and finally reached that of third lieutenant. "If the war would only last sixty days, G—— would be a colonel," every body said.

Lieutenant G—— now put on the uniform to which his rank entitled him. It was brand new and blazing with decorations. If before he was magnetic, now he was dazzling.

Such gifts of fortune were enough to turn any body's head, and G—— was no exception to the rule. If the truth must be told, he was transformed. From a youth of pardonable vanity, he became an insufferable coxcomb and bully. But, withal, he had a magnificent way. Subordinates admired, while they feared him. Occasionally he would lay aside his dignity and talk familiarly with the men. Then he was overpowering. With a small stick he would draw on the ground his plan of taking Washington, and made the thing appear so easy that the bystanders seemed to feel that *he* ought to be in command of the army. Such, however, was not the opinion of Jimmy C——, a modest stripling whose admiration for Lieutenant G—— was boundless, but whose gentle heart shrank from the bloody aspect of battle, as presented by him.

Jimmy said, "I tell you, boys, the lieutenant is too much like a lion; he don't know what fear is, and if ever he commands the army he'll be certain to lead it into some pit of destruction."

One day, during one of these familiar talks, Lieutenant G——, after demonstrating for about the twentieth time how easy it was to take Washington, burn Philadelphia, and plant the Southern flag on Boston Heights, angrily threw away his stick and said, "I tell you, boys, it wouldn't do for me to have command of this army."

"Why? Why?" said Jimmy C——, evidently expecting a reply that would confirm his worst suspicions.

"Because," said Lieutenant G—— in sepulchral tones, "I would raise the black flag and show no quarter."

The oppressive silence with which this remark was received showed that the listeners were beginning to think with Jimmy C—— that it would never do to make G—— commander-in-chief.

At last the memorable twenty-first of July came, the day of the battle of Bull Run (First Manassas). At morning's dawn the long roll was beaten—a fearful sound to an old soldier, but a joyful one to Lieutenant G——, who had not yet sounded the depths of his strength.

The roar of distant cannon and the dropping fire of the skirmishers mingled with the rolling of the drum. "Fall in!" cried the

captain in steady accents. "Fall in!" cried Lieutenant G—— in a voice of thunder. "By fours, march!" "Double quick, march," and they went toward the battle-front. The bombs began to burst unpleasantly near, and men bleeding and mangled were carried by on stretchers. The stream of bloody figures increases, and the moaning of the wounded lends horror to the scene. "Close up!" cries Lieutenant G—— encouragingly, and the sound of his manly voice is a soothing balm to drooping spirits. Right toward the center of the line they marched and soon were in the midst of the conflict.

At last the happy moment had come for Lieutenant G——. He wanted to get at the Yankees and to taste of gore. There they were now, *coming*. "What! charging *us*?" he cried in amazement. "Steady, boys!" The thunder of the big guns might be sublime, but what noise is this zip, zip? The earthquake nor the storm appalled him, but this terrible small voice, as the men fell from a galling flank fire, covered his limbs with a cold sweat. What was glory when his body must soon be food for worms? Where were the banners and the music and the shouts of victory, of glorious battle, as painted in the Mountain Echo, his county paper? This was not war, it was murder. "Steady, boys!" he cried, with one last expiring effort to play the hero. Then, as the man next to him threw up his hands and fell with a shriek, Lieutenant G—— sprang to the rear and dashed for dear life through the bushes. On came the shot and shell crashing and screaming in hot pursuit. Amid the smoke and the thunder of the conflict the cowardly flight of Lieutenant G—— was unobserved. For hours the battle raged, and the dead lay thick on the ground. Where was Jimmy C——, the timid boy? Let him speak for himself. "As we went in and I saw the bloody faces of the wounded, it was awful. Every thing was of the color of blood. I wanted to see my mother. Every bomb seemed to come within an inch of my head. At last we got into line. I was so scared I could hardly stand up. But when the bullets came they made me mad. After the first fire I was all right."

"What became of Lieutenant G——?" said I.

"Well," said Jimmy, "when the fight was over and I could not find him we all thought he was dead. I was detailed with two men to search for the body; but we could not find it. Next day Cousin John Benton came into camp and said Lieutenant G—— was at a house about four miles in the rear. Cousin John's regiment had been cut all to pieces and he had given up fighting. While he was sitting on a log taking a rest he heard something coming through the bushes

like a mad bull ; that he looked up and saw Lieutenant G—— tearing along. ‘Hello, G——,’ said Cousin John, ‘Yankees’ coming?’ ‘O, no,’ said G——, at once strutting up, the fight’s pretty much over. ‘The fact is,’ said he, stopping for a moment, and looking back like a scared rabbit, ‘I am no machine and I am worn out. In fact, I am sick and am going to the hospital. But, John,’ he continued, as he was about to leave him, ‘you’ve had a good rest. You hear *that?*’ as the roar of the conflict was borne on the wind. ‘Those infernal scoundrels are coming again. Go back, John, your country needs your services.’ Cousin John says that G—— left him there walking briskly, but that presently a stray bomb came roaming around through the air as if looking for somebody, and that the last he saw of Lieutenant G—— was he was running like a quarter horse toward the rear.”

“Well, I swow,” said old Corporal Sims, who was standing by, “don’t it beat all? He was the very fellow who said he would show no quarter, and he didn’t show none but hindquarters.”

COMPANY F.

ALF, THE LAST CONFEDERATE.

Alf was the cook and factotum for our mess. He was a negro about forty years old, thick-set, bow-legged, and high-headed. His face was of ebony hue and dull in repose, but when moved by the subtle spirit of humor within, seemed radiant with an intellectual glow. He was the life of the company. No calamity could depress him, no good fortune turn his head. When the food was poor his wit gave it a relish, when it was good his exulting song increased our joy. Alf was a negro unkempt and greasy, a menial of humble mien, but he was a philosopher of great resources, and, when the occasion demanded it, a man of genius. His humor was grim, deep, and magnetic. To a stranger his sayings seemed the wandering thoughts of a darkened mind, but soon his bold figures and fantastic imagery arrested attention. At first you would smile just a little; by and by the very sight of Alf would give you the heart-ache. Alf sober kept the mess in a roar, but Alf half drunk convulsed the company with laughter. Many a time Alf got the last drop in the company. It was in the nature of an investment. The convivial effect of one drink for Alf was nearly equal to one apiece for the crowd. Whenever Alf was light he preached. His style was a travesty of all dull preachers, but of one in particular, a learned divine

not unknown to fame. Many of the soldiers had never heard this antitype of Alf's, yet they laughed all the same till the tears ran down their cheeks. The charm of his eloquence was not so much mimicry or sallies of wit, for he would never condescend to the vulgar efforts that "split the ears of groundlings." His power lay in a steady but impassioned flow of unintelligible nonsense adorned with gestures of overpowering dignity and a cast-iron expression of conscious holiness. After the sermon, Alf always took up a collection. This was not only a proper part of the fun, but was a condition precedent for holding forth. He would never disgrace the cloth, he said, by preaching for nothing.

I come now to the most remarkable part of Alf's career. A few months before the close of the war Alf was captured. Since he was widely known as a "secesh nigger," his liberty was offered to him upon condition of his taking the oath of allegiance. He refused, saying he had fought through the war and would die a true Confederate. He was so loud in his denunciations of the "Yankees" that he was put in the Cumberland jail, and was not released till six months after the surrender. Hearing of his imprisonment and finding myself in his neighborhood in the summer of '74, I interviewed him at Romney, West Virginia.

"Alf," said I, "is it a fact that you were kept in jail on account of disloyalty six months after the close of the war?"

"In course," said he. "If you all had had the true grit like me and fit it out, we'd been free men now."

"Surely," said I, "when General Lee laid down his arms you could afford to give up."

"No sir," said he, "I went in for an *independent* Confederacy. Besides, I wasn't gwyng to believe every thing they told me; how did I know but what it was another Yankee lie?"

To many more questions of the same kind he continued to reply, "You all were n't true grit; why did n't you stick it out like me?"

Still suspecting there was something behind, and seeing the old twinkle in his eyes, I said,

"Alf, did you ever preach while in jail?"

"In course," said he, turning away to hide his tell-tale countenance, "I preached through the bars to people on the streets nearly every evening."

"Did you ever take up a collection?"

"Sakes a mussy," said he, with a loud guffaw, "every time."

"How much would you get?"

"Various," said he, "from one to three dollars, with victuals thrown in."

"That's better wages than you are making now. I wouldn't have come out at all."

"Nuther would I," said he; "if they had n't turned me out I'd been there yet."

Co. F.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

THE "CRACK SHOT."

This man wore a "linsey" plaid vest and broad-brimmed slouch hat, and generally appeared in the village Saturday evening with his rifle swung on his shoulder. Tall and angular, his breast sunk in, and, in warm weather, barefooted, his jeans pants rolled up and kept from dropping by yarn "galluses"—who has not seen him standing, gazing at the stage and its passengers; or who has failed to see him turn, and leaning his rifle against the door of the cabin saloon, walk boldly in when invited, take his tobacco out of his mouth, and while holding it in his hand—"Here's luck, colonel,"—hides "four fingers" of "bug-juice?" Now, behold him a different creature. Turning the front of his hat rim back and replacing his "quid," he is no longer the silent yeoman, but the positive talker. His heart is fired, and the small boy stands in awe as he tells of his marvelously certain shots. His trusty rifle is his pride. He can bark a squirrel every "pop," and scorns to break the skin only when he shoots them in the eye.

This citizen was caught by the glorious report of war, and enlisted as a soldier. Others like him went from the same neighborhood. You remember what the village paper said of them? The knowing ones, throwing all earnestness in their manner, would assert that it was certain death to stand before such men: "Why, they can shoot a man's eye out at one hundred yards every crack!"

There are some contrasts that are so apparent that they are never mentioned. Such as night and day, black and white, sorghum or pinetop whisky and four-year-old Kentucky sour mash, but these are dwarfed and insignificant when compared to the difference between shooting at a squirrel and toward a body of angry men shooting at you. The next time I saw my friend was just after Shiloh. He was peaceably driving a wagon in the division commissary train.

FRED JOYCE.

Editorial.

NOTES ON THE REUNION AT LEXINGTON.—After the sad experiences of the day, many of the veterans gathered in circles and talked of the war, fighting over again the battles and cracking old jokes.

The Second Kentucky had a story on the Fourth Kentucky which the latter did not much relish. The Fourth was on guard at Dalton Railroad Depot, whither among other things came boxes of provisions and clothing from distant friends to the boys in gray. As the Kentuckians were cut off from home they felt their orphanage bitterly, for never a box came for them. But they got them all the same, and many a well-filled chest found its way into the Kentucky camp. Upon one occasion a large, heavy, long box arrived which seemed loaded with good things. It was spirited away by some of the guard, and upon being opened in a sequestered spot was found to contain a corpse.

One of the Second Kentucky, Gresham by name, was, while a prisoner, visited by a Northern lady. Observing his tattered garments and half-starved appearance she said, "How can you fight for a government that clothes you in rags?" "O," said he, "my mother always makes me put on my worst clothes when I go out a hog-killing!"

IN our advertising columns will be found an advertisement of a book on the war, entitled "Company Aytch." It is by all odds the most interesting volume on that subject yet published. From the first to the last page the attention of the reader is enchained, and he is carried along almost irresistibly to the end. It abounds in humor, pathos, and lively imagery. Some of the most terrible scenes of the war are painted with a graphic power that is rarely equaled. It should be on the table of every old soldier, indeed of every one who seeks to know something of the details of a Confederate's experience. We will furnish the book, post paid, to any new subscriber who will send us \$1.75.

REUNION AT OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY.—The reunion of Company A, First Kentucky Cavalry, will be had as above on the 29th instant, and promises to be very enjoyable, as nearly all the survivors of the old company, and a large number of comrades of other commands will be present. The committee has the assurance that Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge will certainly be on hand. Our representative will pack his grip-sack and start on time for the fun. We append the interesting programme :

Welcome Address, at 10 o'clock A.M., W. T. ELLIS.
 Music, OWENSBORO SILVER CORNET BAND.
 Address, COL. R. S. BEVIER.

MUSIC.

DINNER.

MUSIC.

Drill, MONARCH RIFLES.

MUSIC.

Address, COL. W. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

A camp for the rendezvous of the old command will be established on the 26th of September, to continue until after the 29th. This feature of the reunion it is believed will prove not only pleasant but useful to the old soldiers, many of whom have not met each other since the war. At all events the opportunity will be presented to rescue from a rapidly approaching oblivion many facts worth preserving as history.

The committee has arranged for a suitable number of tents, and other camp furniture, as well as "three days' rations."

In answer to a general inquiry, attention is directed to the advertisement of C. T. Dearing, in this number. He will bind the back numbers of the BIVOUC neatly and substantially, and return the book to you for one dollar.

WE will pay twenty-five cents for each copy of the May and June double number sent to this office.

THE best way to show our appreciation of comrades maimed or disabled in the late war is to assist in taking care of them now that they can not help themselves. The Louisiana Association of the Armies of Tennessee and of Northern Virginia are maturing a finan-

cially safe plan to provide comfortable homes for the "care of those Louisiana soldiers who may be maimed or otherwise disabled and who are not already pensioned by the United States government." The association has its headquarters at New Orleans, and its directory is composed of wideawake citizens who are making a most determined move with the best prospects of ultimate success. The directory does not expect aid outside of the limits of the State of Louisiana, yet the valor of the Louisiana Confederate is our common heritage, and an expression of our sympathy for so worthy an undertaking is a gratification. Letters addressed to A. J. Lewis, postoffice box 3180, will be answered with full information concerning the proposed home.

BOOK NOTICES.

In a former number we gave a notice of "Company Aytch," by Private Sam G. Watkins, of Columbia, Tenn. This was a history in brief of the *Western Campaigns* as a soldier in the ranks saw them; now we have on our table a companion work entitled "Soldier Life in the *Army of Northern Virginia*," being the detailed minutæ of life in camp, on the march, or in battle. The pen pictures are naturally, therefore, truthfully drawn by Private Carlton McCarthy, of the Eastern Army, and the excellent illustrations are by comrade W. L. Shephard, of the same army. The reader will find it difficult to put aside the book after taking it up to read. Without disparaging the capital illustrations, the reader, if an old soldier, will conclude that the text is all that is necessary to portray the soldier life of the member of Lee's Army, but the wood cuts are so apposite that they add zest to the pen pictures.

The contrast of the soldier of '61, with his wagon-load of clothing and kitchen utensils, with his poverty-distressed condition of '65, is exceedingly well drawn; the descriptive writings are all good, the scene of the veteran playing "old soger" on the recruit is laughter provoking, and the book is thoroughly enjoyable from beginning to end. The reader will realize on completing the book that he has had more than his money's worth, and yet will wish that the book had more of such reading and many more of such illustrations.

It is handsomely bound, and for sale by the publishers, Carlton McCarthy & Co., Richmond, Va.; price \$1.50. If desired we will send for it and have it mailed to any address.

A SCRAP-BOOK containing many relics of the Lost Cause can not fail to interest the survivors of the late Confederate Army. Such an unique volume is the handiwork of Chas. Herbst, formerly of the Second Kentucky Infantry C. S. A., now librarian of Historical Society, at Macon, Ga. The book contains quite a number of relics of the Lost Cause, including pieces of the battle-flags of the Second and Fourth Kentucky Infantry, a piece of the battle-flag of the First South Carolina Regiment (the first equipped regiment for the war), a piece of one of the overcoats presented to the Second Kentucky, a copy of the *Richmond Examiner*, dated October 12, 1863, and quite a collection of Confederate money, stamps, and some very select poems appropriate to the Lost Cause. On the front fly-leaf is a photograph of General John Morgan, taken early in the war, which is a good picture, though much colored by age. As a souvenir volume of the late war its value is inestimable.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to our new volume commencing with this number are rapidly coming in from many places in the South where the BIVOUAC has not heretofore gone.

CORRECTION.

EDITORS BIVOUAC: Col. H. L. Giltner writes to me that in my article in the BIVOUAC for August in regard to the death of Gen. Jno. H. Morgan, that I am in error in my statement that his command was brigaded with me; and further that he received no order from me on the morning of Gen. Morgan's death. I accept as true the explanation of Col. Giltner, for no more truthful and honorable man lives. It would be strange if I did not make some mistakes in writing after the lapse of nearly nineteen years and from memory entirely.

But it is true, and it is no reflection on Col. Giltner, for me to state that I outranked him and did send a courier ordering him to fall back on me near Greenville. D. HOWARD SMITH.

Taps.

GORDON AND BARLOW.—The ex-Confederate general told me an interesting story about two interviews he held with General Barlow. At Sharpsburg, Barlow was apparently mortally wounded and fell into Gordon's hands. Gordon took a liking to him and asked if he could not do something for him. "I think not, general," said the young man; "I shall be buried here, no doubt. I do not expect to live. But you can do one thing for me; here is a package of letters from my wife which I wish you to destroy before my eyes." Gordon, who was then a young man also, took the letters and was about to destroy them when Barlow, with a bubble at his throat, murmured, "Would you take the trouble to read me one of them first? Any one will do." Gordon opened one of the letters and read to the dying man—his last friendly words, perhaps, from home. Then the letters were destroyed. But the incident touched Gordon so that he made a special exertion to have Barlow sent through the lines or to have his wife admitted to him. This being done, the two armies fell apart and these men saw each other no more. Gordon considered Barlow to be dead. Barlow had also seen that a General Gordon had been killed somewhere. They met again at a friendly table in Washington, but did not know each other through the changes of time. After some lapse Gordon said, "General Barlow, are you a relative of that Barlow that was killed at Antietam?" "No," said the general, "I am the same man. Are you any relative," inquired Barlow in turn, "of that General Gordon who was recently killed on the Confederate side?" "That was my cousin; I am John B. Gordon." Then, at the request of the persons who overheard, Barlow told the tale amid tears and emotion on every side.—*George Alfred Townsend.*

SPOILED HIS BEAUTY.—He was not pretty, standing round-shouldered about five feet and ten inches above a number ten foot; his head was cocoanut-shaped, with a peaked face, from which glittered two little black bead-like eyes; his nose was thin and slightly turned

up; his bushy eyebrows met above this nose, and on his upper lip on either side were scattered ten hairs standing out like hog-bristles; these he called his moustache.

"His dark, uncombed hair could be seen through the top of a crownless, limp-brimmed hat. He had much good, hard, mule sense, and his fund of humor was inexhaustible, always saying the funniest things at the most unexpected times. His very presence was infectious of jollity, and he had a backwoods name for almost every thing.

The original color of his coat and pants was undistinguishable, and coat, pants, shirt, and shoes seemed to have all been made of the same dirt-brown piece, for he never washed, but had been seen on two or three occasions to lie down and roll over in the shallow fords of the Potomac, shake himself like a dog, and then let his clothes dry on him. His pants came within short speaking distance only of a pair of stockingless feet partially covered by shoes worn into strips, and at the waist a heavy cartridge box pulled the waistband far away from a jacket well worn and out at the elbows. His shirt was always open at the throat. He never heard from home and never seemed to care to hear; he was always in the ranks on the march, in the skirmish, and in every battle.

Now, Private W——, of his company, had a gun with a ramrod attached to the muzzle. This gun our hero termed "The Fensler; though we don't know *why* Fensler, and in resisting a charge at close quarters, W—— forgot to return the rammer, and the attachment caused the rammer to change its course, and to take with it the starboard side of C——'s handsome moustache, leaving not a single hair of the ten on that side, and with it took a background of unwashed skin. C—— then, regardless of the presence of the enemy, of all the surroundings, gave vent to his anger in language suitable to the provocation; in fact, he swore like they are said to swear in his native Texas; swore that he didn't mind the pain, but that his looks were spoiled forever. Then, not finding an appreciative audience, he rushed into the fight and came out of it with no other wound than that made by "Fensler."

NO GIRL BABIES IN THE ARMY.—A detail of soldiers found a conscript hid under a bed. When the fellow was brought into the light he boo-hooed like a baby, and was told by one of the soldiers that he was acting like a baby.

Said the conscript in reply, "I wish I was a baby, and a gal baby at that".

THIRTY DAYS AND NO DEATH IN THE FAMILY.—An order had gone out, “furloughs only when death is in the family.” Our Englishman applied for leave; his paper read, “I’ve lost my grandmother.” It was approved, and Dalgetty was passing Colonel —, a splendid officer: “I am sorry to hear of your affliction; when did your grandmother die?” “She was very old, colonel, and could not have lasted longer.” Dalgetty moved on. “But when did the old lady die?” returned the ex-West Pointer. “It is quite an affliction, sir, and we’ll miss her,” said Dalgetty, still on the move. “Perhaps you are hard of hearing—when did she die?” asked the colonel with a voice sufficient for a brigade front. “She’s been dead *forty years*, sir; I can’t tell a lie about it, but I ought to get a furlough on it.” The colonel had to break out in a laugh as he saw Dalgetty going doggedly back to camp. A few days after Dalgetty got a ball in his leg; as it hit him he slapped the limb and shouted, “Thirty days and no death in the family.”

ALL RIGHT ON THE OGEECHEE.—During the bombardment of the defenses of Charleston, South Carolina, a Confederate soldier was strolling on the beach, when a shell buried itself in the sand near him and exploded, completely covering the soldier with sand. For a second nothing could be seen of the unfortunate man, but soon a hand scratched out, an arm followed, then another hand, another arm, then a head was raised, and, at last, the entire man freed himself from his sand prison, and proclaimed the fact by yelling at the top of his voice, “All right on the Ogeechee!” which cry was joyfully answered by the cheers of his comrades.

GOOD BUT NOT TRUE.—Among the striking contrasts exhibited in character the most frequent were the comparisons between Stonewall Jackson and Ewell or Early. On one occasion Lee received this devout dispatch from one flank: “By the grace of God we have beaten them on the right;” and the next moment from the other wing, “By d—d hard fighting we have whipped them on the left.” One lieutenant was Jackson, the other Ewell.

RAMROD BREAD.—As a curious souvenir of the war, Major Albert Ross has preserved in a glass case a piece of what was known in the Confederate army as ramrod bread. It was made by stringing out a piece of dough and twisting it around a ramrod, and then baked by suspending it on two forked sticks. The piece preserved by Major Ross was baked in 1864 in East Tennessee.

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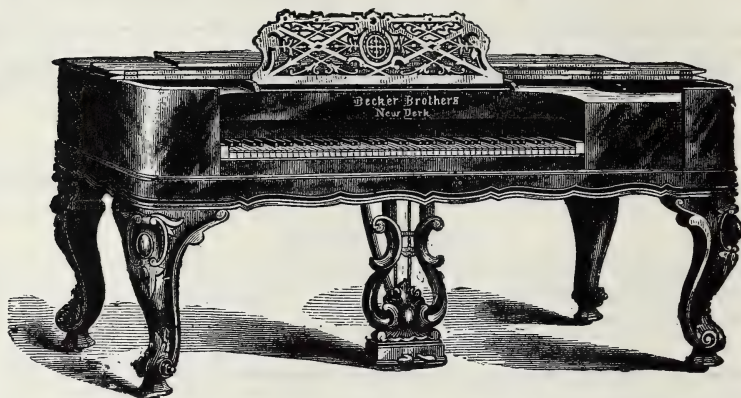
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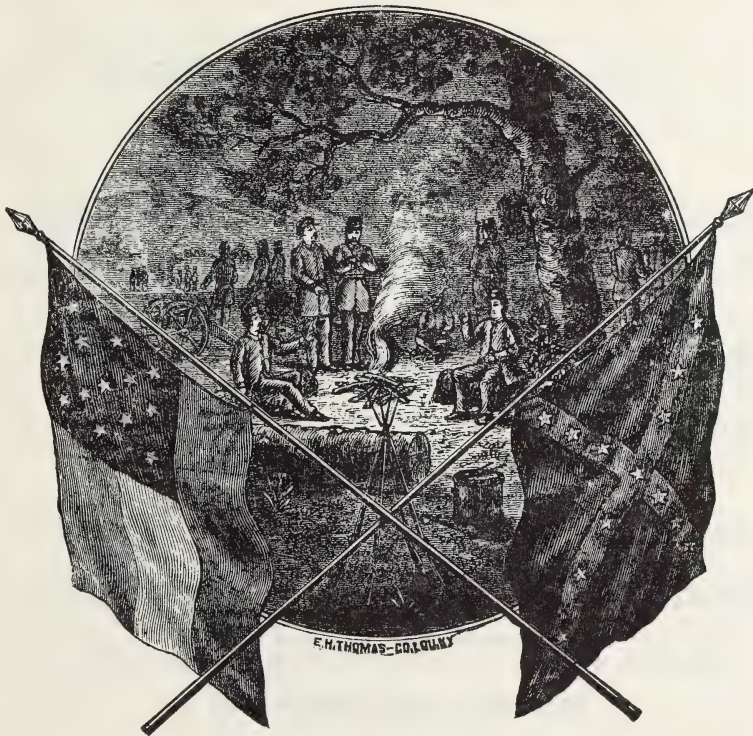
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BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.*

The following account of the battle of Missionary Ridge refers in the main to the movements made on Bragg's right wing. In the November number a full account will be given of the attack on the center and left wing, with diagram of the positions of Confederate brigades:

Bragg's hard-won laurels at Chickamauga were wreathed with cypress at Missionary Ridge. There, Grant paid back the debt of Rosecrantz and Thomas who had saved the Federals from route at Chickamauga and gained greater fame by piercing Bragg's center.

Chattanooga, around which the battle was fought, is situated on the left bank of the Tennessee River, near the center of a crescent formed by a broken chain of mountains, beginning at Chickamauga Creek on the north and ending with the lofty peak of Lookout mountain on the south. The whole distance is from eight to ten miles, and Missionary Ridge, which lies nearly due east of Chattanooga, forms the main part of the chain being about five miles in length. After the battle of Chickamauga, the Federals took shelter in Chattanooga and were for more than a month in a state of siege.

Confederate rifle-pits in front of the mountain range were erected around the town, and there was no egress except by a road running along the south bank of the Tennessee, which was rough and exposed to incursions from Confederate cavalry. The difficulty of getting sufficient food daily increased and the Federals were threatened with starvation. Bragg, relying upon the power of hunger, made no attempt to force a surrender by arms. In the meantime, reinforcements for the Federals arrived in the neighborhood and the Confederates were put on the defensive.

*Extracts from a journal written twenty years ago.

On October 24th, Grant took command in person. On the 29th, Hooker, with a corps of fifteen thousand, forced his way in. Bragg was still so confident that he sent off Longstreet's corps to meet Burnside. While Grant was so doubtful that, after Longstreet was gone and Hooker had arrived, he refrained from attacking till Sherman came up with four divisions more.

The battle of Missionary Ridge really began on the 23d of November and lasted three days. On the 23d, Sherman began his attack on Bragg's right wing, his objective point being the strong position occupied by the Confederates under Gen. Cleburne, at Tunnel Hill. The first and second days were consumed in taking position near the main works. On the 24th, Hooker attacked and carried Lookout mountain, and on the 25th, Bragg was now attacked on his right, left, and center. Of the attack on Bragg's right Colonel Reginald Thompson, then a captain of an Arkansas company under Cleburne, says: "The enemy could be seen for more than a mile approaching in heavy masses, exposed to a sharp fire of artillery from the right and left of our position. I could see them huddling and breaking under the fire, and then, rallied by the gallantry of their officers, again surging forward.

"Three times they charged up to our breastworks and were repulsed. Frequently when getting near they would stop, out of breath, drunk or dazed, and stare at us. Our men would rush over the works and beat them with clubbed guns, for we constantly got out of ammunition. I remember seeing Colonel Elisha Warfield kill a Federal officer with a rock. The last repulse was late in the evening. We abandoned our position after dark, but not until the whole line to the left of us had been broken."

General Whittaker, a Federal, says that his brigade with Gross, attacked Rossville on the extreme left about eleven o'clock; that they met with very little resistance and drove the Confederates pell-mell. At the very beginning he captured Colonel Breckinridge. He remembers no artillery being fired by the Confederates. After the left was turned he continued to press Bragg's left, driving the Confederates before him. Major Semple, of Breckinridge's staff, corroborates this. The men on the extreme left were driven rapidly towards Bragg's center, and the news of this had a good deal to do with the giving away of the line held by Breckinridge's men. Breckinridge seemed to comprehend the importance of the attack on Lookout mountain. On the evening of the 24th, he sent Major Charles Semple to tell General Walthall to hold Lookout mountain at

all hazards. In going there he encountered, near the base of the mountain, the advancing Federals. His horse was killed, but he escaped on foot, and meeting on the face of the mountain a Confederate courier, rode his horse the rest of the journey, delivered the order, returned, and reached Breckinridge's headquarters about two o'clock at night. In the morning, it being reported that Colonel Breckinridge was killed, he was sent to the extreme left by the General. Five or six miles to the left of the center, he met, about twelve o'clock, the Confederates slowly retreating.

Of the fight on the center, we have learned little from eye-witnesses. This was directed and urged by Thomas, and here was the hardest fighting. It was about the right of Bragg's center, where may be located the following, as related by Samuel J. Watkins, in his book called "Co. Aytch:"

"The streaks of day had begun to glimmer over Missionary Ridge, and I could see in the dim twilight the Yankee guard not fifty yards off. Said I, 'Boys, let's fire into them and run.' We took deliberate aim and fired. At that they raised, I thought, a mighty sickly sort of yell and charged the house. We ran out, but waited on the outside. We took a second position where the railroads cross each other and they began shelling us from the river, but when we got on the opposite side of the railroad they ceased.

"I know nothing about the battle; how Grant, with one wing went up the river, and Hooker's corps went down Wills Valley, etc. I heard fighting and commanding and musketry all day long, but I was still on picket. Balls were passing over our heads, both coming and going. I could not tell whether I was standing picket for Yankees or Rebels. I knew that the Yankee line was between me and the Rebel line, for I could see the battle right over the tunnel. We had been placed on picket at the foot of Lookout mountain, but we were five miles from that place now. If I had tried to run in I couldn't. I had got separated from Sloan and Johnson somehow; in fact, was waiting either for an advance of the Yankees, or to be called in by the captain of the picket. I could see the blue coats fairly lining Missionary Ridge in my rear. The Yankees were swarming everywhere. They were passing me all day with their dead and wounded, going back to Chattanooga. No one seemed to notice me; they were passing to and fro, cannon, artillery, and everything. I was willing to be taken prisoner, but no one seemed disposed to do it. I was afraid to look at them, and I was afraid to hide, for fear some one's attention would be attracted toward me. I wished I

could make myself invisible. I think I was invisible. I felt that way anyhow; I felt like the boy who wanted to go to the wedding, but had no shoes. Casabianca never had such feelings as I had that livelong day.

Say, Captain, say, if yet my task be done?
And yet the sweeping waves rolled on
And answered neither yea nor nay.

"About two or three o'clock, a column of Yankees advancing to the attack swept right over where I was standing. I was trying to stand aside to get out of their way, but the more I tried to get out of their way, the more in their way I got. I was carried forward, I knew not whither. We soon arrived at the foot of the ridge, at our old breastworks. I recognized Robert Brank's old corn-stalk house, and Alf Horsley's fort, an old log house called Fort Horsley. I was in front of the enemy's line and was afraid to run up the ridge and afraid to surrender. They were ordered to charge up the hill. There was no firing from the Rebel lines in our immediate front. They kept climbing and pulling and scratching until I was in touching distance of the old Rebel breastworks, right on the very apex of Missionary Ridge. I made one jump, and I heard Captain Turner, who had the very four Napoleon guns we had captured at Perryville, halloo out, 'Number Four, solid!' and then a roar. The next order was, 'Limber to the rear.' The Yankees were cutting and slashing and the cannoneers were running in every direction. I saw Day's brigade throw down their guns and break like quarter-horses. Bragg was trying to rally them. I heard him say, 'Here is your commander,' and the soldiers halloosed back, 'Here is your mule.'

"The whole army was routed. I ran on down the ridge, and there was our regiment, the First Tennessee, with their guns stacked, drawing rations as if nothing was going on. Says I, 'Colnel Field, what's the matter? The whole army is routed and running; hadn't you better be getting away from here? The Yankees are not a hundred yards away. Turner's Battery has surrendered, Day's brigade has thrown down their arms, and look yonder, that is the Stars and Stripes.' He remarked very coolly, 'You seem to be demoralized. We've whipped them here. We've captured two thousand prisoners and five stands of colors.'

Just at this time General Bragg and staff rode up. Bragg had joined the Church at Shelbyville, but he had back-slid at Missionary Ridge. He was cursing like a sailor. Says he, 'What's this? Ah,

ha, have you stacked your arms for a surrender?' 'No, sir,' says Field. 'Take arms, shoulder arms, by the right flank, file right, march,' just as cool and deliberate as if on dress parade."

The following account by John L. Jackman, private Ninth Kentucky Infantry, has reference only to the fight on Bragg's right wing:

November 25th, 1863. At two o'clock in the morning our brigade was ordered to fall in, except our battery, which was left behind near General Bragg's headquarters, and we took up our line of march toward the extreme right of our army, following the road leading along on top of the ridge. The moon was then in total eclipse, and as the shadow passed away the scene around us was wierd in the extreme. A deep silence prevailed, the only noise being the tramp of the soldiers as the column moved steadily on.

At daylight we formed in reserve to General Cleburne's division, a short distance to the right of the tunnel on the Chattanooga and Cleveland railroad. The morning was clear and frosty and the sun came up in great splendor. All around us the hills were covered with forests, and the sound of hundreds of axes was ringing out on the crisp morning air, which came from Cleburne's division in front of us, throwing up hasty breastworks of logs on top of the ridge in anticipation of an early advance of the enemy. We had not been halted long before a fine-looking regiment that had been doing post duty at Savannah, Georgia, formed on a hill to our left. It had never before been in active service at the front; was about twelve hundred strong, and being neatly uniformed, well-armed, and having much soldierly bearing, we expected to see it do some good fighting during the day. But much to the amusement of the "old veterans," when about nine A.M. our artillery in front opened a heavy fire on the advancing columns of the enemy, this bright, new-looking regiment scattered through the woods like a flock of frightened birds, the soldiers being panic-stricken at the noise of our own cannon. Details were sent from the reserve to gather them up and bring them to the "scratch," and no doubt they retrieved themselves ere the day was done, but, as our regiment was soon after moved to the front line to fill up an interval between Smith's Texas brigade and Liddell's Arkansas brigade, we saw no more of them during the day. Our regiment was formed across a ravine with a hill on either flank and one in front and rear, so that we were virtually in a sink-hole surrounded by woods during the whole battle and saw but very little of the general engagement.

About ten A.M. the enemy advanced against us and we had to

"face the music" without even a temporary breastwork for protection; but as the Federals came charging down the hill at us only one line deep, we drove them back after a brief engagement of some fifteen or twenty minutes, our loss being very light, as most of the enemy's fire passed over us. Bledsoe's Missouri battery was stationed on a hill to our rear, and kept up a brisk fire of shrapnel over our heads whenever the Federals appeared on the hill in our front. We were not again engaged during the day, and ours was the only regiment in the brigade that fired a gun, the others being held in reserve and were not called upon. There was heavy fighting in front of Smith's brigade on our left, however, and several times during the afternoon the enemy advanced against him from five to seven lines deep, but the gallant Texans from behind their temporary breastworks, drove the foe back, inflicting great loss at each successive assault. Late in the afternoon during a lull in the battle, I went upon the hill to our left occupied by a Texas regiment to get a view of the field in front, and upon peering over the breastworks for that purpose the minies from the Federal sharpshooters swarmed around my head like bees, which caused my observation to be of exceedingly short duration. In the afternoon the roar of cannon off to our left was very loud, but we were in ignorance as to how the battle was going. When night came on, all became quiet in front, and we commenced kindling fires and raking up leaves upon which to sleep, anticipating a good night's rest, and believing that our army had been successful all along the line. About seven, P.M., however, we were ordered to fall in quietly, and our brigade marched back toward the railroad bridge across the Chickamauga. The rumor was immediately started among the soldiers that the enemy was attempting a flank movement on the right, above where the Chickamauga empties into the Tennessee, and that we were on our way to intercept the movement. Before arriving at the bridge, we passed a straggling soldier who stated that our army had been cut to pieces, and he repeated the old, old story, that of his regiment he alone had escaped! Our men scoffed at the idea of any such defeat, and accused the soldier of having improperly left the field and advised him to return to his command at once. Soon after, when we reached the bridge, we saw a detachment of cavalry preparing to set it on fire as soon as our brigade was over—Cleburne's division had already passed us—which aroused a suspicion that something had gone wrong. Then again, instead of turning to the left, as we had expected, we moved to the right toward Chickamauga Station, our base of supplies, where we

arrived about ten P.M., and found our whole army there in no little confusion, thus confirming in a great measure, the report of the straggling soldier we had seen on the road. We halted within a short distance of the station and bivouacked for the remainder of the night.

What was a sore thing to our brigade was the news that the guns of our battery, which we had left near General Bragg's headquarters, had fallen into the hands of the enemy. The battery was composed of fine Napoleons and each had its name neatly engraved thereon, such as "Lady Breckinridge," "Lady Buckner," etc. It was some satisfaction to learn, however, that Captain Gracey had poured canister into the advancing lines of the enemy long after his support was gone, and that he only abandoned his pieces upon being in a manner surrounded and the foe at the muzzle of his guns.

November 26th. At daylight our army had all disappeared, and it fell to the lot of our brigade to cover the retreat on the main road leading southward through Graysville to Ringgold. We first took position in some old earth-works on the left of the railroad near the station, but as the enemy was advancing in force on the right of the railroad, we soon after moved across to a low range of hills a short distance from the station, and over which our road led. While making this movement the enemy treated us to a few shells at long range. Our line was formed on the crest of the hills, which were heavily timbered, and the movements of the enemy could not be seen from this position. At a high point a little to the left and in front of our regiment, which occupied the left of the line, the timber had been cut down, and from this spot a good view could be had of the surrounding country. Company D was thrown forward as skirmishers from our regiment, and Lieutenant Webb, of that company, and myself, with General Lewis's field-glasses, went upon this hill to watch the movements of the enemy, and report by "telegraphing" down the skirmish-line. Out in front the enemy was advancing in several lines, and line after line of skirmishers was being sent forward. A squad of our cavalry had set Chickamauga Station and other public buildings on fire, and the flames were fast eating them up. Immediately in our rear were open fields, and in a long lane stood our supply-train, or only moving by inches, as it were, owing to some obstruction ahead. But presently a Federal battery unlimbered in front and commenced throwing shells over us. Suddenly there was a great popping of whips and loud yelling of teamsters, and the wagon train was soon lost to sight in the woods beyond, much to our satisfaction.

A couple of ladies who had left their homes near the station were on the hill near us watching events, and seemed in ecstasies at the prospect of witnessing a battle, and were very impatient for the conflict to commence; but when the first shell shrieked over they set up a little shriek of their own and were also soon lost to view. The advance skirmish-lines of the enemy had then entered the woods, and we expected every moment the firing would commence. There were now some half dozen of us on the little hill, but we had been so intent watching the movements in front that our brigade, in order to keep from being flanked on the right, had fallen back unobserved by us, skirmish-line and all. Lieutenant-Colonel Wickliffe, then in command of the regiment, had sent Tom Berry back to inform us of the retrograde movement, and just as he came up the Federals fired into us, and two or three of our party fell. This was enough to cause us to move lively down the hill toward the rear. Whaley bounded over the branches of the fallen trees with the agility of an antelope. Sergeant Carroll, who measured six feet six, in attempting to pass under the trunk of a fallen tree that did not quite reach the ground, got his knap-sack hitched so that he could neither get forward nor back, and the way he made the sticks and leaves fly in scrambling out was amusing. He finally succeeded in extricating himself, however. Webb and I happened to strike a little path that led down to the open field, and when I got to the ten-rail fence I cleared it with great ease. In doing so I looked back over my shoulder and saw that the spot we had just left was "blue" with the enemy, while up to our left, scarcely a hundred yards off, the Federal skirmishers were swarming over the fence into the field; and the bullets were flying pretty thick. Tom Berry, with a sack of hard-tack swung over his shoulder which he had brought away from the station, was ahead of us all and striking square across the open ground. The Federals commenced yelling to him, "Run, you d—d fat Rebel, run!" Tom, still holding on to his hard-tack, looked over his shoulder and shouted back, "I'll do it!" which caused great shouts of laughter from the Federals, and they ceased firing in order to see Tom run. Taking advantage of this, the rest of us bore off to the right and all got across the field in safety, only having a few straggling shots fired at us. We found our command in line of battle in the woods beyond, awaiting the advance of the enemy.

The foe did not seem disposed to press us further, however, and we fell back leisurely toward Graysville. Just before reaching that place we passed Gist's S. Cav. and Manney's Tenn. brigades, which

were in line guarding a road coming in from the left and intersecting with the one we were on. Soon after passing these troops we heard them open up a brisk skirmish with the enemy that came up in front on the road they were guarding. As darkness was setting in, we crossed the bridge over a small river at Graysville, and the road being clear, we moved steadily on toward Ringgold. About half way between Graysville and the latter place, however, where a road intersecting the one we were on came in from the direction of Chattanooga, the enemy in ambush fired into a section of Ferguson's battery, which was coming on in our rear, and the horses being shot down, the guns were captured. The caisson which was slightly in advance of the pieces escaped the fire and came flying down the road, scattering our column to the right and left as it passed along, thus getting out in safety. Our brigade was quickly formed in line of battle across the road at the base of a range of hills over which our route led, and we awaited further developments. We were surrounded by a dense woods and in the darkness could see nothing to indicate the force of the enemy. After the first volley there was only desultory firing, the bullets flying over us at random. The enemy set up a most infernal howling like a pack of wolves that had succeeded in surrounding the prey, and from the noise that was made there must have been at least a division. After waiting for some time for the enemy to attack and failing, we resumed our march toward Ringgold. The drivers of the caisson afterward told us that one of the guns got stuck in a little rivulet that crossed the road, and in attempting to pull out considerable noise was made; that while thus engaged some one on the side of the road asked whose battery it was, and when told, the order was given to fire, which was followed by a volley that swept down horses and cannoneers alike. Why our column was not fired into is a mystery. Before reaching this point we had been cautioned to march in silence, as the enemy was expected in front, and Company H of our regiment had been deployed as flankers to the right. The men of this company informed us that when they reached the place where this road came in they suddenly found themselves among a large body of troops, but in the darkness could not be positive whether friend or foe. No questions were asked the members of Company H and they asked none, but marched square on through. Lieutenant Buchanan, in command of the company, soon became convinced that he was in the midst of the enemy, but deemed it the better plan to say nothing to his men.

Meanwhile our column marched on past, the men "bull-ragging"

what they considered Confederate stragglers on the road-side, yet in truth were Federal soldiers. Generals Gist and Manney, who were coming on some distance in our rear, heard the firing, and reached Ringgold by a different route. It was nearly midnight when we arrived on the bank of a little river near that town. The soldiers had their choice to wade through, the water being about waist deep, or go around by a bridge, which required a march of some two miles further. Many waded. Andy C. and I paid a teamster two dollars each to take us over on a very diminutive mule which we both mounted at the same time. Andy being a very large man, the little animal became very restive under the load it had to carry, and when we neared the center of the stream, demonstrations were made as though it intended to lie down with us. This caused us to use our heels with great vigor, and we finally got over without being ducked. Our brigade bivouacked on the far bank, in the edge of town, the remainder of the night.

November 27th. We were awakened early in the morning by the advance guard of the enemy firing at us from across the river. We fell in and moved back through town and passed Cleburne's division occupying a strong position in the "Gap" south of the place. We had not gotten far on the road toward Tunnel Hill when Cleburne opened a heavy fire, and we had to go double quick back to his support, but by the time we reached him, he had driven the enemy back with great slaughter. We remained in supporting distance of this division during the rest of the day, having marched and counter-marched over the road several times, and finally bivouacked near Tunnel Hill for the night. Soon after dark a heavy rain commenced pouring down, which kept up all night, and sleep was out of the question.

November 28th. When morning came our brigade was posted in line of battle a short distance south of Tunnel Hill, where we had to stand patiently in a pelting rain until noon. Then Cleburne's division passed us, and soon after we followed on, marching on the railroad. Late in the afternoon we arrived within half a mile of Dalton, and bivouacked for the night among some old hospital buildings. The weather turned very cold, and we had to sit by the fires all night, one side roasting and the other freezing.

THE SOUTHERN DEAD.

BY ALEXANDER EVANS.

Your bars are rob'd in shroud of night ;
Your land is clothed in gloom ;
Each soldier with his armor bright
Has met a glorious doom.

You've furl'd your banners to the foe ;
Your warrior race is run ;
Your mold'ring hearts will never know
The glory you have won.

Your silent forms are sleeping now
On Southern battle-field ;
And brightest fame, with golden brow,
Has bath'd your bloody shield.

The hoary years may roll away,
And centuries sink in night,
But time will give a brilliant ray
To Southern soldiers' fight.

Although your flag was furled at last
On old Virginia's plain,
You wav'd it through each battle's blast
Without a spot or stain.

Though far from your lov'd native State,
In silence now you sleep ;
The living shall your deeds relate,
Your fame untarnished keep.

No storm can dim the glorious name
You won on Malvern's brow ;
But time will tell your radiant fame
Till worlds in ruins bow.

On Chickamauga's bloody plain
You sleep in endless night,
But glory with her golden chain
Will keep your honor bright.

Stone River's tide will ever tell
The victory that you won,
And Chickamauga's cannon swell
The dauntless deeds you've done.

The Southern sun with golden ray
Shall gild your woodland tomb,
And smiling moon at close of day
Shall light each warrior's gloom.

Kentucky's sons now peaceful sleep
In Georgia's golden breast,
And million hearts their vigils keep
To shield their quiet rest.

On many a Southern battle-field
Your pulseless forms repose ;
The virgin grass your only shield,
Your tomb the forest rose.

The soldiers from the Land of Flowers*
On Mission Ridge now sleep,
And glory in her sacred bowers
Her sentry watches keep.

Nor time, nor years, nor winter's blast
Can dim your deeds of fame ;
Upon war's pillar have you cast
A gold-enduring name.

Then sleep in peace, ye Southern brave,
No woes disturb your breast ;
You stack'd your arms at glory's grave
And found a hero's rest.

ADVENTURES OF A CONFEDERATE.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

About noon of their third day's travel they were ambling along a good piece of flat-woods road quite briskly, intending if possible to reach the Matansas River before stopping to rest and water their stock. Their supply of provisions was about exhausted and they expected to get enough there to last them to St. Augustine.

An old fisherman lived on the Matansas near where the road would go, and from him they intended to procure a fresh supply. In less than another day they would be safe in the Federal lines, and the thought of approaching security lent an air of gayety to the demeanor of Captain Harkins which had been a stranger thereto for some time past. Newt was loudly singing a negro plantation melody and every once and awhile the captain went so far as to join him in the chorus. They had reached and were crossing a small swampy slough called a branch in that country, when within a pace or two of the opposite side

*The Florida brigade, which was in Breckinridge's division.

they halted to allow their animals to drink. The captain's horse had lowered his head and just begun to drink when they were startled by the sharp click caused by the cocking of a gun. Looking up Captain Harkins was overwhelmed by the sight of Montholon standing not ten feet away with his gun cocked and bearing directly upon the captain's body. The captain's first idea was immediate flight, but the vision of that terrible gun was too much for his nerves, a wave of cowardice came rolling over his soul commanding instant submission. He saw by the stern and unrelenting look upon Montholon's face that he was engaged in no child's play. Not so Newt, for raising his head he took in the situation at once, and seeing only one man, whom he instantly recognized, and seeing that his entire attention was given to Captain Harkins, he wheeled his mule and with considerable precipitation retraced his steps as fast as his mule could carry him. So soon as he had reached a safe distance, however, he halted in order to ascertain the fate of his companion.

In the interim Harkins mustered sufficient courage to ask Montholon what it was he desired, and was quickly commanded to advance and dismount, which he did with extreme reluctance. Not knowing what his destiny was, but imagining the worst, Harkins began begging for his life in the most pitiful manner. "I do not intend to take your miserable life," said Montholon, "if I can possibly avoid it. That is forfeited to the law which you have violated, and the law shall deal with you. Wretched poltroon," he added, "I thought you had some spark of manhood about you. A skunk would show fight. You are more cowardly than a skunk, and yet you pretend to the hand of Irene DeBoin—bah!" and he turned on his heel with a look of ineffable scorn—"follow me." Harkins did as he was bid. About a hundred yards distant they came to the place where Montholon had picketed his horse. Here producing a rope and trace-chain he proceeded to bind Captain Harkins to his horse in such a way as to make it seemingly impossible he should escape. He had seen and recognized Newt at the branch, but observing him run off and having secured the object of his pursuit, he paid no further attention to him, fully expecting that he would either return home or keep on to St. Augustine. Mounting his own horse and leading the captain's, he struck out for home by the way he had come. As soon as Newt saw this, he came to the conclusion not to desert his late companion. He knew from Montholon's actions that there was no one with him, and being a sharp, shrewd boy he thought that by following his trail some opportunity would offer which would enable him to

help the captain. Harkins during the trip had treated him as an equal, laughing, joking, and chatting at all times on terms of equality, so that he had conceived quite a friendship for him, in addition to which he had made Newt many fine promises, all of which would come to naught if Montholon kept him a prisoner. He was a boy of much boldness, too, besides intelligence, and he thought that Montholon's vigilance would have to be sleepless if some chance didn't happen whereby he could liberate the captain.

With these ideas floating through his mind, Newt followed the pair, but in such a way as to avoid discovery, until about dark he saw Montholon halt in a clump of palmetto trees near a small creek, and dismounting, assist his prisoner to do the same. Newt felt satisfied that they proposed to camp at this place for the night, so he sought a safe spot for himself and mule, lower down the creek, but at such a convenient distance as to be handy in case the expected opportunity offered itself. All of this country was wild and uninhabited—low, flat, and swampy. Sometimes a person might ride a day's journey without seeing a sign of habitation. It was this way almost to Lake Weir, and neither of these parties had met or passed an individual on their respective routes. Montholon, therefore, had no fear of interruption, and never dreamed of his prisoner's escaping him. He felt that now he had him; that he was as safe as though lodged in the Ocala jail. His hound would notify him of the approach of any one, should so singular an occurrence happen. Newt he left out of the account altogether—not the remotest idea that he would attempt the rescue of his prisoner ever crossed his brain. If it had, he might have made some alteration in his plans, for he knew that Newt was often at his father's, and was on as friendly terms with the hound almost as he was himself. In this frame of mind, then, he prepared for the night. Fastening Captain Harkins securely to a tree, he fed the horses with a few ears of corn which he produced from his wallet, and satisfying his own hunger and that of his prisoner, he lay down near him intent upon passing the night as best he could. Shortly after Montholon dozed off in that half-waking, half-slumbering condition which is the prelude to the passage into utter oblivion of the heavy sleeper he woke with a start, thinking he had heard some one whistling in the woods, but after listening attentively for a while he lay down again, believing it to have been a dream. Harkins heard it also, and recognized it as a signal from Newt, but as soon as he saw Montholon's movement he closed his eyes and breathed heavily as though fast asleep from sheer exhaus-

tion, and so Montholon believed him to be, when he lay down again, this time to a sound and uninterrupted sleep. The dog also heard it, and knew the sound to be that of a friend, and just before Montholon had started from his couch of straw, had risen, and shaking himself in a half-tired and reluctant manner, as though hating yet wishing to go, stretched himself and walked off leisurely into the bushes to where Newt sat against the root of a huge oak, wagging his tail in glad recognition of a friend. This was what Newt had reckoned on, and the minute the hound reached him he put a rope he had prepared for the occasion around his neck, and, leading him to where his mule was, fastened him close by to a young sapling.

Having done this much, he returned to his post of observation. It was now past midnight. The moon's pale light could be seen reflected through the tree-tops, above which she had just risen, while the stars shone brightly overhead in a clear blue sky. The night was deliciously pleasant and nothing disturbed the harmony of nature except the usual sounds of the wilderness, strange, wierd, and full of melancholy music to the listener. Suddenly Harkins, who had failed to sleep because of the fears excited by his situation—the distress and pain occasioned by his thongs, together with the hopes aroused by the knowledge that Newt would certainly do something to relieve him, thought he heard an unusual sound close by. It was impossible to turn his head in that direction, but he listened intently, and the more he listened the more certain he became of hearing some one creeping toward him. He could see Montholon fast asleep partly in the shadow and partly in the moonlight, so he knew that it was not he. Who then could it be but Newt? Nearer and nearer it came, stopping at intervals, occasionally for so long a time that Harkins began to fear that Newt had abandoned the attempt. Presently Montholon groaned in his sleep, became restless and half arose from his recumbent position. All hope fled; Harkins was sure he had heard what was going on and would soon have Newt in his power. Then alas! would hope be dead indeed. But pretty soon he quieted down and fell off once more into the dreamless sleep of the tired. A moment or two more, and Newt, for it was really he, had cut the ropes by which the captain was tied and he was once more a free man.

“Easy, now,” said Newt, “follow me just as quietly as you can.”

“Hold on a moment,” replied the captain in the same whispered tones, “lend me your knife a second.”

Newt passed him the knife, thinking that he wished to cut loose

the horses. Harkins took the knife; a moment more, when Newt looked around for him he saw him stooping over the body of Montholon, he saw an upraised arm, he saw something glitter in the moonlight, and ere he could call out to stay the terrible deed, Harkins had plunged the knife into the heart of the sleeping man. A deep groan followed the act; a convulsive shuddering passed over the body, and Montholon's livid face, sternly set in death, turned its sightless eyes to the bright stars which gleamed so calmly down upon the murderous act. The whole act was done so quickly that Newt had had no time to call a warning to the sleeping victim, and he now stood rooted to the spot, utterly overcome, while Harkins ejaculated as he again thrust the knife into Montholon's body, "Take that, you scoundrel! You will never cross my path again, you villain!" and he kicked his dead victim with a venomous spite as he stooped and felt to see if there was any life still left in the body before him.

As he arose and turned away, a deep, long, and melancholy howl reverberated through the silent midnight forest—the sorrow-laden tones of Montholon's hound rising and falling with a thrilling effect upon the ears of the stricken negro as though appealing to Heaven for vengeance upon the murderer of his master.

CAPTURE OF THE FORTS AT NEW CREEK STATION.

The following account of the capture of New Creek Station is furnished by a member of General Rosser's staff. It was an event exerting little influence upon the main issue, except so far as a timely blow of decisive character might effect, but it possesses some romantic features and is worthy of record. It was a practice among the Romans to decree a greater triumph to a general who gained a bloodless victory, than to him whose laurels were stained with the blood of her citizens. In this spirit we would preserve the memory of an action the success of which was due chiefly to the wisdom and audacity of the officer in command:

The town of Kaiser, the county-seat of Mineral county, West Virginia, is romantically situated at the foot of the Alleghanies on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, about twenty-two miles west of Cumberland, Maryland. It is now a growing town of fifteen hundred inhabitants, and is remarkable for the neatness of its appearance, for the number of its cozy dwellings, and for the picturesque beauty of its landscape.

Twenty-five years ago the scene was quite different. Then it was a mere railroad station, with a few houses in the vicinity, and was known only as New Creek Station. During the war it was regarded as a military point of importance by the Federals. Two forts on commanding hills overlooking the depot were erected and manned with heavy ordnance. A garrison varying from two to three thousand held the place and guarded the immense stores of food, forage, and ammunition placed there for the convenience of troops stationed in the counties of Hardy and Hampshire.

In the fall of 1864, General Rosser, commanding the old Ashby brigade of Confederate cavalry, formed the bold project of capturing this important point. Its natural strength, its large garrison, and the facility with which reinforcements could be poured into it from Maryland, made it necessary to use the greatest secrecy. If warning were given, its frowning castles could laugh a siege to scorn and with their heavy guns sweep out of existence all attacking columns. Indeed, there was but one road by which it could be entered by a large body of troops, and this ran near both forts. To mature a plan that promised success, he sent Captain John T. Pierce to "spy out the land." The following is the account of that celebrated scout, beginning where he with a comrade, lay on top of Thresher mountain, between which and the Alleghanies was New Creek Station, situated at the junction of New Creek and the North Branch Potomac:

"Smoot and myself lay all day on Thresher Knob in close proximity to New Creek. We took a rude sketch of the fortifications and returned to Moorefield that night, where we had William Alexander make a map of the fort and its surroundings, and met General Rosser with his command at George T. Williams' on the south fork in the evening. Shortly afterward, General Rosser took a portion of Company F, Seventh Virginia Cavalry and a larger portion of McNeil's command and rode down to Moorefield, where he learned from some of McNeil's men who were on scout, that about two hundred Federal troops with two ambulances and one piece of artillery, were at Old Field's marching to Moorefield. Hastily gathering about sixty men from McNeil's command and Company F, he met this force immediately after the advance guard had crossed Parson's Ford, and routing the advance, drove them across the river. Meeting the main body at the ford, his command made a flank movement by which they hoped to cut off the retreat through Reynold's Gap, which completely routed the main body, and the only question of importance seemed to be as to who should reach Reynold's Gap first.

The Federals having the road and our troops the fields, the former reached the gap first, but so closely pursued that they could not rally. Several were killed, and about thirty with the artillery and ambulances were captured. Colonel Fleming, the officer in command, never stopped till he got to New Creek and reported to General Latham that the Confederates were in Moorefield. This unexpected skirmish changed General Rosser's plan and determined him to proceed at once to New Creek. This he did after dark by way of the Moorefield and Alleghany turnpike to the head of Patterson's Creek. Thence he proceeded down Patterson's Creek to Mike's Run and through Harrison's Gap to New Creek valley. A part of this route lay off from the highway and sometimes along mere bridle-paths. Secrecy of movement gave the only hope of success, as the sequel shows. By this route we had missed all scouts from the Federal post and were within six miles of them without their having any knowledge of our having left Moorefield. Just before reaching the northwestern turnpike, General Rosser halted his command and held a consultation."

A very sober consultation it was, too. We had been marching all night. The sun was just rising, gilding with its beams the lofty peaks of the Alleghanies. We had not yet emerged from the brush. In sight was the turnpike along which at any moment a Federal scouting party might pass. The question was, had not Colonel Fleming's party given warning and put the enemy on their guard? Such was the opinion of the majority and Rosser was urged to go back. Pierce, however, argued that the very fact that we had driven Fleming into the fort, would make the Federals feel secure from attack, for they would reason that we would not approach the fort knowing that they had been informed of our being present in the neighborhood. Rosser's daring nature made him quick to appreciate Pierce's logic, and he was seconded by General Payne, whose brigade formed a part of the command. The following plan was adopted:

The Eleventh Virginia Cavalry was sent down Limestone to come in on the railroad east of New Creek Station and the main body under General Payne, was to pass through New Creek mountain on the Northwest turnpike to Russ' ford, and thence down New Creek valley to the Fort.

Before resuming our march, however, J. L. Vandiver, a member of McNeil's command, came up to General Rosser, followed by a strong Union woman and all her children, and introduced the gen-

eral to her as General Kelly. She was highly pleased and told him she had often heard of Mr. Kelly but had never had the pleasure of seeing him before. She brought all her children up to shake hands with General Kelly and wished him success in his battles for the Union.

I was ordered by General Rosser to accompany General Payne; pretty soon we passed the house of a Union man by the name of Smith. The old lady came to the door and remarked at the top of her voice, "We are glad to see you getting back, we thought you were all captured." Some one just in the rear of me said, "O, no, we had a right smart little fight at Moorefield yesterday, but we're getting back all right." To which she replied, "I see you are, and you've got some Johnnys along with you." This seemed to afford her great pleasure.

I was riding by the side of General Payne at the head of the column, thinking of the great importance of taking the fort by surprise, which I had advised from the first, knowing that with the guns in the Fort and Mulligan's battery on Church Hill, it would most certainly be an extremely hazardous undertaking. Just then my eyes and ears were open to everything passing around me. I rode on about one hundred yards, the remarks of the old lady revolving in my mind, when I turned to General Payne and said, "General, we've got them." "How?" said he. "Did you not hear," I replied, "the remark of that old lady. From it I infer that a portion of the command from the Fort have been sent out for some purpose and have not returned. They are therefore anxiously expecting them. If we select an advance of twenty men in blue overcoats, we can gobble up all their pickets and ride into camp undisturbed." Payne approved my suggestion and ordered me to select the men and to give such instructions as I thought best. The orders I gave them were to put their pistols in their boot-tops where they could reach them at a moment's warning, but in no event to fire a shot or cause any alarm if it could possibly be avoided. To ride at an ordinary traveling gait up to the picket post, and if halted to throw up their hands and call out "All right," never halting or in any way showing the least excitement.

The order was executed so admirably that I shall ever regret not learning the name of him who commanded the advance. The pickets were captured. The scouts sent out from camp quietly rode into our command and were dismounted and sent back under guard, and we rode into the camp without firing a gun. So complete was the surprise that no one was found in the Fort except the guard to the

guns who continued to walk the parapet until our troops entered. 'Tis true, however, that we made a charge upon the fort, but not until we were within three hundred yards of it. The camp was also charged only to be found deserted; the soldiers having taken to their heels, were found huddled together on the bank of the river.

We captured nine hundred prisoners, eight hundred horses, and destroyed an immense quantity of commissary ordnance and quartermaster stores. Notwithstanding the perils to which we were exposed, while marching down New Creek valley, within short range of the guns of both forts, some amusing scenes occurred. At one point, we passed the house of a union man; he and his grown daughters came out to see their friends (as they supposed) pass by. Leaning upon the yard fence they watched us with much interest for some time. At last the truth seemed to flash upon the mind of one of the young ladies. Said she, "Pap, they are Rebels." "O, no," said he. "Yes," said she, "but I tell you they are! These men in gray are not prisoners. They don't let prisoners keep their arms." As we neared the fort and just before we charged, we met one of the teams of Mulligan's battery, composed of four spirited grays coming after a load of wood. The advance beckoned it to the right of the road, where the driver stopped and sat watching us until the charge began. Then the truth seemed to burst upon him for the first time. He jerked off his hat and waving it over his head called out at the top of his voice: "Sold again, by golly!"

Captain Pierce omits to state that a part of the command was sent to capture Mulligan's battery on Church Hill. Here the surprise was not so complete and there was a show of resistance. Some of the gunners had made out to load one piece. As the cavalry approached at a gallop, the artillery men fled, but a lieutenant bravely seized the lanyard and was about to fire into the head of the column when Major Breathitt, of Stewart's horse artillery, cut him down with his sabre. The second night afterward, at a supper in honor of the victory, when all were offering toasts, Rosser arose and proposed one "To the bravest of the brave." All knew that Breathitt was meant, though no name was mentioned.

When the fort was captured upon the summit of the hill, we could see the whole valley below blue with Federals making for the river. Most of them surrendered, but a remnant crossed the river and opened fire upon our men; when the writer got into the soldiers' quarters around the station, not a Federal was to be seen. There was a number of drinking shops whose well-filled bottles and kegs were quickly

appropriated by the victors. In five minutes after the taking of the place drunken men were running riot, plundering, and burning. The depot filled with ordnance was set on fire and the bursting shells proved more hurtful than the bullets of the foe. The Confederates paid little attention to them. One man crazed with drink, with a cocked pistol rode around the blazing building as if watching for the foe, singing "Her bright smile haunts me still." Another who had captured a fiddle followed him playing and singing "Annie Laurie." The writer entered the office of the post quartermaster and gathered a hatful of stamps and about a half dozen gold pens and silver holders which were lying loose on the tables.

Seeing a safe in the corner, he thought he was about to find a bonanza. Several bunches of keys were found but none would fit. He went to the door; a man was passing on the platform leading a horse loaded with *overcoats*. "Do you want to make ten thousand dollars?" said he. "Yes," said the overcoat peddler. "Well, then, bring me a crowbar and help me to open a safe." The man then seemed to hesitate. "Are you not going to do it?" said I. "No," was the reply, "I am too drunk." The front door was then shut to keep out intruders. In a minute, through a side entrance, a soldier popped in his head and said, "I say, captain, there is a telegraph concern in here running like thunder. It'll tell everything. What must I do?" "Smash it," was the quick response. Anything to avoid interruption. Immediately there was in the adjoining room a sound like that made by a bull in a china shop. At last a crowbar was obtained and the safe opened in the presence of several officers, each ready to make a grab; when lo and behold, it was empty!

Captain Pierce concludes his narrative as follows: When reaching the South Fork at Dasher's Mill, where General Rosser rested his men and divided the captured horses between the different regiments of his command, he ordered that I should first have my choice of all the captured horses, which order was never fully carried out.

Co. D.

THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC is a monthly magazine published by the Southern Historical Association at Louisville, Ky. It contains historical articles and interesting incidents and events of the late sectional war. The matter is especially interesting to the followers of the Lost Cause, and preserves in history the gallant deeds of noble men.—*El Paso (Texas) Rescue*.

CAPTURE AND ESCAPE OF S. H. NOWLIN, PRIVATE FIFTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

[The following narrative is made up of items obtained in conversation with Colonel S. H. Nowlin, now in charge of the Arkansas Department of the Southern Exposition.]

In May, 1863, Colonel Nowlin was a private in the Fifth Virginia Cavalry, H. Clay Pate, Colonel commanding, at the memorable fight of Yellow Tavern, where that prince of cavalymen, General J. E. B. Stuart, was slain. He was captured under the following circumstances: The Fifth was ordered to hold a railroad cut and took position in it. The enemy, a portion of Custer's command, attacked in front and in rear. The doomed Fifth was exposed to deadly volleys from both ends of the cut, and men and horses fell beneath the leaden hail. In a few minutes one hundred and eighteen out of four hundred were struck. He saw Colonel Pate fall while gallantly forming his men for a desperate charge. Then all was confusion, the enemy rushing in upon them. Colonel Nowlin climbed up the bank of the cut but was surrounded and captured before going far. The rest of the narrative we will give as far as we can in the language of the narrator:

"I was captured by a portion of Custer's command and carried to the rear. Was I badly treated? Well, no; that is, not at first, but next morning the Yankees were pretty blue. They thought they were cut off. I felt so sure of it that I had already picked out my horse. As they retreated, they often came upon bombs which had been buried in the road by our men, and which the feet of the horses would cause to explode. This made them mad. They ordered the prisoners forward to dig out the bombs with picks. This kind of work required a delicate touch and was unpleasantly exciting.

"We got nothing to eat till the third day at Hanson's Landing. There we were put on a boat and carried to Fortress Monroe. The prison we were thrust into was full of thieves, and I had a pretty rough time of it. One day while there I had drawn my rations and was sitting on a pile of lumber; a fellow-prisoner, whose name I afterward learned was Glasscock, approached and watched me with a wistful look. He finally asked me if I would not like to have some money. Upon my telling him that I would, he showed me a considerable quantity of gold concealed about his person, and offered to divide with me, saying that he knew the thieves would get it. He had been purser on the steamer Greyhound. I accepted fourteen twenty-five franc pieces and concealed them on my person by cover

ing them with cloth and substituting them for the buttons on my coat, and by putting them in the collar-band of my shirt, around which I kept a cravat always carefully tied. Soon we were carried to Point Lookout and all were searched. They found on me nothing but two dollars in greenbacks which I was allowed to keep. Next day I was put in charge of one thousand men and attended to drawing their rations, etc. Was the fare good? By no means; poor and scarce at that. I supplemented my rations by buying something occasionally, taking out one piece of money at a time from my hoard. There were about fifteen thousand prisoners in all then. I stayed there about three months, from June to August, 1863. One day while there I met a fellow walking with crutches. I passed him several times. The third time I hailed him. It was Glasscock, but oh, so changed! He had been sick he said, and had been robbed of all his money. I told him that there was still left six of the fourteen pieces he had given me. Then he broke down and wept. He wouldn't have but two pieces, and he was soon taken to bed sick. I nursed him and he recovered. Afterward he was sent to Old Capital prison, where he died, some time in September. I, in company with a lot of other prisoners, was started for Elmira, New York. At Baltimore, while marching through the streets, I came near escaping. I saw two young men in the crowd outside of the guard beckoning to me, but I had luggage strapped on my back and felt unequal to the task of outrunning the guard. In spite of the soldiers, ladies pressed through the column and fed us from baskets which they carried full of provisions. While passing through Pennsylvania I determined to jump off the train at the first opportunity. We were traveling in box cars and the side openings were occupied by the guard. Another prisoner named Martin agreed to join me in the attempt. Just before we reached Harrisburg I pressed by the sentinel and leaped out; Martin followed me. The train was moving about fifteen miles an hour and we were only a little bruised by the fall. The guard fired upon us at once, but luckily, a lot of cord-wood was passed just after we jumped out, and this saved us. The train was halted and ran back. We climbed a little bluff and were soon out of sight. The officer in charge, I afterward learned, reported us as dead. I have since received his compliments. For twenty days we wandered in the mountains, at first not venturing to travel except by night. I still had some of the money given me by Glasscock, and bought food from the mountain people, pretending that we were deserters from the Federal army. I found plenty of 'copperheads' who sympathized with us as deserters

and who readily sold us food and milk. In our wanderings we passed near Pottsville, where my future wife was then living.

“Near this place our real character was in some way discovered and bodies of militia were sent to capture us. Being hotly pursued we were forced to avoid all houses, and we nearly starved to death. One day, after having fasted for twenty-four hours, we suddenly came upon a woman milking. She said, ‘Come in, I think I know who you are! My husband is a copperhead. Lots of you men come here!’ She gave us a fine supper, and sent her little boy to guide us a short distance. We followed the Blue Ridge in our course toward Dixie.

“Near Mercersborough we stopped at a cottage occupied by aunt Millie, James Buchanan’s nurse. While resting on the hillside near by, we took the legs of our boots and made rude moccasins out of them. They soon wore out, and the last forty miles, before reaching the Potomac, we traveled barefoot. By this time, and for some days before, our clothes had become soiled and ragged, and we presented the appearance of walking scarecrows. Our feet were sore and bloody, our bodies weak from fatigue and hunger, and we were almost ready to yield to fate, when the sight of the Virginia mountains revived our drooping spirits. Upon approaching the Potomac a new obstacle faced us. A portion of Sheridan’s army was encamped on either side of the river, and before we knew it we were almost in the midst of them. For three days before crossing the Potomac we subsisted on apples and milk. The last twelve hours were spent within fifty yards of the tow-path of the canal, along which Federals were constantly passing. At last, rendered desperate by exposure and hunger, we swam the river at night, and to avoid the Federal picket climbed a steep bluff, seventy-five feet high. This was in the latter part of August, just before the battle of Winchester. About daylight it was so cold we could not sleep, so we got up and went forward. Just as we were crossing a bridge over a small stream, we were hailed by a Federal soldier. It was too late to run, besides, he was only one man, and we were tired of skulking. Without framing what to say, by way of explanation, I advanced toward him, or rather them, for, upon getting nearer, three others were seen. I rushed up and shook their hands, and threw my arms around them and wept. Martin was equally affectionate. They asked us kindly what was the matter, and why we were so excited. I replied that we feared they were Rebels, and were so glad to find they were not, for the Rebels had been trying to catch us and put us in the army; that we were good Union men, and would die

rather than serve against the old flag, etc. Though they sympathized with us very deeply, we could not get them to let us pass on. After a consultation, one was sent forward to take us to the lieutenant commanding the picket. The situation now was not inviting. Visions of a northern prison rose up before me. Up to this time Martin had said little. As we followed the guard he said in an undertone, with an ominous shake of his head, 'You are going down there!' Moving along we came to a peach tree. We were about half way there, between two pickets, and as the day broke I could see, within gunshot, about fifty men in either direction. At the peach tree I stopped, as if looking for a peach. Said Martin, 'Let's get away; I'll knock him down, you seize his gun!' 'Now,' said I. Martin felled him with a blow; I seized his gun, and struck him with the butt-end. Then we ran for dear life, both pickets at once firing at us, their attention being arrested by the yells of the guard. It was a terrible race with our sore feet. For some time we could hear them yelling and firing all around us.

"Our first hiding-place was abandoned for another. From this point, on a hill, we could see them surrounding the thicket we had left. Moving on, after a rest, we fell in with a scouting party of Confederate cavalry and soon were reunited with our comrades."

[Written for the BIVOUAC.

THE PALE-FACED MAN.

BY MRS. A. C. KEITH.

I don't remember the exact date that Fernandina, in my native State of Florida, was taken by the Federals. I was there with my brother and his family. We were impatiently awaiting a French steamer with goods, when such a vessel came in sight. It was Sunday morning; I, and others who were interested, went to the observatory to watch, when we discovered floating above the vessel the French flag of distress. We concluded that it was the eagerly expected steamer which had run the blockade of the Federal gunboats and had been disabled. I with my three friends, who were the especial guardians of the Southern hospital, had concluded to go to church, and were ready when we discovered the steamer. We were delighted to think we could now recruit our wardrobe with new finery, which we much needed, and we with many others, exulted to think the vessel had passed the gunboats. Colonel H., with his barassa

(I fear this is not spelled right) and ten men went to her relief. When within hailing distance, and too near to get away, the *French steamer* pulled down her flag of distress and hoisted the stars and stripes in its place, calling on the Southerners to surrender, which of course they had to do. There was a hasty stampede from the observatories in town, and I told my servant not to wait to pack, but to *cram* my best dresses in my trunks, and to be ready in ten minutes. I and my three lady watchers went to the hospital to each take charge of a sick soldier, which General Trapier, who was stationed there, ordered to the depot. The train was already fired up and the whole town, excepting the loyal ones, were not slow in accepting the general's advice to vacate the place. Before the citizens reached the train it was occupied by many real country bumpkins, who had fled from the swamps around Fernandina. They had left their seats to look how things went around the depot, when we with our sick soldiers stepped in. We thought our wounded had the first right to the cars, and each lady sat on the *out-side* of the seat so that no stranger could tramp upon or molest the sick men. My soldier had a shelled foot; it was wrapped in a piece of blue cloth, and it rested on my satchel. Presently the whistle blew for starting, and these country people rushed in, indignant that their seats were occupied. One young woman weighing two hundred, with a boy *six years old* astride her hip, the boy dressed in *de collette*, walked up and down, eyeing every seat. Mine seemed to be the one she thought she had a right to. She asked me to see if her "bundle warn't thar." I arose and answered her there was nothing there. She walked off angry and looked in all the seats around me; finally she came back to me and said it was "mighty quare she could not get her *handkercher*, for she knowed she left it right thar." I said "what kind of a one is it?" She replied, "A blue un, and Buck's bread and my snuff was tied up in it, and I am a gwine to have it, and I don't want no sass from sich a young upstart as you, either." I was humble. I did not even smile. My soldier was in repose, with me between him and harm, we thought, when the fat girl walked past, and turned back of our seat. She spied the blue foot, reached over and grappled it, saying, "I knowed it war thar." The poor fellow tried to let her take the foot easy; he raised it with an exclamation of pain. Sal saw her mistake and *dropped* it. O, what a moment of agony and pain to the soldier. O, what an agony to *me* to keep from laughing. On one hand was my poor hurt soldier, on the other Sal was ready to bounce at me if I even smiled. She made no apology, but

went on her way ready for a fray with any one who dared to look straight at her.

Finally, I saw her seated with the bundle and Buck clamoring for bread. She at last gave him a piece as large as my hand, which he crammed into his mouth, leaving part outside to disappear when he could make room for it. He was masticating at the rate of starvation, when all of a sudden there was a splutter and a smothered squall, and the crumbs flew in every body's face in the neighborhood. Sal's snuff had spilled on the bread and Buchanan was beginning to taste it, and was spitting it out broadcast.

When we arrived at Baldwin, forty miles from Fernandina, the cars could take us no farther. We had to stay there, no telling how long. We procured the largest room on the first floor of the hotel, put down pallets for the sick, and sat up all night, having ourselves no place to sleep, as there was no room. We stayed with the sick, administering medicine, etc., scarcely having room between the pallets to get around, for there were many soldiers we had brought from the hospital. At midnight a train came in from another direction with more sick soldiers. There was no room and they had to stay out on the porch or in the yard where many ladies and children had to sit all night by a fire made on the ground. There was a terrible white face appeared several times at the window, begging for attention. At last I raised the window and told him we could do nothing for him, as we had not room for what we had. He said, "Miss, I'm nearly gone right here," laying his hand on his "apron." I said, "What ails you?" he replied he had had a wound in his head and had then taken pneumonia and then the *janders*, and now he had an awful misery *thar*. I told him there was no doctor at hand, but I would give him a dose of pain-killer if he would take it. I gave him a good, big dose, and also some peppermint. I let down the sash and he went away holding his pain with both hands. About thirty minutes after, he came back with his pitiful, white face and beckoned me to the window. I raised it and he said, "Miss, d-o-o-o give me something else; that truck haint done me no good." I then made him a tremendous mustard-plaster and he left to administer it. Next morning after breakfast we had attended to the sick and left them for a little airing on the porch. I saw a crowd around one of the fires seemingly intent upon some sight. I peeped and there was the pale-faced man still in agony. I remarked to the other lady nurses that it was strange that that poor fellow was still in an agony of pain, though I gave him the night before a dose of pain-killer and peppermint and a

mustard-plaster. Mrs. H. remarked, "Why, that same man came to me as I stepped from the sick-room to the hall and said he was suffering. I gave him a dose of Lee's pills." Mrs. M. looked at him and said, "Why, that man came when I was warming some tea in the kitchen for the sick and begged for something. I gave him a big dose of 'number six,' and put a bag of ashes on his pain." Mrs. B. looked at us in consternation and said, "Lord, save us! that man came to me at the door of the sick-room and said he could not stand the pain much longer. On learning what he was suffering with, I told him that the surest relief was castor-oil. He did not tell me he had taken anything else, and I gave him a tremendous dose, and added a spoonful of pain-killer." Our eyes began to expand. Holy horrors! Where could we go from the certain doom? for the explosion of a drug-store or some awful calamity must certainly take place in the near future; and we, the guilty ones, wanted to flee from the *wrath to come*. A train whistles! Trapier's private car comes! In a moment each lady has her especial wounded soldier and bounded on the train, seeking for quarters. We are safe! he takes us. One frightened look backward reveals the poor, pale man still writhing in pain and squeezing his apron.

THE SILENT MAN OF COMPANY "D" FOURTH KENTUCKY.

In the year 1862 we "swapped" Crit. Ireland one of our men for two of his. Our man wanted to join Crit.'s horse company and he had two men who wanted to go into "web-foot." One of the men we received in exchange was Frank C—, of Owen county. He was in personal appearance the likeness of the "crack-shot" described in the last number of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC. Only eighteen or nineteen years of age, six feet three inches high, angular, breast sunk in, smooth-faced, eyes inclined to be sore pretty much all the time, and hair the color of a carrot. He chewed tobacco but did not drink. He was possessed of that eminent and rare virtue known as silence to a degree I have never seen equaled. He had an occasional outburst of words, and generally in the shut-your-mouth-and-tend-to-your-own-business style, for you know a boy of his appearance attracted and continually tempted the wit-fiends of Company D.

But I saw the *man* in him very soon after we got him, and no soldier will ever forget him that has passed through the fire with him.

Bless you, Frank, wherever you are; you let your Enfield rifle do your talking, and while others would be banging away you would take deliberate aim and fire and load as coolly as if you were shooting squirrels.

No matter if the quartermaster never could get pants long enough for you, the cartridges always fit your gun and she never failed fire when you pulled trigger.

At the battle of Chickamauga, Frank never fired his gun *because he could not see the enemy*, declaring that he would not waste his ammunition on nothing. Our young readers will have to get some old soldier to tell them why it is we have often fought entire battles without seeing the enemy.

I have not the slightest doubt that Frank was a real "mother's boy" at home, driving up the cows, helping to milk, and nursing the baby, but I tell you in a fight he was every inch a man and a very tall one at that. There was comfort in having him near you in battle, and, as he and I fancied each other very much, we were pretty close together. He could not sing funny songs and whistle like the other boys, but of all the music nature ever heard the sound of his rifle was the sweetest. His jacket sleeves struck him between the wrist and the elbow, and his haversack didn't reach half way to his hip, but his tall form and his beaming eyes were *always* in the line when his company was called to meet danger.

Well, we were mounted toward the close of the war, and Frank being very tall and long-legged, as a natural consequence drew a small horse. His feet nearly touched the ground, and it is said of him that he laughed after he mounted, but I can't say for certain that he did. When he laughed it must have been very funny indeed. Frank got through the war safe, and I hope he is now a prosperous farmer and would be glad to hear from him again.

FRED JOYCE.

THE HUGUENOTS —In passing through South Carolina during the war, Colonel Phil Lee saw at the depot an old negro whom he accosted with the following question:

"Say, uncle, are there any Huguenots about here?" To which the old darkey responded, "Well, I declare, where be you ones from?" "From way up in old Kentucky," responded Phil.

"Well, I thought so. Why, in Tennessee they call 'em peanuts, in Georgia they gobs by the name of goobers, in Alabama they is penders, here in South Carolina we call 'em ground peas, now you fellows way off dar in Kentucky call 'em hugonuts. Well I do declare."

Youths' Department.

[Written for the Bivouac.]

THE TROUBLE OF GETTING A RAILROAD PASS.

Nothing was more characteristic of the war period in the South, than the difficulties experienced by those who attempted to ride on railroads. Especially was this true of soldiers who were without proper passes.

Major Vance had obtained a short furlough to visit Richmond, the Confederate capital, a city which then swarmed with spies and adventurers of all kinds. When the furlough term expired, he packed his knapsack to return to his cavalry brigade, which was stationed at Gordonsville, Virginia. On the appointed morning for leaving, he discovered that the furlough was gone. He went to the commandant of the post and stated the case. That officer, after some hesitation, gave him an order on the provost-marshal, who gave him another order on the master of transportation, and in a short time he was on his way to camp.

Upon reaching Gordonsville he learned that his command had that morning struck across the country for Fredericksburg. As there was no way of getting to that place except by going back to Richmond and taking the train for Fredericksburg, he returned to that city the same day.

In the morning he had another interview with the commandant of the post; his reception was by no means a gracious one, but he managed to get a new pass with orders for transportation, etc.

Upon reaching Fredericksburg he learned that his command had wheeled about and returned to Gordonsville. Here was a dilemma. He could not stop, and he could not undertake to pursue a cavalry command on foot. So he again returned to Richmond, with the intention of trying the Gordonsville road in the morning.

At sunrise he, the third time, entered the office of the commandant of the post. Luckily, the chief was not on duty, but the office was filled by a subordinate, who was overwhelmed with busi-

ness. He stated the case as briefly and as clearly as he could, but the officer could not comprehend why a soldier should travel three days to join a command, distant only a three hours' journey. Major Vance saw that it would be best to make himself quite unintelligible, and so he said: "I was in Fredericksburg yesterday, but the command was in Gordonsville. I retraced my steps from that point to Richmond for the purpose of reaching Gordonsville, which place I left day before yesterday to reach Fredericksburg, whence I —" Officer: "Where in the name of common sense do you want to go to?" Major Vance: "I tell you, sir, that I saw the commandant of the post yesterday and got his permission to go to Fredericksburg, though I had gotten permission the day before to go to Gordonsville, from which point to Fredericksburg my command, which arrived there the day before from the latter place —" Officer: "Give this man a pass to hell or any other seaport!"

[Written for the Bivouac.]

WHAT BECAME OF THE DOG.

By E. C. COLGAN.

As the autumnal winds of 1864 began to put on the wintry temperature of that latitude and sweep into Camp Douglas prison from out on the lake, and the hope of escape or exchange began to die away, a feeling of despondency hitherto unknown seemed to pervade the entire prison. The experience of the previous winter was still in the memory of every prisoner, and the introduction of a variety of prison rules, most prominent being the adoption of retaliatory measures in regard to rations, made the future very gloomy indeed. The rations had been exceedingly short during the summer, and many of the prisoners had become desperate on the subject. Fried rats had been regarded as a dainty dish for several months, but after the barracks were raised five feet above the ground to prevent tunneling, the rats had no place to hide, and sought refuge in the sewer out of reach of the hungry prisoners. Occasionally they crept cautiously out of the sewer, in search of "strange adventure," and they seldom failed to find it, for not one ever succeeded in getting back to its underground home. They were closely watched, and after one left the sewer it was an easy matter to cut off its retreat, and then it was only a question as to which mess would feast upon it. The writer retains a vivid recollection of a breakfast of fried rats which he rel-

ished very much, but the meat tasted so much like squirrel that he has never been able to eat squirrel since on account of the memories the mastication of the last-named animal revived. One raw, windy afternoon, when even rats were hard to obtain, an incident occurred which created considerable stir, not only among the prisoners, but among the members of the Illinois Legislature.

This was the sudden and mysterious disappearance of a sleek and fat rat-and-tan dog that belonged to the legislature, or rather to a member of that body. Gov. Oglesby and the members of the legislature were on a visit to Chicago, and Colonel Sweet, who was in command at Camp Douglas, invited them out to the prison to show them how well the prisoners were cared for, and on the afternoon referred to they filed through the gate in twos, led by the governor and Colonel Sweet. The news of their arrival soon spread through the prison and the Confederates began to flock to the point of entrance to take a peep at them. A member of Duke's Second Kentucky Calvary was strolling around with his blanket thrown over his shoulders, when the visitors began to enter, and he stopped and squatted down against the corner post of a barrack to take a good look at them as they passed. The ends of his blanket reached the ground on both sides of him and lay in folds at his feet. The dog had accompanied its master on the tour of inspection, and being a guest it was allowed all the privileges necessary to enable an animal of its inquisitive nature to make a thorough inspection. It bounded through the gate as if perfectly at home, and began to scout around at will, running first one way and then another, wherever its nose led it. In one of these promiscuous sallies it ran right up to where the Confederate squatted, and as he had been a great admirer of canine sagacity in ante-bellum days, his old affection for the species warmed up as his memory wandered back to the fox-hunts of happier times, and he spoke to the dog in a kind tone and it ran up to him and stopped. He stroked it caressingly a few times, and, finding that it was not only good-natured, but fat, he instantly formed a bold determination to see how it would taste cooked. It seemed to enjoy his caresses, and remained with him until the legislative column had passed, and, finding that it was disposed to stay with him, he raised his blanket and lowered it over the dog's body, and, putting his arm affectionately around the animal, he arose and walked away with the dog under his arm, and not a member of that august body of legislators knew that one of their attendants had been kidnapped.

He hurried to his barrack with his game and found the building

nearly empty, the prisoners having gone out to see the visitors. Fortunately for his plans he found that two occupants of neighboring bunks, who felt no desire to see the law-makers, had remained indoors, and he whispered to one to bring the spit-box into the aisle between the bunks, and requested the other to sharpen his knife as quick as possible. Both did as requested, though totally ignorant of their comrade's intentions. The dog was perfectly docile, and made no resistance while its friendly captor was preparing to carry out his desperate resolve. He raised the blanket, showed his comrades what he had under it, and directing them how to assist him he placed the dog's neck across the spit-box and while they held it in position he cut its throat, and the crimson canine gore gurgled into the receptacle prepared to catch it. Kitchen discipline was very exacting, and it required great caution to get it cooked without the sergeant's knowledge. There was not, however, a hitch in the whole act, and before the gloom of night had surrounded the prison that dog had been devoured. Several legislators and some of the guards were certain that the dog had entered the prison, but no one saw it go out, and a very vigorous search was made for it, but in vain. Its head, skin, and feet had been thrown in the sewer. The legislator advertised for it in the Chicago papers and offered a large reward for it. The guards tried for several days to get on the track of it, and one of them interrogated the man who cooked the dog, and as the answers were not satisfactory the cook received a clubbing, but he never gave up the secret. The man whose fertile brain conceived this bold stroke of policy was greeted by hundreds of his old comrades at a recent reunion and asked if he had tried dog meat since the war.

A HOG STORY.

It was at the beginning of the war. His regiment was marching through Louisiana by forced marches, for it is a solemn matter of fact that the first troops that went out from Texas were in very much of a hurry, because they feared that the war would be over before they could reach the tented field. They were afraid that the Virginians would swindle them out of their share of glory in taking Washington. While the northern people were talking about a ninety-days' war, the Texans thought it hardly worth while to start out, if the war would be over before they could get a chance to strike a blow.

But to the story, which is best given in the language of the newspaper-man himself:

"Just before dark one afternoon we passed a comfortable-looking farm-house, the owner of which was busily engaged, with a very anxious expression of countenance and a long pole, in driving a number of pigs under the house. The impression that forced itself upon us, on observing this conduct, was that he thought the pigs would be safer and last longer, as far as his selfish wants were concerned, under his immediate supervision than in any place where we could get at them. One of my comrades, who was trudging along by my side, Bob Beasley, a proud, high-strung, sensitive fellow, but as honest, nevertheless, as the day is long, was stung to the quick by the action of the farmer, and, turning to me Bob said, 'That is an insult to our sacred cause, and to every honest man in the regiment. Let us resent it. Let us teach this man to respect us. Let's go back there to-night and steal one of his darned old hogs, to show him that we won't stand any of his insinuations.'

"I saw that Bob's feelings were hurt by the ungenerous conduct of the rustic and endeavored to calm him down, but in vain. His blood was up. I agreed to assist him in wiping out the insult, on condition that I should have one-half of the pork. We camped a few miles from the house; and that night, although we were very tired, we cheerfully trudged back to the house where we had seen the farmer trying to steal the pigs from us. We quietly called a council of war and agreed upon a campaign plan. It was thought best not to make any unnecessary noise, as it might induce the farmer to come out and still further irritate us. All we really wanted was the hog. Bob Beasley was to crawl through the hole under the house and drive the hogs out, because he was more familiar with the habits of hogs than I was. I was to assume an offensive position with a club, at the outside of the hole, and as soon as a hog came out I was to stun him with a blow, after which he was to be dispatched and carried to camp. Bob crawled in on all fours, and pretty soon I heard a hog scrambling toward the hole. I drew back my club, and just as the porker came out through the hole I gave him a tremendous blow. Bob Beasley gave a grunt, for he was the hog. I had only dislocated his shoulder, instead of knocking his brains out. The farmer, it seems, had added insult to injury by removing the hogs from under the house. He did not think they were safe even there.

"Bob expressed himself very forcibly. He used language to me

which no soldier should use to a comrade. He was evidently much disappointed at not finding the hogs under the house. In the excitement of the moment I spoke emphatically, in a low tone of voice, of what I thought of the conduct of the farmer. I had a good notion to inform the colonel of our regiment, and have the agriculturalist imprisoned as a traitor. I should certainly have denounced his treachery, but I was afraid that if I said anything about the affair our motives for trying to kill the hog might have been misconstrued. I volunteered to carry Bob Beasley to camp on my back, which was only two or three miles off. I would not have volunteered if Beasley had not given his solemn word of honor that he would assassinate me if I did not carry him cheerfully. When I got to camp I had acquired a permanent curvature of the spine, which is one of the offerings I cheerfully laid upon the altar of my country. Our devotion to principle was not appreciated by our comrades, who would jeeringly call out, 'How's your hog?' whenever we passed along the line. From that hour I instinctively felt that the cause of the Confederacy was hopeless."

SQUIRES' BEAR.

[Written for the Bivouac.]

One hundred years ago, the land along the river, just above Louisville, now known as the "Point," presented an appearance very different from what we now see. The south fork of Beargrass creek, after running in a southwesterly course until it reached the present Caldwell street, there abruptly turned northwesterly as if to empty into the Ohio near the engine-house of the water-works, but when it met the Muddy Fork near the beginning of the present cut-off it again as abruptly turned southwardly and ran almost parallel with the river, until it reached its old mouth between Third and Fourth streets. Thus, between the present cut-off and the Ohio and the old bed of Beargrass, was a cone-like strip of land about two miles long and half a mile wide at its base, with its apex nearly opposite the foot of the present Third street. This strip of land was covered with a dense forest, principally of beech, but interspersed with ash, hickory, walnut, and other trees, while along the bank of the river and the margin of the creek rose huge sycamores, like giants of the forest.

Where now stands the pipe foundry of Dennis Long, there then grew a sycamore that was famous in its day. Far above the ground its huge trunk was eight feet in diameter, and at its base its roots

spread out in such a way as to form half a dozen concave recesses, in each of which as many persons might be hidden from every view except that immediately in front. This immense tree seemed to be sound at the base, but high up among its branches were openings that indicated it was hollow there. It was believed by all to be the den of bears and raccoons, but its vast proportions deterred the hunters from cutting it down for the game that might be procured.

At the close of the winter of 1780-81 Samuel Squires was keen for a hunt, after having heard with delight the winter stories told by the hunters of the Falls. He had no experience as a hunter, but was one of those who are always wise in their own estimation, whether others think them so or not, and who thought he could be as successful in taking game as those he heard tell of their exploits. He had been in the habit of tracking rabbits in the snow and thus catching them, in the country from which he came, and this was about the extent of his experience as a hunter. He reasoned that if a hare could be tracked in the snow and taken, any other animal could be treated likewise; and now a slight snow fell upon the ground as if to favor him in his theory. It was a late February snow, not deep, but it covered the ground sufficiently to mark the tread of any animal that walked upon it. It was the last of the many snows and hails that fell that terrible winter, and covered the trees of the forest with a sleet that made them look like trees of glass.

Early in the morning Squires set out upon his hunt. He crossed Beargrass creek on a tree that had been thrown across it for a bridge about where Second street now lies, and thence took his course along the strip of land between the river and the creek. He had not gone far before he came upon tracks in the snow that at first puzzled him. They were not like any imprints he had ever before seen in the snow and as he had never seen a bear's track he began to think a bear had made them. They appeared like the tracks of a man, but he remembered that John Sanders, a famous hunter at the Falls, had said bears sometimes made tracks much like a man's. In his own way, he reasoned it out as the track of a bear and having so decided, began to follow it. As he trailed along, the bear fever that rapidly set in upon him excited his imagination greatly. He went through with all the acts of treeing, killing, and distributing the bear among his friends as he followed the track. He carried on the following dialogue as he pursued the trail:

"Oho! Mr, Bear, you thought you would come out and steal Widow Faith's pigs and get off safe, did you? You did not think of

my being about. You are just the varmint I have been looking for. You have escaped all the hunters of the Falls and when I take you I shall be the most famous of the hunters. I will be noted for generosity, too. I will send a ham to Bland Ballard, a shoulder to Frank Nash, a loin to big John and little John Allen, and some part to each of the hunters at the Falls. Your skin I will tan for my own bed and keep as a memento of my first bear. You may be a she bear with young ones, and if so, I will keep the cubs for my pets. Won't they be attractive beasts when they grow big and learn to dance! Why, all the boys and girls too, in town will want to see them dance."

Thus chatted Squires to himself as he followed the track until he came in sight of the big sycamore, without knowing how far he had walked. Seeing that the track led to the huge tree, he cast his eyes up its trunk and there, high among the branches, saw a great hole. He was now certain that the bear had gone into that hole. As he walked along with his eyes fixed on that hole, his feet came in contact with a dead limb and down he came. His fall made a noise that aroused an Indian on the other side of the tree hidden for a rest in one of the recesses made by the projecting roots. The Indian sprang to his feet and came around the tree to see what had made the noise. He saw Squires at the same moment that Squires saw him. The surprise was mutual. If a real bear had fallen from that tree on either of them the astonishment would have been no greater. As badly as Squires had the bear fever he did not fail to recognize the savage in his front. His bear dreams vanished in the twinkling of an eye and he thought, too, that the Indian's eye twinkled very fiercely. And now a race around the big sycamore began. Each tried to keep the tree between himself and the other. Sometimes Squires was after the Indian, and sometimes the Indian was after Squires. Round and round, backward and forward, pursuing and pursued, they went until both grew weary of the desperate game of hide-and-seek they were enacting. The same mode of escape entered the heads of both at the same time. The Indian darted off from the tree in a northern direction and Squires, from the opposite side, started in a southern course. The tree was so large that neither discovered what the other had done until they were far enough apart to be harmless to one another. Neither showed any inclination to shorten the distance thus gained between them and the Indian pursued his course northward, while Squires made for the log bridge that bore him over Beargrass.

When Squires reached the fort at the foot of Twelfth street he

discovered that he had lost from his pocket a land-warrant for five hundred acres. He doubted not that he had lost it in the chase around the tree. He was not willing to go back alone to hunt for the warrant, and to secure company made it necessary for him to tell what had occurred. Some friends went back with him to hunt for the warrant. They found the Indian's track in the snow that had been followed by Squires for a bear's, the snow all worn away by the tramping around the big sycamore, and the track of the Indian in the direction to the north which he had taken, but the warrant could not be found. If it had been lost in the race around the tree, it had been so tramped to pieces and into the ground and snow that it could not be recovered. On the facts, however, being presented to the county court, a new warrant was issued to Squires for the five hundred acres of land in lieu of the one he had lost.

This hunt satisfied Squires. He was never known to have taken another. For a long time, Indians went by the name of Squires' bears at the Falls, and any one who felt belligerent could always get a fight by inviting Squires to take a "bear hunt."

STANDING PICKET.

Tom Black was a tall, cadaverous-looking cavalry man from the knobs. His gun carried an ounce ball and the boys called it the "mountain howitzer." Wonderful were the stories he told of killing "varmints such as painters and the like," at a quarter of a mile range. There was a great curiosity to catch sight of the Yankees, just to see Tom slay them at long taw. "Oh, you better believe, old Bet never flickers; just show me one." Pretty soon Tom was put on picket. The place was lonely enough in the day time, but at midnight when it was so still you could almost hear the stars in their courses, and when under the cover of darkness, wild beasts came from their lairs and assassins crouched and watched for their victims, the loneliness was awful. The Yankees were said to be five miles off, but it was not long before Tom was convinced they were sneaking upon him. The fall of every leaf was but the cat-like step of a murderous foe. Presently there was a rumbling sound of human feet among the leaves. It was a hungry hog searching for acorns. The sound grew louder, and the enemy was plainly no longer trying to conceal his presence. Tom's hair began to rise "on each particular end." At last the hog discovering the sentinel, suddenly wheeled. "Don't shoot," cried Tom, "I surrender!"

Taps.

THE FLAG RAISING.—At the beginning of the war when 'twas necessary to “fire the Northern heart” flag raisings were had in all cities north of the Mason and Dixon Line.

On one occasion the flag was rolled up into a ball and raised to the top of the pole ready to have its folds shaken out to the breeze, at the same moment that the cannon should thunder and the music swell forth into some patriotic air. The orator mounted the stand, ran his fingers through his hair and began, “Fellow-citizens, for what purpose have we met here to-day?” then to make it emphatic, he repeated, “Fellow-citizens, for what have we met here to-day?” when a dirty-faced urchin on the roof of a coal-shed near by, impatient for the music and cannon and perhaps thinking that the orator was “slightly off,” yelled out to the infinite amusement of the crowd and to the great disgust of the orator, “Why, don’t you see, you old fool, to raise that flag of course.”

BLUFFING THE OLD MAN.—The Federal commander, General Nelson, had his headquarters Marquees set up in the woods in a somewhat secluded place. Many of the teams in the supply-trains that were daily coming in were driven by men who were not enlisted, and one evening a driver was grumbling because his wagon wasn’t unloaded quick enough to suit him. The man who was receiving the stuff was a practical joker, and pointing to Nelson’s tents, some distance away, he said to the teamster, “Right over there in those tents is a man whose business it is to unload these wagons and he has a lot of fellows there to help him. You go over and tell him to come on. He’ll try to bluff you but you make him come.” The man went and finding Nelson sitting in his tent in his shirt sleeves, he walked in and slapping him on the shoulder said, “Come, old man, I want you.” Maybe you think the old man wasn’t surprised, but he was. He looked up as if he couldn’t do justice to the subject, but finally he managed to blurt out, “What in h—l do you mean?” The soldier said,

"Come now, don't be giving me any of that. I'm posted on you; come on and help unload them wagons." Nelson was nearly paralyzed, but with an oath that would have broken the steeple off of a church, he grabbed at his sword and started for that teamster who had started for tall timber. The old man ran that teamster clean out of sight, and to this day nobody knows what ever did become of him.

AFTER twenty years, the battle-flag of the Third Iowa Infantry, which was captured before Atlanta by General Pat. Cleburne and presented by him to Miss Laura J. Massengale, then living near Columbus, Ga., has been returned to the adjutant-general of Iowa by that lady's brother. The flag was accidentally found in a chest, where it has lain undisturbed for the last twenty years, and is sent back just in time to receive an ovation from the survivors, who are to hold a reunion at Cedar Falls, on September 13.

FILE CLOSERS NOT COUNTED.—Captain Cleveland, of the Fifth Texas Infantry, Army Northern Virginia, on one occasion offered a reward of one hundred dollars to the man who first reached the enemy's works. In the regiment was a sergeant named Keyes, a most notorious coward, one who would have a chill the hottest day in July if he heard picket-firing, and to whom the prospect of a fight was the signal of a severe attack of bomb ague. After the fight the question of the identity of the man who was entitled to the premium came up, and was settled by a wag claiming that Keyes, the coward, was the winner, for he had heard Captain Cleveland shout out to him just as he reached the works, "Stop, Keyes, file closers don't count."

COMRADE WASH TELLS OF A COINCIDENCE.—And that reminds us of another strange coincidence. In 1862 we were wounded in the battle of Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland River in Tennessee. Our mother and sister in Kentucky, knew nothing of our whereabouts, except that we were in the Southern army, nor did they at the time know of the battle being fought. The very next morning after its occurrence, sister said to mother that she had just had an ugly dream about her brother. She thought she saw him coming from the yard gate to the house with the front of his coat all clotted with blood. Nothing more was thought of it until, perhaps, a week after they learned that at that very date he had been wounded in the head, and that the breast of his coat was covered with blood. Who can account for such things?

BROUGHT THEM TOO CLOSE.—A young Englishman—a specimen Dalgetty, joined our command. When asked, why? he replied, “I happened over here.” Had he “happened” over there, he’d have shot at us as briskly as he shot for us. In those days field glasses pretentiously decorated the lowest order of officers as well as the higher. Our Dalgetty saw this, and got him three joints of cane which he adjusted to imitate a spy-glass. Fastening it with a profusion of tarred string he mounted a lofty lookout and leveled his mock glass at the enemy’s batteries. Soon after he slid with a thump to the ground, and threw away his spying tube; when asked, “what ailed him,” he replied, “I brought the Yanks too close up.” Field glasses were seen only with field officers after that. J. A. HAMILTON.

FROM “HORSE SHOE,” HOT SPRINGS, ARK.—We are in receipt of a copy of the *SOUTHERN BIVOUAC*, published at Louisville, Ky., under the auspices of the Southern Historical Association of that city. The contents include, beside the papers of historic value read before the Association, short stories of the war, sketches of soldiers distinguished in battle, poetry, notices of individual heroism on either side, and a select miscellany of other articles. An important feature is the Youths’ Department, which contains poetry, anecdotes of the march, camp, and field, and stories humorous and pathetic of days that are gone but not forgotten, though much misunderstood from detraction and silence. It is issued monthly, at \$1.50 per year, and may be secured by addressing *SOUTHERN BIVOUAC*, Louisville, Kentucky.

I’LL HAVE HIM ARRESTED.—One dark and rainy winter’s night the writer was ordered to carry food to the men in the trenches. A team was hitched up, and with a loaded wagon and driver we started out. Every challenge was made with the least noise, as the enemy were only a few rods in front. “Halt, dismount, and give the countersign!” came at every thirty paces. It was rough on my teamster, who was rheumatic and cold. However, we made the trip, and halted at a cavalry post. Major —, a very Palladin for courage and strength, had rolled in my blanket for a snooze; he had driven the enemy with slaughter that day. My Jehu began to recite his annoyances thus, “Cuss the durned infantry, they make me halt, dismount, and give the countersign till I was weary and tarrify wid their foolishness.” A roar followed from the couriers. At this moment a trim staff-officer of a general, who had lost an arm, put in his say so, “I say, hold that noise, the general wants to rest; don’t

let me hear any more of it!" Staff had hardly gone into darkness before Jehu began his old story. It was folly to try to keep back the laugh. A second outburst, and a second entry of staff, "— it! did I not order you to stop this noise? Who is it? I'll have him arrested!" Just then, by some strange accident, a donkey put his demure snout in at our fire, and flapping his ears, began his unmistakable bray. Jehu jumped to his feet, and shaking his fist at donkey, said, "*One at a time, if you please!*" Staff left amid a burst of laughter, as Major — (the prince of soldiers) rolled over and over with my blanket, trying to restrain a big laugh.—*Historical Society Papers.*

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GOOD SOLDIER.—I've never heard of the following being published and I believe it original:

While in camp at Murfreesboro in '62, General Hanson approached Lieutenant Phil Murphy, Company "F," Second Kentucky, and said, "Murphy, you have seen a great deal of the world and ought to know how to answer the question, 'What is your idea as to what constitutes a good soldier?'" Murphy answered promptly, "When he could sleep on a fence-rail and cover with a shoe-string."

Murphy was in Mexico and in California in '49; was killed in front of his Company on Kenesaw. J. T. HOGG.

TAKING CARE OF THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.—After the close of the war the graves of sixty-five dead comrades were found by some returning Confederates in an open commons near Bardstown. T. H. Ellis, with one or two others, managed to raise thirteen dollars from the neighbors. With this they bought plank, and having borrowed the tools necessary, they went to work and restored the mounds and fenced them in. Through an old citizen who had taken the pains to keep a register of the places and names of the dead, they erected head-boards and set out some young trees. The saplings are now shade trees, and the place is kept clean and beautiful by Mrs. P. M. Kelley, who tends the grounds with motherly care. A gentleman informs us that he saw this summer a beautiful monument in a graveyard at Romney, West Virginia, erected soon after the close of the war, when that section was still under the heels of a party of persecution. The bold superscription reads, "Erected by the daughters of Hampshire, in memory of the gallant sons who fell in defense of Southern rights." Upon the stone is inscribed the names of all who fell, numbering one hundred and twenty-five.

Editorial.

W. M. MARRINER, ESQ., has withdrawn from the management of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC. As an ex-Confederate soldier, he is interested in the success of the publication, and will take great pleasure in receiving contributions for its columns.

WE have received the report of the Association of the Twenty-Eighth and One Hundred and Forty-Seventh Regiments Infantry, Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers. It gives the history in brief of the campaigns of those commands, and should be in the hands of the members wherever they may be scattered throughout the South. Address Colonel John P. Nicholson, Secretary, No. 139 South Seventh street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

THE COLORED Convention recently assembled in Louisville, displayed an aggressiveness upon popular sentiment that is a sign of the times. The speakers demanded perfect equality, social as well as political. Bishop Campbell, of the Philadelphia African Church, raised a perfect tempest while speaking. He portrayed with great power the boyhood of Lincoln, and when he described him as an humble hireling, lifted above his condition by noble aspirations, he asked what black boy of South Carolina but had the same right to dream of filling the highest office of the republic; a loud response of "None" was made from the audience. Without doubt, it was an assembly of not only intelligent but well-trained colored speakers; a body, considering the race represented, remarkable for a kind of forum culture, and still more so for the bold utterance of opinion.

The disasters of war and the calamities of a forced peace have not broken the spirit of the South, because they were regarded as the dispensations of a Providence "who doeth all things well;" but they have taught the South a philosophy that faces all possibilities, and enables them to look perhaps with more calmness into the future than their brethren of the North. They are not blind to the fact that

amalgamation may yet be the slogan of a future party, but all they do is to put it down as one of the possible factors of our manifest destiny. A good deal might be said upon this point of the light shed by history, but we turn away from the revolting subject with a sigh for the future of our race.

During the convention all colored soldiers who fought in the suppression "of the great rebellion" were registered. From the sentiments of the speakers, of one thing we may rest assured: that if our literature is to be molded and our national councils are to be dominated by the coming scions of the African stock, the name of Confederate will probably be a synonym for all that is infamous and despicable. If we do not see to the making of our own history, our only hope for justice will be in the magnanimity of a generous North.

At Weirs, New Hampshire, on September 11, was held the Seventh Annual Reunion of the New Hampshire Veterans. On the third day more than twenty thousand people assembled. There was an exciting sham fight we learn, in which the Rebs after making a most desperate fight, were finally dislodged by the irresistible valor of the Union soldiers. At one time the issue seemed doubtful and so intense was the anxiety of the bystanders while fate trembled in the balance, that it was difficult to prevent them from rushing to the aid of the Union troops. There was fun and glory for all and a liberal spirit was evinced by the speakers, one of whom was an ex-Rebel. One sentiment which was highly applauded is the only one that the most critical might take exception to; that was uttered by G. W. Bruce. He said, "The time was coming when the descendants of those who fought under Jackson and Beauregard, and the descendants of those who fought under Meade, Grant, and Sheridan should recall with equal regret and amazement, that the ancestors of the South should have ever lifted a hand to blot out a single star that once glittered upon the azure field of the flag." Would it not have been truer prophecy had he said, "should recall with no regret a war which served to glorify American citizenship and to reveal the depth of Americans' love for the principles of constitutional liberty."

In the present number there is a brief account of the fight at Missionary Ridge. Few of the details are given except as to the events occurring on the extreme Confederate right. In the Novem-

ber number it is proposed to publish from the reports and contributions of eye-witnesses, a more extended narrative of the general action, with a diagram showing the position of each body of troops. Because it was a great disaster to the Southern cause, is no reason why the truth should not be handed down. We can afford, after so long an interval, to recall even the unpleasant part of it, and surely we should rescue from oblivion the heroic deeds that were done to stay the tide of defeat. All, therefore, who can give any information that will shed light upon it are asked to contribute their mite.

The general officers may not be disposed to tell what they know as to Bragg's plans, lest it may work harm where none is intended; but surely they can speak of the action as they saw it, and reveal those facts which must be had, before the truth of history can be written and Confederate honor vindicated. It is the impression of not a few that the Federal force, on that occasion, outnumbered the Confederates five to one. If so, where were the rest that should have been there? At any rate let us have the truth. If the glory of the day was due to Federal valor, let us admit it and be proud of our common citizenship with the brave men, who under Thomas, stormed the heights of Missionary Ridge and planted the old flag upon its summit.

THE following "incident" related by an eye-witness shows that the bitterness of war does not always extinguish the gentle memories of peace :

"Before the war, Gilmore's Band paid a visit to Richmond, Virginia, in company with the De Molay Encampment Knights Templars, of Boston. Among other bodies who entertained the visitors with bounteous hospitality, were the Richmond Blues, a gallant military corps about a hundred strong. Gilmore's Band became quite intimate with the Blues, and frequently during their visit responded to toasts by playing the popular refrain, 'Carry Me Back to Ole Virginy.' During the first year of the war, and among the earliest captures for the Union army was Roanoke Island, in North Carolina, where, after a two days' struggle, over three thousand prisoners were captured by the Burnside expedition. Gilmore's Band was with the expedition, and among the prisoners taken were the Richmond Blues. Cordial was the greeting and great the surprise between Band and Blues, and when the latter were leaving the island and boarding one of Uncle Sam's steamers to pay a visit to one of

his forts, Gilmore's Band struck up 'Carry Me Back to Ole Virginy,' and the refrain brought tears as well as cheers from many beside the Blues among the thousands of soldiers on both sides who had witnessed the scene and had heard of the Richmond festivities in which the Band and their departing prisoner guests had taken part under such different auspices about a year before."

Friday, the 12th inst., being Virginia Day, there was a goodly representation from the old State. They could not feel like strangers in a strange land, for is not Kentucky Virginia's first born and her fairest daughter? Still they were far from home and, perhaps, overcome by the unexpected grandeur of a "western Exposition."

Right grateful was it then to hear Gilmore's Band among the first pieces of the concert play, "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginy." The applausive thunder which followed meant something more than appreciation of the music. When toward the close "Ole Virginy" was repeated, the compliment was overpowering.

APROPOS of Gilmore's Band we are reminded of a story of another Gilmer's Band of war memory, so-called after the name of its leader, Harry Gilmer, of Baltimore. The story is given as it was told by the famous Harry himself:

"Upon a certain occasion the Band captured a train on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. After search, it was found that no government money was on board. As the Band was 'hard up' the passengers were requested to make a small contribution. One of the victims was a Roman Catholic priest. He pretended to be asleep, but was waked up and asked to give something for charity's sake.

'Who and what are you?' said the priest.

'We are Gilmer's Band,' was the reply.

The father with a sigh pulled out his purse saying, 'From Gilmer's Band, the Lord deliver us!'"

The following names have been added to our list of subscribers since September 1st:

New York: Colonel R. H. Martin, Brooklyn; P. Kemble, jr., New York City.

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Kansas: George J. Ashbaugh, Elk City.

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Louisiana: Colonel T. A. Faries, Baton Rouge; P. N. Streng, New Orleans.

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SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

The SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, is a monthly magazine, published under the auspices of the Southern Historical Society, of Louisville, Ky., and was established to preserve in book form such history and reminiscences of the war as those only who took part in it can furnish. In works now published are found accounts of the movements of armies and the great battles of the war, made up principally from official reports. The object of the magazine is to supplement these by accounts which picture the soldier on the march, in camp, as well as *in* the field, his talks around the bivouac fire, foraging exploits, jokes, rations, wounds, hospital and prison life, sufferings, and his heroism and devotion to country amid it all.

Those, who in '61 and '65 were called boys, are growing old, and they owe to their children, dead comrades, their country, and themselves, that these things which made the substance and spirit of war life should not die with them. They should aid this enterprise by their subscription and contributions to its columns which are open to all, especially to old soldiers. And last, but not least, they should preserve the noble deeds of the daughters of the South, who were the "power behind the throne," the unseen force, that not only nursed the sick and wounded, but clothed and fed the soldiers, drove the skulks back to camp, and inspired the brave with more than Spartan courage.

Its contents will include, besides the papers of historic interest read before the Association, short stories of the war, sketches of soldiers distinguished in battle, poetry, notices of individual heroism on either side, and a select miscellany of other articles, making it interesting to the old soldier, instructive and entertaining to those growing up around him.

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No. 3.

THE BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

Like the fabled conflict among the giants of antiquity, the battle of Lookout Mountain is enveloped in obscurity. Probably more fiction, and unplausible fiction, too, has been written about it than about the capture of Jefferson Davis; and that is saying a great deal.

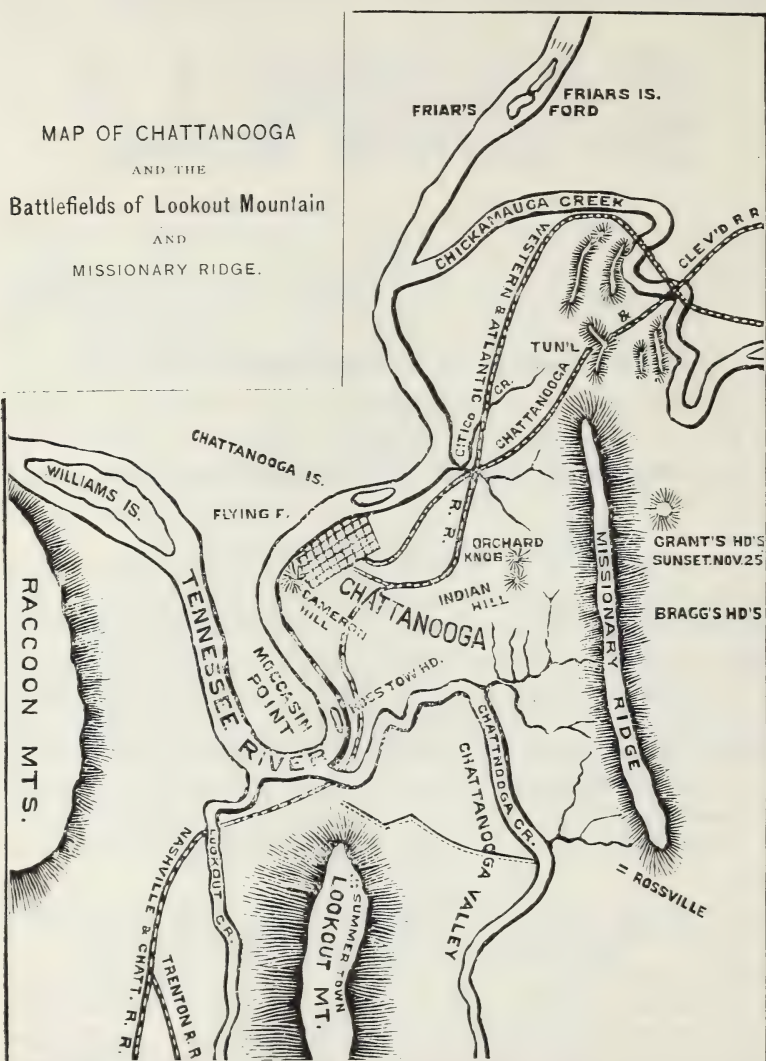
To the popular mind its mention suggests only the greatness of Joe Hooker's genius, for it recalls the oft-repeated fable of his "Battle in the Clouds," where that hero is pictured as charging above the vapory realms and driving panic-stricken rebels into a bottomless abyss. This very association has given a geographical significance to the mountain it had never before, and its chief duty now is to stand as an imperishable monument to perpetuate the glory of "Fighting Joe Hooker." Perhaps the graphic myths which underlie the popular delusion are due to one or all of the following causes:

First—It was fought on a very foggy day and lasted far into the night.

Second—It occurred on the day before the battle of Missionary Ridge, and there was need of a fitting prelude to that great victory for the Union arms.

Third—It is located on a romantic spot, where nature surpasses herself in scenes of sublimity, and fancy makes the rough gorges and towering cliffs impart their native grandeur to the actions they have witnessed.

Lookout mountain is a lofty peak made by the bursting of the mountain range by the fierce waves of the Tennessee. It is distant from Chattanooga about two miles and overlooks the plain upon which that thriving city stands. The top is a level plain, which on the northern and western and eastern sides abruptly descends, showing a perpendicular wall of rock several hundred feet in height. At the



foot of the wall on the northern side, which faces Chattanooga, is a bench or plateau. From the edge of this the slope is gradual to the bank of the river. Right at this base the Chattanooga creek empties its waters into the Tennessee, after meandering through a beautiful valley that lies between the mountain and Missionary Ridge.

The western base is washed by the waters of Lookout creek,

beyond which is Lookout valley rising westward till it reaches the spurs of the Raccoon chain. The crowning plain which rests upon the rocky cliff, is a spacious plateau of cultivated fields, where a large army might camp, and where a small one might laugh a siege to scorn were it well provisioned.

On the 23d of November, the day before the battle, the mountain and its approaches were held by parts of three divisions of infantry, Cheatham's, Stevenson's, and Walker's.

On the 20th of November, Bragg sent word to Grant to remove all non-combatants from Chattanooga. Grant, it seems, paid no attention to this, believing that it was a threat to cover his withdrawal from Missionary Ridge. On the morning of the 23d, he determined to develop the strength of the enemy on his front and pushed out a line of reconnoissance; at the same time he marched and counter-marched his army in front of Chattanooga, as if having a grand review for the benefit of the spectators, who occupied the amphitheater of the hills around.

As column after column deployed with banners flying, no doubt from many a group on the mountain crests, the question arose: "What is Grant going to do?" "Where will he mass to break through?" There was good reason to think the main attack would be on the right. That gained, the only line of retreat would be seized and the army without trains would be driven southward down the ridges. General Stevenson, who had charge with his division of the top of Lookout mountain on the evening of the twenty-third, sent the following despatch to Bragg: "If they intend to attack, my opinion is it will be upon our left." Bragg had no longer the "fox" Rosecrantz to deal with. His new opponent, Grant, was unfathomable. His tactics differed from that of all other generals. He combined the organizing talent of Xerxes with the combative genius of Napoleon. Forrest once upon being asked what was the secret of his success, said: "I generally aim to get there first with the most men." But Grant's plan was to assault all along the line and to get everywhere first with the most men. There was serious ground for alarm, but Bragg was strangely undisturbed. That very day, Johnson's division had been sent off to help Longstreet. Cleburne's division had received orders to follow, when the news that the Federals were driving in the pickets caused the order to be countermanded. Well was it for the army of the Tennessee that Cleburne was brought back. It was his masterly repulse of Sherman on the right, two days afterward, that saved the army.

When the veteran division returned, Bragg was still in doubt where Grant would attack. So he put Cleburne behind the center in easy reach of any point. Stevenson's despatch that the enemy would attack on the left seems to have been disregarded. For that very evening, Walker's division, one of the three holding Lookout mountain and its approaches, was withdrawn and sent to strengthen the extreme right. It may have been the best Bragg could do. Lookout mountain was valuable as a point for holding Chattanooga in a state of siege but of little importance for an army on the defensive, unless they were all on top of it. Between it and Missionary Ridge was a level valley. That seized, the left was cut off. At any rate, he needed more men, and they could alone be spared from Lookout mountain. Cleburne was not ubiquitous; though he could be sent to any threatened point, he could not fight in more than one place at a time.

On the morning of the twenty-fourth, Grant began to show something of his plan. Before daylight Federal troops were observed passing up Lookout creek valley. Soon afterward, heavy masses were seen approaching the road connecting the mountain with Missionary Ridge. That an assault against some part of the mountain was intended no one had the slightest doubt. But upon which part was the question. Stevenson had sent word to Bragg that in his opinion Grant was going to attack the left. The event proved he was right, but when Grant arrived, Stevenson's prognostications were at fault. He could not for the life of him tell whether Grant was going to attack his right or his left. Perhaps Grant hardly knew himself. He was prepared to attack either or both as fortune indicated.

But first let us see what were Stevenson's resources.

On the morning of the attack General Stevenson had, to defend the mountain and the road across the Chattanooga valley, six small brigades. They were distributed as follows: Cummings' and Jackson's along the line from the base of the mountain to Chattanooga creek, to defend the road that connected the force on the mountain with that of the main body on Missionary Ridge. The length of this line was so great that the troops were stationed at intervals. On top of the mountain were Pettus' and Brown's brigades, to defend the rear and the western crest, and reinforce whatever command was most vigorously pressed. On the northern slope was Moore's brigade, and on the western slope, facing Lookout valley, was posted Walthall's. With such a force, it was impossible to prevent an enemy from gaining temporary possession of some portion of the

mountain slope. The loss of only one point would have proved fatal, if that one was the road leading across Chattanooga valley. Whatever else was done, that had to be defended ; knowing this, and perceiving the enemy massing on both sides, Stevenson determined, if attacked from the direction of Lookout creek, to make the best fight he could with two brigades, not weakening his line elsewhere until the small force should return to the northern slope, where a position could be obtained not commanded by the enemy's guns from Moccasin point, and one nearer his line in Chattanooga valley. He accordingly ordered Walthall "to resist the enemy as long as possible, finally falling back, fighting to the line selected," viz: on the Craven House slope.

Walthall's brigade, upon whom the lot fell of facing expected disaster, consisted of five Mississippi regiments, viz: the Thirtieth, commanded by Major Johnson; the Twenty-ninth, commanded by Colonel Brantley; the Twenty-seventh, commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Jones; the Twenty-fourth, commanded by Colonel Dowd; and the Thirty-fourth. The line of defence which this small force of one thousand four hundred and eighty-nine men had to guard, extended along Lookout creek from the turnpike bridge, near its mouth, to the railroad bridge across it, and thence, at nearly a right angle, up the mountain side to the cliff; the whole length being more than a mile. Nearly one-third of this force was placed on the picket-post, leaving about a thousand men to do battle with the enemy, at whatever point he choose to make the assault.

Early in the morning, through the rifts of the fog, the valley of Lookout creek seemed blue with moving Federals. Walthall saw them and prepared for action. Between the two bridges a brigade halted and a regiment advanced, engaging his pickets, supported by two batteries on a ridge in their rear. At the same time a Federal battery opened from a point between Lookout creek and Tennessee river that poured missiles upon the flank and rear of the line of the Confederates. To hold his position under this enfilading fire and an attack in front, was serious work for Walthall, but this was a foretaste of what was coming. The main attack was from another quarter. While this demonstration was being made on his front, a column of nearly ten thousand men, consisting of Osterhaus' and Geary's divisions and Whittaker's brigade, proceeded up the valley beyond the angle in Walthall's line, crossed the creek, and forming on the face of the mountain in three lines of battle, advanced against his flank. To oppose this overwhelming column, Walthall had

scarcely one thousand men, for, as we have seen, perhaps more than one-third of his force were guarding the line along the creek. A misty fog hung over trees and rocks, causing an almost nocturnal gloom. The bursting bombs from the battery near the river lit up the darkness, and with their continuous roar, helped to conceal the approach of the advancing foe; simultaneous with the falling of shells in their midst from the rear, came the fire from Hooker's heavy columns.

The war-storm had burst with the sudden fierceness of an earthquake.

“Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered.”

While in front the incessant blaze of musketry revealed a solid mass of blue coats pressing forward. The assailed were conscious of the unequalness of the combat, and their sense of disparity of numbers was increased by the imagination, which, aided by the unnatural darkness, multiplied the enemy and imparted to their weird forms superhuman proportions.

Perhaps, it is here that the graphic description of a demoralized eye-witness belongs: “I heard a voice as if from the clouds shout: ‘Attention, world! Fall in by Nations, and fire by States!’”

It was indeed an occasion to try the stoutest hearts. At the beginning of the attack on the left flank, there was only a picket-line supported by about four hundred men. They fought as best they could, seeking cover behind rocks and trees. In a short time about five hundred more came to their assistance. The little force, now of about one thousand, were formed in a line under a terrific fire, and as the Federals moved onward delivered a steady volley into their ranks. The first line wavered and was broken at one point. Soon it reformed and advanced with irresistible force, driving Walthall slowly along the western slope. There was no route, as many have supposed, but a sullen retreat before an overpowering mass. Had Walthall been reinforced, the result might have been different. But as we have shown, there was no intention to make a defense till the northern slope was reached. We do not gather from the official reports that Walthall expected reinforcements. He certainly *never asked for any*. With his little Spartan band, confronted by ten thousand blue coats, he did what he could, retiring, Parthian-like, with his face to the foe, at every opportunity checking their advance with a well-directed volley.

Mankind delight to contemplate a hero when, hemmed in by the toils of a superior force, by a bold and cunning stroke he surprises the confident foe, and following up his advantage, pursues and slays with relentless fury. But is it not a greater deed to go at duty's call into a battle where defeat is certain; to fall back with steady front before a resistless force, to take and give repeated blows without a hope of victory, yet ever dauntless, struggling on, contending for honor only. The brilliant conduct of Henry V. at Agincourt, or to come nearer, of Sheridan, at Cedar Creek, raises us to the highest pitch of admiration; but the heroic defence of Lucknow, by Sir Henry Laurence, or that of Leonidas, at Thermopylæ, stirs the heart to its very depths. To pluck victory from disaster is indeed grand, but to conduct a desperate fight ever unconquered by despair is sublime.

Such was the conduct of Walthall at Lookout mountain, and when, hereafter, pæans of praise are sung over Hooker's romantic charge over rocks and fallen trees along the face of Lookout mountain, they should but suggest a loftier strain for his beaten adversary.

For nearly three hours did Walthall breast the resistless tide of attack. As he retired, his men on the creek were driven toward the right of the retreating column. But the road, which led up the mountain ascends southward and forms a sharp angle where it turns, was taken and their retreat cut off, so, many of these were captured. About 12 o'clock the retreating line rounded the point on the northern slope, the right being supported by Moore's brigade, which had occupied the front base of the mountain. A gallant stand was made, but the battalion at Moccasin Point swept the slope here with fatal effect; besides, Moore's brigade had been cut off by the retreat of Walthall and most of his men captured. Soon pressed beyond the northern ridge, what was left of these two brigades took position near the rear of the Craven House, on the northern slope, and checked the enemy. About 1:30 o'clock three small regiments of Pettus' brigade came down the mountain and reinforced the Confederates, and now began Hooker's "Battle in the Clouds." The general impression of this battle is that Hooker's veterans with resistless enthusiasm climbed steadily up the mountain side, the flashes of their muskets resembling a moving line of fire, rising higher and higher, until finally the Confederates were chased above the clouds, and driven, panic-stricken, over the precipice. This is pure fiction. In the first place, the opposing columns reached from the base of the mountain upward, and the rising line of fire was from both sides. In the second place, the Confederate force of about two thousand

men at this point did not budge an inch, but held their ground till about two o'clock A.M., when the mountain was abandoned, and the Confederates, with all their artillery and trains, moved silently away from the position, down the mountain and across the Chattanooga valley to Missionary Ridge.

The whole loss of the Confederates in the battle of Lookout mountain was, in killed, wounded, and missing, one thousand two hundred and forty-one.

Hooker's great victory, about which so much has been said, was gained over Walthall's brigade of one thousand four hundred and eighty-nine men pitted against two divisions and two brigades numbering not less than eleven thousand men. At two o'clock when the real battle in the clouds was gained, there were opposing Hooker about two thousand men. Says Mr. Henry M. Cist, the Secretary of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, in his book entitled the *Army of the Cumberland*: "The enemy had been reinforced, but he was not able to resist the sweep of Hooker's troops as they rounded the crest of the mountain at Craven House, where the enemy made his last stand, and from here with his line all broken and in rout he was driven over the rocks and precipices into Chattanooga valley." We are sorry to have to say that this statement is incorrect in toto: and as the writer seems to be honest and truthful, it is difficult to comprehend how he strays so far from the truth here. He certainly could never have seen the official reports of Generals Stevenson and Walthall.

Says General Stevenson: "The mountain was held till two o'clock of the next morning and the troops, artillery, and trains were withdrawn in order to the eastern side of Chattanooga creek."

The truth is, that so successful was the stand made at the Craven Houseline, on the northern slope, that General Stevenson posted three messengers to Bragg, asking for reinforcements for the purpose of descending the mountain by Smith's trail and attacking the Federals in flank and rear. But Bragg replied ordering an abandonment of the mountain. The fight was kept up at the "last stand" till far in the night and not till sometime after midnight was the position abandoned.

Sherman in his memoirs says, not without truth, that his assault on Bragg's right wing was not successful, but that it caused the left and center to be weakened and thereby did much toward the gaining of the victory. So sober history is bound to confess that to Sherman's hard fighting was due Hooker's easy capture of Lookout mountain,

and the troops that Hooker "drove over the rocks" about two o'clock P.M., were really withdrawn about twelve hours afterward to resist Sherman's assault on the 25th of November.

ADDRESS OF GENERAL BASIL W. DUKE, OF LOUISVILLE,
AT A REUNION OF MORGAN'S MEN HELD AT RICH
POND, WARREN COUNTY, KY., OCT. 27, 1883.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I have been notified that I would be expected to reply to-day to the address of welcome, which you have just heard so cordially pronounced. Whether I respond for myself, alone, or for all here who followed the plume and spur of Morgan, I can sincerely and gratefully acknowledge the pleasure which this occasion affords. Nor could the eloquent utterances of my friend, who has just spoken the warm words of welcome, for which, in the name of all my comrades, I thank him—nor even speech so graphic as his, who has kindly introduced me to this audience, enable a veteran of Morgan's command, meeting and greeting his old companions, the companions of his vivid and adventurous career, upon the very ground and amid the scenes where it had its inception, to realize more potently than we do the full interest which should attach to this reunion. With me, all that I see about me, everything that surrounds me, brings back recollections of that glowing period when, youthful and ardent, ever ready to translate high hope into daring act and ignorant of either fear or despondency, the soldiers of the Confederacy were panting to grapple with their foe, and eager to learn their fate. The soil upon which I stand; the scenes on which I gaze; the fields, the woods, the trees remind me that here, in Warren county, I passed much of that thrilling novitiate. The faces of old comrades—comrades of my earliest service—inducing an instinctive remembrance of those days of fervid devotion and heroic hope, the very air I breathe, recall to me how, in this immediate neighborhood, Morgan's old squadron was organized; and how, with it, he gave brilliant promise of that after-career, when, with his famous division, he held Tennessee and Kentucky as the olden champions of chivalry held the lists against all comers, and at length carried invasion and consternation into States which had poured forth invading hosts to alarm and desolate the South.

Much change has been wrought since then. The future historian—if capable and impartial historians shall write the record—will

tell of marvelous transformations occurrent in the twenty eventful years just passed. They will recite a story in which, perhaps, defeat and disaster shall shine with brighter luster than success; in which, it may be, that the vanquished shall appear the heroes.

But all this I leave to the historian. I am thinking and speaking of the difference between then and now, as it is conspicuous in ourselves. We meet here to-day in other guise and with other purpose than when we were assembled, many years ago, upon almost the same spot—when in camp or bivouac we were always expectant of the scout or the combat. Our thoughts were all given then to war-like effort. We are accustomed now to struggles of another kind, and if we seek victory, it is because “peace hath its victories as well as war.” We are the same men, and yet we are not the same men. Our convictions remain; the olden feeling still lingers in our hearts; yet it animates us with a quite different purpose, and impels us to other action. * * * But all these changes, and especially the vacant places in our line, where have fallen those who survived the ravages of the actual conflict, admonish and induce us to multiply and avail ourselves of all opportunities to indulge that brotherhood which, while we live, must unite us. The soldiers of the Confederacy are falling, day by day. In scantier numbers, year after year, they will be rallied by the stirring and sacred memories of the past. The Morgan men, like all the others, are rapidly passing away. Time thins their ranks, and death approaches now with grimmer purpose, in the fancied security of peaceful life, those who once braved him daily in the battle. The time is not far distant when a few gray-haired veterans only will remain to tell, with trembling accents, tales of the brave fields over which our strong cheers once rang in triumph. Ere long, perhaps, some grand-sire among us may recite to the son of his son, some such story as the old Scottish cavalier told of the glory and disastrous fate of the Græm :

“Come hither, Evan Cameron,
Come stand beside my knee;
I hear the river roaring by
Toward the wintry sea.

“There’s war upon the mountain side,
There’s war upon the blast;
Old faces throng around me,
Old forms go trooping past.

“’Twas I that led the Highland hosts
Through wild Lochaber’s snows,

What time the plaided clans came down
To battle with Montrose.

“ I hear the pibroch wailing
Amid the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again
Upon the verge of night.”

Many of you, I know, attended the reunion at Lexington. We saw there an assemblage which gave us, in some respects, a clearer idea of the true character of our command than even we, its veterans, ever had before. Men came to that reunion from every Southern State. Texas and distant California sent delegates; and New York and Chicago and St. Louis reminded us that our old division was represented in those great cities. It was a graphic demonstration of how the genius and fame of Morgan, had attracted to his restless and adventurous banner, youthful enterprise and audacity from the widest area. It was striking evidence of how, when war had ceased to give scope and exercise to these daring spirits, the same energy directed into other channels, had carried the Morgan men over three-fourths of the continent. All who had ever served under Morgan were represented there. Troops which had never been part of his command proper, but had at some time been commanded by him; and his own men, men of the regiments raised and formed and inured to war by him—his legionaries, with whom his name, in victory or disaster, must ever be associated.

There was the Second Kentucky Cavalry, necessarily more thoroughly identified with his fortunes than any other; for of that regiment he was the first colonel, and, for a long period, it may be said that his biography was its history. I may be permitted to say that when I gazed on those veterans, and remembered that I, too, had long been their colonel, I thought of how I had once believed them, as indeed I still believe them, to have been invincible. There were many of that regiment there.

The gallant Third Kentucky sent its representatives, a superb body of soldiers, which, from the two fine companies brought by General Gano from Texas, grew under Morgan into a full regiment, of which it is the highest praise to declare that the Kentuckians, who chiefly filled its ranks, were the equals in all martial qualities of their Texan comrades. When the survivors of this war-worn battalion mingled with those of the Second Kentucky, their talk was of Tomkinsville, Cynthiana, Gallatin, Milton, and a score more of those spirited encounters, where, under Morgan's own eye and leadership,

they had striven in generous rivalry to carry their battle-flags deepest into the ranks of the enemy. There were men there from the Fifth and Sixth Kentucky, still as staunch and true as when with dauntless front, although their guns were empty and their cartridge-boxes exhausted, they met the multitudinous flood of pursuit and covered the retreat at Buffington. When I heard the loud cheers which went up from those who answered there for the Seventh and Eighth Kentucky, I remembered the magnificent rush those two regiments made on the Federal right wing at Hartsville, and, breaking in fair combat and close grapple twice their number of infantry, drove that wing from the field and began the victory—the brilliant victory completed by the glorious Second and Ninth infantry of the Kentucky brigade, when they fell like an avalanche on the center and left. That was a famous day for Kentucky. Eleven hundred and fifty Kentuckians, cavalry and infantry, led by John Morgan, attacked twenty-six hundred men, of whom twenty-four hundred were veteran infantry, in their own chosen and formidable position, and in one hour and ten minutes killed and wounded more than four hundred, and captured over two thousand more. The Ninth Kentucky was, if I mistake not, largely represented; and of this regiment I will say we owe it a debt of gratitude for having in a peculiar manner vindicated the reputation of our common command. It so maintained the high renown it won under our leader, where serving on other fields and with other troops, as to demonstrate incontestably the superiority, in their special service, of soldiers trained under Morgan and who came up to his standard of excellence.

The Tenth Kentucky, which had shared with us so many days of danger and glory, which under the heroic Adam Johnson, from the date when his daring career began until that sad hour when with eyes torn by hostile shot he came blinded out of his last battle, never blenched or faltered in the hottest strife, the Tenth Kentucky sent few where all would have been dearly welcome. The survivors of the old squadron and Quirk's scouts were there among those who answered for the Fourteenth Kentucky. And there were a few present from a brave and splendid corps, which was second to no regiment in Morgan's Division or the entire Confederate cavalry, and which I know you will all remember with warm emotion, as you must do the noble and generous people from whom they came—I mean the Ninth Tennessee. God bless them and the country which sent them out. But I may be pardoned if I tell with peculiar satis-

faction of meeting there men, who having belonged to some one of each of the regiments I have enumerated, and who had avoided capture on the Ohio raid or subsequently escaped from prison, had been organized into the small brigade which I had the honor to command, after General Morgan's death, during the last months of the war, in South-western Virginia. I remembered how I had seen those men endure without murmur the hardships of a winter's campaign of appalling rigor. How I had seen them at Bull's Gap attack, with vastly inferior numbers, a position formidable by nature and made almost impregnable by art; and after a struggle in which they received no support, retire only when nearly one-half of their effective strength had fallen. I remembered how they had repulsed at Marion—the last stricken field upon which they ever looked—ten times their number, with fearful loss to the enemy. And when those tidings of dismay, the news of General Lee's surrender, reached us and after they had seen five thousand veteran infantry ground arms and disband, they turned their backs on their homes in Kentucky, with slight hope then, of ever seeing them again, and marched southward to complete their record by an exhibition of unshaken resolution, and of discipline as perfect as their courage, to do their last and whole duty to the Confederacy, and maintain in full measure their fidelity to their cause and oath.

Were it not that I fear to trespass on your patience, and become engaged with a theme upon which I find it difficult to be brief, I would like to speak of General Morgan's character and genius, and endeavor to define and describe the qualities which gave him such aptitude for the warfare in which he achieved so much success and reputation. I will briefly remind you, that two things should be always kept in mind by those who desire to rightly understand his ability as a soldier and the service he performed. He created, organized, armed, equipped, and supplied his own little army. His government did not raise, form, and accouter regiments and then turn them over to him. He recruited his own troops, provided them with weapons, munitions, and supplies; disciplined, and instructed them after his own fashion; and the little he received from the Confederate government was more than offset by that which he gave it out of his frequent and abundant captures. He made war after a fashion which was as original and novel, as it was effective. Totally unlearned in the art of war as taught in the schools, his strategy and tactique, while in strictest accordance with the true principles of military science, as the greatest captains have applied them, were illustrated

by methods, new and unlike anything ever seen or practiced before.

He realized at once that cavalry, armed and employed as in the European armies and the old army of the United States, would be worse than useless against the long range "arm of precision," in the character of country, and in the sort of service wherein he would be engaged. He made his men, therefore, in effect, infantry, using their horses almost entirely to transport them rapidly to the objective points at which he wished to strike. He armed them with rifle and pistol, and taught them to use the latter as freely when fighting on foot as when mounted. And doubling their fighting capacity, while retaining all the celerity of movement which characterizes light cavalry corps, he compelled the enemy to make provision in his rear, both against far-reaching raids and formidable attack. Some three years since two officers of the French cavalry service came to this country, and their mission seemed principally to be an examination into the conduct of cavalry operations, on both sides, during our civil war. I met them, and talked with them very fully on the subject. They told me that while the service done by other cavalry commanders in the Federal and Confederate armies was often brilliant and skillful, it was in nowise different from that to which they had been accustomed and educated and, therefore, they could learn nothing from it, but that in the style and methods of Morgan and Forrest they recognized both originality and extraordinary efficiency, and said that they were satisfied that these methods would supersede all others. They expressed especial admiration of Morgan's campaigns, declaring that they were worthy of close study by military students. These gentlemen were very competent to judge, for they were not only trained in the best schools of France, but had seen arduous service in Algeria and the Franco-Prussian war. I was somewhat surprised to hear veteran "sabreurs" pronounce, when discussing the question of armament, in favor of the rifle and revolver, and concur in what they termed our "disdain of the saber."

I feel that I need say nothing here and before this audience, in vindication or defense of our course as Southern men or Confederate soldiers. I will only declare that the best explanation of our conduct is to be found in the fact that we inherit that blood which never did and never will endure tamely, even the semblance of oppression. The Anglo-Saxon—and all the world may as well understand it—whether he lives in the old world or on this continent, in the North or in the

South, will never submit without battle, to what he honestly believes to be encroachment upon his independence and his rights. The parent race, whence the Anglo-Saxon sprung, would never do it. That old pagan Dane, who, a thousand years ago, bade Harold Harfager remember, that when the rights of freemen were invaded, the ravens croaked and the wolves howled for joy, for they knew they would soon be fed with human flesh—that stern old heathen ancestor of ours spake in his barbaric, ferocious phrase, the sentiment of this generation of the blood, as well as his own. May that feeling forever animate the people of this whole land, for it is the true conservator of their freedom. I would rather see the race perish than the sentiment die.

I have no word of complaint or repining. I have at all times striven, and shall be ever willing to do full justice to the courage, the patriotism, the motives of those against whom we once contended. But how can we help giving warm affection, and, if need be, hearty service to those by whose side we stood in the combat, and to the friends who gave us aid and comfort, food and shelter, and, above all, that sympathy which fills the heart of the patriot and soldier with added courage, and nerves his arm with double strength.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

DIVIDED FORCES.

BY LADY BEAN.

Long years in solemn silence tread
The lonely mound aslant—
Springs bud, flowers their petals shed,
And leaves their requiem chant,
But still above our gallant dead
Fresh memories we plant.

Though in the field the wild weeds thrive,
And wandering roam at will,
Though winter winds the snow-drifts drive
Across the bare, bleak hill,
The old flame keeps our hearth alive
And warms our memories still.

How bright the morn when file on file
Trode forth the eager gray!
How gay the song when mile on mile

Brought nearer still the fray!
How dark the dawn when pile on pile
Our bleeding comrades lay!

But time wears on, and soon we learn
To envy them their sleep,
So calm their rest; ah! how we yearn
Their silent watch to keep:
For in our breasts old fires burn
In smothered caverns deep.

How many hopes in tatters lie
The chill, damp earth beneath,
How many swords with tears put by
To moulder in the sheath.
Ah! happy those who early die
Crowned with fame's glorious wreath!

Though soiled and stained the well-worn gray,
'Tis free from strife and woe
While marching in the Light of Day
That all may some time know:
Time passes on! old comrades pray
For those ye left below.

NOVEMBER 4, 1883.

BATTLE OF BEAN'S STATION, EAST TENNESSEE.

The following is an account of the battle of Bean's Station, by Captain Thomas Speed, of the Louisville bar, with statement of Colonel Ward, both of whom were Federal officers and took part in the same.—[ED. BIVOUAC.

“In response to a letter to Washington City requesting official data concerning the battle of Bean's Station, I received reply that ‘There is no fight of the war involved in greater obscurity, as far as official reports go, than that at Bean's Station.’

“General Sam Jones, of the Confederate army, has published an account of military operations in East Tennessee in the fall of 1863, in which he briefly notices the Bean Station fight from the Confederate side. With this account before me and the information I have obtained on the Federal side, I will try to present a general view of a very interesting engagement, which all agree has not hitherto received the notice it deserves.

“December 5th, 1863, General Longstreet abandoned the siege

of Knoxville and moved, with his entire force of about twenty-three thousand, up the East Tennessee Valley toward Virginia. The Federal cavalry and mounted infantry, under General J. M. Shackelford, followed the retiring Confederates. Longstreet halted at Rogersville, and the Federals halted at Bean's Station. The Federal infantry was at Blaine's Cross-roads, and not in supporting distance of the mounted force. The situation led Longstreet to attempt the capture of the Federals at Bean's Station. His plan was to come down upon them, and at the same time send down a force on the south side of the Holston, to cross that river near Morristown, and gain the rear of the Union troops and cut them off. General Longstreet's command was composed of Hood's division of four brigades—Laws', Benning's, Anderson's, and Robertson's; Bushrod Johnson's division of three brigades—Fulton's, Gracie's, and Vaughn's; McLaws' division of four brigades—Kershaw's, Humphries', Wofford's, and Bryan's; Martin's division of cavalry of two brigades—Russell's and Crew's; Armstrong's cavalry of two brigades—Dibrell's and Harrison's; Ransom's cavalry division of two brigades—Giltner's and Jones'; and six batteries of artillery.

“The cavalry and mounted infantry at Bean's Station under Shackelford numbered about five thousand, being four brigades commanded by Colonels Wolford, Pennebaker, Foster, and Garrard. They had come out of Knoxville, where they, with other troops, had been in a state of siege and starvation nearly a month. Having advanced to Bean's Station in the wake of the retiring Confederates, they had found but little provender for man or beast. General Jones describes the Confederates as scantily clad and poorly fed. The Federals were better clothed, but worse off for food.

“Bean's Station is a little village at the point where the road from Kentucky through Cumberland Gap strikes the East Tennessee Valley road, leading from Knoxville to Virginia. A large brick tavern is its principal building. A blacksmith shop and a few other buildings stand near by. The valley at this point is narrow, the mountain sides seeming near at hand; on either side of the village are foot-hills of the mountains; one hill in particular, a little southeast of the place commanded the approach to the station.

“December 13th, the day before the battle, the Federal outpost on the Rogersville road was driven in. The troops at the station were put in line occupying the hills. Colonel Adams, with the First Kentucky cavalry, was sent forward, but was repulsed. He was reinforced and drove back the enemy, taking some prisoners. From

these, General Shackelford learned that Longstreet intended to capture the force at the station the next day by attacking in front and sending a force to the rear by way of Morristown to cut off retreat. A courier was dispatched with this information to the infantry at Blaine's Cross-roads. Early next morning, December 14th, General Shackelford was informed that no signs of activity appeared in the Confederate camp. He sent back this information. Shackelford kept strong forces well advanced on the Rogersville and Morristown roads, with instructions to advise him of any movement.

"About two o'clock P.M., December 14th, Generals Park and Potter came up to the station from the infantry. They were dining with General Shackelford in his tent when a courier reported Colonel Bond engaging the enemy's infantry on the Rogersville road. Shackelford sent Bond word that the battle would be fought at the station, and not in the woods where he was. In a few minutes, from the hills at the station, Colonel Bond was seen backing and fighting a heavy advancing infantry force. The Federal line was formed on the hills and across the valley; the wagon-trains were already moving to the rear; Wolford's brigade was on the right of a hill, which was the key to the position. Pennebaker's brigade was to the left and rear of Wolford, Garrard was in the center, Foster on the left. Five companies of the Twenty-seventh Kentucky, under Colonel John H. Ward, occupied the brick tavern, and the Forty-fifth Ohio was held in reserve. In rear of the center was a battery. About three P. M. the attack commenced. A solid line of infantry, extending entirely across the valley, advanced and by an oblique movement was aimed at the position held by Wolford. Artillery and musketry opened upon the assailants. They went forward steadily, however, until the fire became very destructive. Then the whole line went suddenly to the ground and nothing was seen but officers dashing about on horseback. In a few minutes the line rose and rushed forward. Longstreet's artillery then opened from mounds it had gained; Wolford's brigade was first and fiercely attacked, and his men began to give way. Shackelford seeing this dispatched an order to him to hold the hill. He followed on himself, however, and delivered his own order. Had Wolford yielded the hill at that time, a rout would have ensued; Shackelford knowing this, was at the point of danger and ordered reinforcements forward. The Forty-fifth Ohio was mounted and in line as a reserve; it instantly dismounted, carrying a howitzer on each flank, rushed to Wolford's support and on reaching the crest of the hill opened upon the advancing enemy at close range.

I remember Wofford's appearance at this juncture ; mounted and in front of his men with his hat in his hand he encouraged them to stand. He repulsed the attack.

"While this was going on the engagement became general along the whole line though at longer range, and two brigades, Fulton's and Gracie's, were ordered to advance and carry the station. McLaw's division began to turn Shackelford's left flank by ascending the side of the mountain, and Fulton and Gracie rushed forward and took possession of some of the houses. Wofford, Pennebaker, and Garrard fell back fighting until the line they occupied was to the rear of the brick hotel. Foster also gave way slowly on the left, though once under Shackelford's own order his line recovered its lost ground suffering severely in doing so.

"By this time the dusk of evening came on. The brick house was now about two hundred yards in advance of the Federal line, and it was still occupied by Colonel Ward and five companies of his regiment. He had held on while the battle surged against him, and passed him on either side; shells exploded in the building, solid shot tore through it, many of his men were killed and wounded, but from windows and loop-holes he poured so deadly a fire, he saved himself from capture.

"Just at nightfall his brigade commander, Colonel Pennebaker, sent a regiment to relieve him from his perilous position. It was successful, and thus, although the whole Federal force was driven back from a quarter to half a mile, none of it was captured. During the night it retired a few miles to Rutlege, where a new line was formed, the infantry having come up to that point.

"General Sam Jones says the principal fighting was done by Gracie's and Fulton's brigades, and that they numbered less than one thousand two hundred men. He says the loss in these two brigades was only two hundred and ten killed and wounded. There was hard fighting, however, on the left when Colonel Foster suffered and inflicted loss. The last firing was on the left. I remember going with an order about dusk and passing a line of Union troops in position a few hundred yards to the rear and right of the brick house; going on to the left the Union troops were in position a little further advanced. By that time it was dark. A volley of musketry showed where the Federal line was. Except scattering shots that was the last of the firing.

"General Bushrod Johnson says, 'In the darkness of the night the enemy escaped.' That is true, but it is very creditable to them

that they resisted until darkness came, and not only defeated Longstreet's plan to capture them, but in so doing inflicted more loss than they suffered.

"In the darkness the contending forces became considerably mixed up. A Confederate captain with three men went up to General Shackelford's headquarters and inquired for Gracie's brigade. Colonel E. L. Motley, of Shackelford's staff, going with an order found himself behind a battery of the enemy and escaped in the darkness.

"The Federal loss was not over two hundred. The Richmond papers reported the total Confederate loss eight hundred. Being the assailants, and exposed to fire during the entire engagement, the Confederates certainly lost more than the Federals.

"The proposed move to the rear to cut off retreat from Bean's Station was frustrated by a rise in the Holston river, but if a force had crossed, it is not certain it would have accomplished its purpose. It would have encountered both cavalry and infantry posted to check that movement.

"General Shackelford did not think he ought to have been required to fight Longstreet's infantry with his mounted force. He thought he ought to have fallen back without a fight, to the infantry, or that the infantry should have come up to the station. General Sam Jones says 'Shackelford's cavalry had been in great peril and he had very gallantly extricated it, maintaining a bold front to his adversary. General Longstreet's plan had been well conceived, and if it had been carried out, it is not seen how the Federal cavalry, unsupported by the infantry, could have escaped. The rise in the Holston which retarded the Confederate cavalry, the frightful condition of the roads, the frozen mud cut through and trampled by the passing cavalry, artillery, and wagons, and the destitute condition of the Confederate troops, retarded and frustrated a movement which had promised brilliant results.

"Shackelford not only gallantly, but skillfully extricated his force. He displayed his skill in not allowing the advanced positions of his line to be driven back at the first onset. His continuous presence at the very front, passing from one point of danger to another, contributed much to save his troops from breaking, and maintain a bold front to his adversary.

"There was one result of the movement, however, which was significant, considering the time and place. General W. E. Jones led a force into a pass through Clinch mountain to prevent escape in

that direction when the Federals would be routed at Bean's Station. He did not have to capture any fugitives, but he did capture a supply-train of twenty wagons, which the Union troops were anxiously expecting, and sadly needed. This was a serious loss to the hungry Federals and a gain to the hungry Confederates.

"There was no further engagement between the forces in the valley. The Federals occupied the lower portion and the Confederates the upper portion during the winter of 1863-4, and between them gathered what little produce was left in the country.

"I append a statement by Colonel John H. Ward of the part his regiment took in the battle:

"My regiment, 27th Kentucky, was placed in the large brick hotel, as a reserve. Our artillery was on an eminence two hundred or three hundred yards in our rear. Our line of battle was perhaps eight hundred yards in front of us. Longstreet's attack was vigorous and well sustained, his artillery opening from three points, and doing effective work. We knew very soon this was to be no skirmish, but a serious fight. The engagement was regular by about 3 P. M., and the pressure upon our main line grew more serious every minute. In a short time I was ordered to send one-half of my regiment to support the extreme right, which was done; and in a few hours more, our main line was slowly falling back, fighting stubbornly, but suffering from the disadvantages in yielding position after position, with no hope of regaining anything. After a good struggle our line was forced from the cover of a thicket and some fences two hundred yards in our front, and had to retreat to the rear of our position, on a line with our artillery. An artillery duel between the batteries on the opposite sides now occupied some time. And then we saw a rebel regiment with colors flying pass to our left and rear, and a second moving by us on the right. We had not, up to this time, fired a shot, but gave this regiment a few as it passed. And now a regiment was moving directly down upon us, in front. The fight was hot, and we were in the extreme advance with both flanks turned. Our artillery did good practice on this last regiment, killing the color-bearer three times; still it moved steadily on to within two hundred yards of us, then lay down preparatory to the charge. Our artillery was silenced, and our line was out of our sight. In addition, the rebel artillery was pouring shell after shell into us, and we were suffering severely. Our time had come; we were probably left there to detain the overpowering enemy while our army escaped. The regiment in our front arose and charged us in beautiful and gallant style. We opened

on them from every gun and pistol in the house, and did much execution, yet they gained the stable in front of us and the ell of the building we were in. Twenty-five per cent. of my small force were killed or wounded, and no orders, or possibility of getting any. Captain A. J. Baily, Acting Major, came to me and said 'our men have fought as well as men can fight; why don't you retreat?' I said, 'wait twenty minutes, and if no orders come I will use my own discretion.' After twenty minutes I began to retreat in small squads and escaped without the loss of a man in the movement. This was accomplished, as I afterwards learned, by an accident. Orders had been sent me by a Michigan Cavalry regiment, for no less force could possibly reach me, and as it was then getting dusk it missed the way, and met and engaged the regiment that passed to our left and prevented its junction with the one on our right and rear, and we got out with not a moment to spare.

"The next day we captured some of the regiment that charged us. They told us out of two hundred and fifty men in line the day of the fight, they lost one-half; and some time afterwards we captured a Virginia paper that described the fight, and spoke of a *brigade of Kentucky Sharp-shooters* that fought from the Bean's Station Hotel. It was a fight not described in the histories of the war, but I never saw better soldiers nor better fighting than was done by the Fourteenth Georgia, that charged us, and my own five companies of Green river men."

[Written for the BIVOUC.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

It was summer noon in a New England village. Blazing high in the cloudless heavens, the sun threw downward its fierce rays, in vain attempts to pierce the interlacing branches of the giant elms which cast over the smooth road below a shade so dense that it might have been mistaken for an aisle of the forest, but for the beautiful villas extending far on either side; velvet lawns and brilliant parterres of *well-trained* flowers showed that here had been a contest between nature and art, and that art had triumphed.

Among these lovely homes stood one, which, if less pretentious than its neighbors, yet bore an air of solid, substantial comfort and prosperity. Around the massive pillars twined in rich profusion honeysuckle and cinnamon roses. Lilacs, white and purple, shaded the windows. Here were no shaven lawns. In the spacious door-

yard grew luxuriantly clover, and buttercups, and sweet meadow-grass beneath trees laden with luscious cherries or ruddy summer apples. Under one of these trees was tethered a pure white "bossy calf" and by its side stood a handsome boy of about three summers, manfully tugging at the long pinafore which the calf had seized and was mischievously chewing, every moment drawing the child nearer in spite of his vigorous resistance and the plaintive cry "top, Alfie top, O, Alfie, eat poor Wally *all* up!" Roused from his nap on the piazza by the half-frightened remonstrances of the little boy, Sancho, a large Newfoundland dog, sprang to the rescue and with an admonitory growl, sent the calf capering to the end of the tether. Wally stood for a moment looking at his wet pinafore and from it casting defiant glances at the cause of the mischief; then descrying the carriage horses, "Dick" and "Rosinante" standing in the lane beyond and stretching their glossy necks over the low fence, he ran to gather for them some of the sweet, rich clover, which they gently nibbled from his little, brown hand. Just then the boy's attention was attracted by the noise of people passing in the road, and snatching his straw hat from the grass where it had lain, he ran to the gate in time to join the groups of men who were going toward the village post-office. With these he trotted steadily along, softly saying to himself, "Me det letter for mamma."

In an upper room of the house he had just left, sat Wally's pale, young mother. Her easy chair was drawn up before a window which commanded a view of the road, and alternately she sat upright gazing outward with wide anxious eyes, her hands wrung hard together, her breath suspended to listen for the whistle of the incoming train, or reclined with sad looks and listless hands, an image of "hope deferred." A few months before Essie and her husband had made their first great sacrifice to the cause of Southern liberty. Their happy home had been broken up, and Essie with her boy had sought refuge in the house of her mother, that she might leave her soldier husband free to serve the cause both deemed so sacred. Such a parting seemed hard enough, but neither dreamed of what the future had in store for them. The first "days of absence" were rendered less gloomy by a constant interchange of letters—priceless letters which on the one hand filled the heart of the young wife with pride and hope, on the other, incited the soldier to do and dare in defense of *the right* and as to *which* was the right—here were "two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one." Events followed each other in rapid succession—Sumpter had been fired upon—had

fallen. The news spreading like wild fire throughout the North, "stirred a fever in the blood of age," and youth alike. Fanatics raved more wildly than ever, while those who had hitherto seemed lukewarm, hastened to swell the cry of horror and fury which everywhere arose at this insult to "Our Flag." This feeling found vent in acts of aggression, met by prompt and determined resistance, and thus was inaugurated the fratricidal strife which for four years was to desolate the land.

To Essie, in her exile, a babe had been born, a frail babe who just opened its dark eyes upon the troubled face of its mother to close them again in the sleep that knows no waking. Meanwhile all communication between North and South had been cut off. The wife knew that her husband was in Virginia, and day by day fearful rumors and garbled accounts from "the front" filled her with dread and anxiety. Naturally hopeful and courageous, she struggled desperately against the bodily weakness which was fostered by the impatient, unquiet, despairing soul within. Still she must have sunk under her trials, but for the patient kindness, the angelic ministrations of her mother. That mother, who loved and revered the Union cemented by the blood of her forefathers, upon whose heart the "Stars and Stripes" were indelibly engraven, yet clung stoutly to the doctrine of "State's Rights," and sympathized warmly with the Southern people in their determination to protect from invasion their homes and firesides. Alas! she was Essie's only friend and her utmost efforts had barely sufficed to protect the "she rebel" from insult and abuse.

Rumors of an engagement at "Big Bethel Church" had created the greatest excitement. To-day's news was eagerly expected, and excited groups were continually passing along the shaded road to swell the crowd collected at the post-office awaiting the mail. Wally was at first unnoticed but presently he toiled up the high steps and climbing upon a chair, put his little hand through the bars behind which sat the postmaster and his assistant, and said, "Div Wally a letter for he's ma." At this a young man of elegant appearance, evidently a leader among the excited people, strode up to the boy saying, "All right, Wally's mamma shall have a letter," then entering the sanctum of the postmaster and seeing a large sheet of paper, he wrote a few lines which were handed out to be read by the bystanders. A loud shout attested their approval. The paper was handed back, placed in an envelope, and addressed. While apparently hunting in the desk for the envelope, the young man had managed to slip within it a folded paper and now with a flourish he applied some red sealing-

wax, stamped it with a large seal bearing the coat-of-arms of the United States, and handed it to Wally, who would at once have returned homeward, but rude hands seized him and a voice cried, "Let's have some fun out of the little reb." They placed him on the counter, forced into his hand a small Union flag, and bade him "Hurrah for Abe Lincoln." The boy stood with flashing eyes, his letter clasped close to his breast with one hand; dashing down the flag, he cried, "No huah for Abe Linkun—Jeff Davis and 'fedacy." Instantly he was dragged down and hustled into the street, where a crowd of boys soon surrounded him with menacing cries and taunts. He was at length rescued and borne homeward by a man-servant who had been sent in search of him, but not before he had been severely hurt.

Meanwhile, Essie in her darkened chamber was fondly attended by her mother, who having vainly tempted her to partake of the delicate viands her own hands had prepared, had put the salver aside and now kneeling by the wretched girl, drew her head upon her motherly bosom while she gently smoothed back the masses of damp hair, and while alternately kissing the pale brow and lips of her suffering child, murmured words of tenderness and comfort.

Suddenly was borne upon the air the shriek of the approaching train. Instantly Essie started to her feet; standing a moment with every nerve and muscle tense and rigid, then as suddenly sinking back into her mother's arms, pale and almost lifeless. At this moment a slight bustle was heard below stairs and then the loud lamentations of Irish Maggie, whose grief and indignation had been excited by the sight of little Wally, pale and disordered, his golden curls stained with blood from a slight wound in his head, his poor little ankle bruised and discolored by a brutal kick, both bestowed by the young Americans whose patriotism he had insulted.

As if by magic Essie became calm, at once putting on the armor of motherhood, that breastplate and shield which every woman holds in reserve, to be used in times of danger and distress to her loved ones, an armor which repels all attacks of self and keeps at bay even extreme physical pain. "Bring my baby to me," she ordered, and in a moment the sobbing boy was placed in her arms. Having satisfied herself that the hurts were not serious, she was allowed to assist her mother in bathing the sunny head and binding up the bruised ankle.

By this time Wally had quite recovered from his fright, and delightfully displayed the letter, which he had retained through all vicissi-

tudes. One glance was enough to show Essie that her boy had been deceived, but she fondly kissed and thanked him and to please him proceeded to break the seal, unfolding the sheet within the envelope; the small slip enclosed addressed "To Essie," fell in her lap; this she hastily concealed while together, the mother and the daughter, read with fierce indignation these words: "She rebels are not wanted in this town. Let all such leave or take the consequences." In a moment the letter was torn in fragments and thrown upon the floor. Wally, surprised and grieved, began to sob again, but his grandmother created a diversion by carrying him off to get some luncheon. Left alone, Essie opened the paper which had been enclosed in her letter. It ran thus:

"ESSIE:— Danger threatens you. Be warned in time and let prudence suggest to you the proper course. The rumor gains ground that you have a rebel flag. The house will be searched; so destroy what may compromise your mother, as well as yourself. A— —."

Essie's first impulse was to destroy the paper. Having done so; she sat awhile in deep thought, pressing both hands to her throbbing temples. "What shall I do?" she thought; "I feel strong to suffer for the cause I love; but alas! my dear, kind, loving, mother. She, too, will become involved, and may be severely punished. *What can I do?*" Taking from a table beside her a prayer-book, she drew from between the leaves a small silken flag, the "*Rebel flag.*" As she gazed on it, fondly pressing it to her lips and heart, tearless sobs convulsed her slight frame. "It was my husband's last gift," she said, "together we kissed it, together we swore to follow whither it led, even if in such a path we found the grave of happiness and hope." Again she fell into deep thought. Suddenly her face brightened and she even smiled as she feebly rose, and crossing the room, opened a large, old-fashioned secretary which contained all requisites for writing. Seizing a small jar of "perpetual paste," she hastily opened the bosom of her wrapper, and applying the paste-brush to the loved flag, fastened it securely just over her heart. Hastily re-arranging her dress, she resumed her easy-chair just as her mother entered the room with a newspaper announcing a Southern victory upon the battlefield of Big Bethel church. At the same moment the sound of many voices arose and cries of, "Show your colors!" "Where is that woman?" "Bring out the rebel," etc.; and, carried away by intense excitement, which lent her unnatural strength, Essie arose, throwing wide the blind, waved the newspaper above her head, cry-

ing out: "Hurrah! hurrah for the brave rebels, hurrah for Big Bethel!" A perfect howl of rage arose from below, and greater evil might have befallen, but for the timely appearance of the venerable village doctor, who rode hastily up among the excited men, and standing up in his buggy, cried out: "Friends, she is but a frail, defenseless woman. Be thankful if this morning's work be not her death." Slowly and sullenly the crowd dispersed, while the good doctor hastily ascended to Essie's chamber where he found the young rebel with fevered cheeks and gleaming eyes, lying among the pillows where her mother had placed her. The terrible excitement under which she labored forbade all blame or any allusion to her act of imprudence. She was, therefore, soothed and tenderly cared for until at last, under the influence of a sedative, she fell asleep.

At an early hour next morning the doctor entered the room of his patient, whom he found calm and self-possessed. Everything about her denoted that a great change had come. Subtle, indefinable, yet plainly perceptible. The nervous, excitable, tearful girl had vanished. A *woman*, full of courage and hope, appeared in her place. Dr. ——— regarded her steadily, then—"Ah, better this morning? that's my brave girl." Meeting his gaze fully, Essie replied: "I shall try, henceforth, to be brave as befits the wife of a soldier." A frown appeared on the doctor's brow; for a moment he strode hastily up and down the room, then returning to the bedside he tenderly placed his hand upon the head of his patient, saying: "My child, I fear your courage will soon be put to the test. Your own imprudence has greatly incensed the towns-people against you. Danger menaces you, and through you, your mother. Fortunately, the friends of your childhood still desire to protect you; but your only safety lies in giving up the rebel flag, which it is said you possess. Give it to me, Essie, and I will destroy it before their eyes, and thus avert the threatened danger." Essie smiled proudly as she replied: "Dr. ———, since the rebel flag has existed, I have cherished it in my heart of hearts. You may search the house over; you will find no flag but the one I have here;" and she placed her hand on her heart.

The good man had known Essie from her childhood, and he could not doubt her. He questioned no farther, but took his leave, promising to use his influence with the incensed villagers. They, however, were not so easily convinced. They had been wrought up to a state of frenzied patriotism, and declared they would search the house where the obnoxious flag was supposed to be. Dire threats of vengeance were heard on every side. At last, a committee was appointed to wait upon the traitress and again demand the surrender

of the flag. It was composed of gentlemen who, though thorough and uncompromising "Union men," were yet well known to Essie, and were anxious, if possible, to shield her. They were admitted to the room where the suspected one sat to receive them. She reiterated the assertion she had made to the doctor, so calmly, and with such apparent truth, that they were staggered. But they had come to perform a duty and they meant to succeed. They convinced Essie that the danger to herself and to the house of her mother was real and imminent, but she only repeated her assertions, though her heart throbbed painfully as she saw the anxiety and trouble in her mother's face. Suddenly she remembered that she had in her possession a paper which, just before all mail communication had ceased between the North and South, had been sent to her for the purpose of protection. It was simply a certificate of her husband's membership and good standing in a Masonic Lodge, and had a seal affixed. As she called for her portfolio, all eyes brightened with expectation of seeing at last the "rebel flag." As Essie drew forth from its envelope the fateful document, she said: "I was told to use this only in dire extremity; it seems to me that such a time is at hand. If there be any virtue in Masonry, let it now protect me and the roof which is at present my only shelter!" Thus speaking, she handed the paper to one whom she knew to be a prominent Mason. The certificate was duly examined, and after a short conference, returned. "We will do our best," said the spokesman of the party, and all withdrew.

The day passed without further trouble, and as Essie sank to sleep that night there came to her a feeling of safety and protection which was, indeed, comforting.

TO BE CONTINUED.

[Written for the BIVOUC.]

WHY SUE MUNDY BECAME A GUERRILLA, AND SOME FACTS CONCERNING HIS EARLY LIFE.

There is no name connected with the late war, that once produced the excitement among Kentuckians, and carried such consternation to the hearts of isolated Federal soldiers as that of Sue Mundy. At our great distance from the scene of his exploits, and notwithstanding the intervention of the solid host of "blue" in our front, we would often hear of his deeds around our homes.

I doubt not many acts were laid at his door which he never performed, yet he did enough and more, to hand his name down as one of the most terrible of all "silent riders." And if all was known it

would perhaps place him as a peer of any, either ancient or modern. I can only tell why he became a guerrilla, and sketch his life up to that period. But as his conversion to that mode of fighting depends on his friend and companion, John L. Patterson, of Sebree, McLean county, I will have to write his history first. Nearly the whole history of Sue Mundy's earlier career was told me by Mr. Patterson, whom I recently met while in this city.

John L. Patterson was born in McLean county in the year 1835, and spent his boyhood days clerking in country stores and on steamboats, plying between Louisville and New Orleans. He lived in Jefferson county one season, and was employed on the farm of Dr. E. D. Standiford. When the war broke out he was assistant engineer of the Steamer Peytona, and left it the trip before it ran the blockade. Arriving at home he enlisted for the Confederate army under Capt. Frank Scott, and went with him to Camp Burnett, Tenn. Frank Scott and Capt. Willis S. Roberts, of Scott county, blended their companies, and formed Company D, Fourth Kentucky Infantry.

Jerome Clark, (alias Sue Mundy), was born near Franklin, Simpson county, Kentucky, about the year 1845 (at least Mr. Patterson puts his age at sixteen or seventeen years when he entered the army.) His father, Col. Hector Clark, died (a widower) when Jerome was thirteen or fourteen years of age. The remainder of the family moved to McLean county, where the two older brothers married near relatives of Mrs. Mary Tibbs, an estimable lady of that section, and who was the aunt of Mr. Patterson, and at whose house he made his home. Young Clark was also an inmate of the same house, and was treated like Mr. Patterson, they being regarded as children of the household. Thus Clark and Patterson were as brothers, and clung to each other as such, as the sequel will show. Clark followed the movements of Patterson, and September, 1861, found them both in Company D, as stated, at Camp Burnett, Tennessee.

They were cheerful and amiable soldiers and were prompt in the discharge of duties imposed upon them. Patterson's knowledge of the world and quick insight into men and things, combined with a straightforward, frank disposition, installed him as a favorite and leader among his associates, and as a good, true soldier with his superior officers. Clark being always with him partook freely of his nature and came in for his share of esteem.

A part of the regiment was sent to Bowling Green and a detachment from this part, together with other small commands, were sent to the mouth of Mud river to blow up the locks on Green river.

Our two friends accompanied the expedition and proved that on the march and adventure they were fully up to their reputation. After the army got regularly into camp at Bowling Green it was thought best by the authorities to make up a splendid battery for the great artillerist, Rice E. Graves. This was done by detailing Company B (Capt. James Ingram), Fourth Kentucky, for service as artillery.

Not having enough men for the same, others from different companies were detached and placed in said company. Into this magnificent battery went Patterson and Clark as if fate was determined to put together a body of men, fit subordinates to the greatest of Western artillery soldiers. The glorious notoriety obtained by Graves' Battery at Fort Donelson was shared in by our two heroes, and honorably surrendering, they were imprisoned in Camp Morton, Indiana. Naturally enough they escaped, and in this wise: It was the custom of the commander of the prison to allow the Confederates to bathe in White river, sending, however, a guard of one soldier to each man. One day, four men, viz: Captain Jules George, Ben Cole, John L. Patterson, and Jerome Clark were escorted to the river for a bath, by as many Federal soldiers. After bathing, they dressed themselves, and as they started for camp each prisoner (as was previously agreed upon) knocked his guard down and tied his hands behind him. Captain George had a very tough customer to handle, and Patterson had to help him, after he had secured his man. The guards (who were now prisoners) were marched four or five miles down the river, where their faces were turned back toward Camp Morton and they were allowed to seek that place as best they might. They were not untied, however, by the Confederates.

The four, now fully armed and equipped, walked on down the river until they found a skiff, which they "borrowed" and immediately embarked. The passage down the river was uneventful; shooting game, and foraging among the farms as they went, Jerome Clark always taking the lead in everything that gave promise of danger. Arriving at Hazleton, on the Evansville and Terre Haute railroad, they took passage for Evansville, but left the train at the fair grounds, where they concealed themselves until night should give them more protection. From their place of concealment they saw two Federal soldiers ride near who were very drunk. They dismounted and laid down to sleep off their potions, and Jerome Clark crept out to where they slept and captured their finely-mounted pistols. Night coming on they hastened across the Ohio river and plunged into their native territory.

They soon found Colonel Adam R. Johnson, who was then recruiting a company of cavalry, he having at that time between thirty and forty men. The next day they rode boldly into Henderson, Kentucky. The day after that, Colonel Johnson's small but intrepid company crossed over to Newberg, Indiana, and by a series of brilliant maneuvers and representations, captured the place with the following extensive result: Three hundred prisoners, three hundred stands of arms, three hundred sabers, about the same amount of holster pistols, eight government horses, and two ambulances loaded with valuable medicines. After paroling the prisoners they made a safe retreat to the Kentucky shore.

Clark and Patterson took a very active part in this movement, rolling logs on wagon wheels to represent cannon, and Patterson was especially active in paroling the prisoners.

When the command was safely in Kentucky again, they were to rendezvous at Slaughtersville. Clark and Patterson got leave to go home and spend the night, as it was not a great distance from where they lived. On the next morning, which was Wednesday, they started for Slaughtersville. If possible, I would like to stop this paper here, for the deed which was that morning committed makes one shudder for humanity. It was one of those terrible, dastardly affairs which occasionally occurred to mar the honest principles of the contending sections, and make us ashamed that in our time there lived such people. The truth must be told as I learned it, and if the victim, who yet lives, can forgive (which I am well assured he does), we can only remember it as a horrible circumstance of a cruel war. Our party was proceeding in the direction of their camp at Slaughtersville, with John L. Patterson ahead, and following at a great distance Jerome Clark and Captain George with probably a few recruits. Suddenly in front Patterson observed a body of horsemen, but thinking it likely that they were friends, he continued toward them. When closer, he found it was the enemy. Wheeling in the road (or lane, as it was) he was astonished to find, instead of friends coming, more Federal soldiers. But Patterson never thought of surrender without a fight, and again turning to the direction of Slaughtersville, he took his bridle reins between his teeth, and with a Colt's navy in each hand, he spurred his horse right up to the column, firing as he went and still pushing through. His audacity might have led to his escape if a soldier, whose name was — Hollis, on foot, had not rushed out from a fence corner and seized his bridle and brought his horse to a standstill. Finding further resistance useless, he surren-

dered. He had fired thirteen shots at the enemy, but does not know how much damage he did. On looking about him, he found that the party who captured him was the same that he had helped to *capture and parole* the Friday before in Newberg, Indiana, and were twenty-day Indiana volunteers under one Bethel. While seated on his horse, a man whose name I will not mention, but who is a Kentuckian and was acting as a guide to the Federal troops, rode up to the side of Patterson, and placing a pistol to his head, fired. The party threw Patterson's body over the fence and left the neighborhood. The place where he lay happened to be in a lot in front of a house. Two ladies found him after the enemy had gone and sent word to Johnson's company to come after him.

This all happened in the fore part of Wednesday, and on Thursday afternoon about two o'clock, Jerome Clark and a companion were on the ground. Patterson's brains were not blown out, as expected, but his eyes were entirely gone, the ball entering one and passing under the nose into and tearing away the other. He was taken to a place of safety and recovered.

The rage of Jerome Clark knew no bounds as he knelt over his beloved friend and realized what a dreadful fate had befallen him. He swore repeatedly he would never take another prisoner alive, and as soon as possible he left Johnson's command and started out on his mission of vengeance. In vain did Colonel Johnson beg and threaten, as did Mr. Patterson; he was determined, and knowing such conduct would not be tolerated in Adam Johnson's command or among his friends, he quietly stole away, and was not heard of more by his command save at long intervals, when the news of some daring deed would be spirited some way through the lines.

I have given this narrative like it was told me, and as a matter of history it will pass uncontradicted, as Mr. Patterson is not only thoroughly reliable, but has an excellent memory, and possesses great intelligence. If I am allowed to comment upon the matter at all, I would say that Clark being very young did not realize the terrible consequences he would bring upon his own head; that he was brave, none can doubt, for of all the throng who met death with calmness and steady nerve, none were more fearless than the McLean county boys.

FRED. JOYCE.

Youths' Department.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

THE BOY PREACHER AS A SOLDIER.

In the quiet village of Romney, West Virginia, surrounded by lofty mountains which guarded its peace, lived the hero of this sketch, Jemmy Ream, as he was familiarly known and loved by his comrades. His father had been an Elder in the Methodist church for many years, and his mother was a gentle, pious woman, to whose influence was, perhaps, due his choice of the Christian ministry as a profession. He was preparing himself for this calling when the war broke out, and it was in compliance with her wishes that he remained at his post, when his young companions were deserting everything else to take up arms in defence of their country, with many a conflict between his patriotism and that higher service of his Master. He warmly espoused the cause of the South, and did not repress his sentiments, which he knew would cause his arrest by the enemy if ever opportunity offered, and when Romney was occupied by Federal troops, in the second year of the war, he became a refugee, and joined the Confederate army, as a member of Company D, Eleventh Virginia Cavalry. Here his influence was apparent from the first; he was none the less a Christian because a soldier, but would reprove his comrades for swearing and other bad habits, reminding them that they might suddenly be called before the judgment-seat. His gentle manners, as well as courageous bearing, and prompt, cheerful discharge of every duty, so endeared him to all hearts that at the first vacancy in the company he was elected to the office of Corporal, and in every engagement Jemmy was foremost in the ranks.

A HORSE FURLOUGH.

In the fall of 1863, while encamped on the banks of the Hazel river, Ream, with about twenty of his men, was granted a horse furlough, or permission to go to their homes to procure fresh horses, as every Confederate cavalryman provided his own horse. Their homes were all within the enemy's lines, and it was suggested to them that an attack on the Federal pickets would be the best way to re-

mount the men, provided they could obtain the consent of the commanding officer. This was refused on the ground that an attack on the pickets might bring on a general engagement, but during his absence a few days after, it was found that the next officer in command approved the design, which Ream hastened to put into execution. It was agreed that he and his men should cross the river, in the darkness of the night, crawl through the picket line, and while a dash was being made in front, they were to come up in the rear and capture the reserve, consisting of about a squadron. Just as the moon rose, which was the signal for the attack, his captain with the rest of the company dashed into the river, the Federal picket in front firing on his advance, but ere the echo of his gun died away, could be heard the shout of Ream's men charging the reserve, and before they reached him he had captured or scattered the whole squadron, and in five minutes had mounted and equipped his command, without the loss of a single man.

STONEMAN'S RAID.

Not long after this exploit our command had fallen back, and the Rapidan river was the picket line between the armies of Lee and Meade. A large body of Federal cavalry, commanded by Stoneman, was sent to pass around our left flank and strike for Richmond, with a view of liberating their prisoners there. General Stuart being apprized of this movement, gathered up all the cavalry available in that part of the army, and attacked him at Jack's shop, in Madison county, Virginia, although his force numbered less than one-tenth of the Federals, his object being only to obstruct their march until the other troops could be brought up to the fight. It was like striking a huge serpent near the middle of the body; after the first shock the two ends began to coil around us on either flank. Ream's command was in the advancing columns, which at first found it easy work to drive the enemy, but when the flanks began to close in on this brave little band, Stuart saw their danger, and at once ordered a retreat. No sooner had they begun to fall back than the Federals pressed more vigorously, and it was not long before a ball from their carbines struck Ream in the back, ranging up toward his heart. The command was moving at a trot, and their first intimation that he was shot was seeing him jump from his horse and run along by its side. In reply to their question, "What is the matter?" he said, "Boys, I am shot; I'm afraid it is all over with me." The company at once halted, regardless of the bullets that were flying thickly around, and a dozen stalwart men rushed to lift him on his horse again, after

which the retreat was continued, they supporting him on each side, while he begged to be put down that he might die. It was found that he was rapidly sinking from loss of blood and one of the men taking him before him on horseback, with two others supporting, galloped off at a rapid rate to reach the ambulance and a surgeon.

A NOBLE DEATH.

The company came on more leisurely, and presently found him on the ground by the roadside, where, at his request, he had been put down to die. Amid a shower of bullets and the roar of artillery, they halted to bid him a final farewell. A more vivid picture of war could not be conceived. The two flanks of the enemy had met, and were pressing Stuart's little band from every side. In the road near where Ream lay was our battery; side by side stood the guns firing upon the enemy in our front and rear, mingling with the sound of musketry in the awful roar of battle.

As his comrades dismounted and bent over him to say farewell, he had words of love and consolation for each one. "Do not mourn for me, I am not afraid to die. Be true to our cause—it is right, and must prevail. Tell mother how I loved her, and that I have gone to meet father. Take this ring to S——; tell her that I loved her to the last." His only trouble was that he had been wounded in the back—he said that his body would bear the dishonor forever, although assured that it was no fault of his.

As the company was leaving him, several volunteered to remain with him at the risk of becoming prisoners of war, but he said: "No, I can live only a few hours, it is not worth the sacrifice."

We turned from him sorrowfully, leaving him to die alone and to fill an unknown grave; supported by a martyr's faith he passed from the battle-field to eternity.

COMPANY D.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.

DAN MUSIC'S DINNER.

Dan Music was a little mite of a fellow, a mere boy, with no beard upon his face, but in his heart all the mischief of the biggest sort of a man. He was at the bottom of more fun and practical jokes than any other member of our command, and his activity in that direction fully compensated for his deficiency in size.

On the 9th of March, 1863, the First Missouri Brigade was moving

from Grenada southward, in that memorable campaign which wound up in the surrender of Vicksburg.

We were marching among our friends and General Pemberton's orders against straggling were very strict and rigidly enforced, and which the field officers were specially called on to see was done.

Owing to our extreme desire to have these orders properly obeyed, Adjutant Greenwood and myself concluded we would ride around through the country, and, perchance, while keeping the boys from straggling, do a little straggling ourselves and see if we could not "light on" a good dinner.

We had a reasonable excuse for doing this in the fact that an officer on the march seldom gets dinner, unless he carries some "hard tack" in his pocket to be spliced with "sorghum" or "pine-top." The private fares much better, with his haversack stuffed with edibles. As we were riding along on the Clinton road, the Adjutant and myself, we espied a nice-looking farm-house at the lower end of a long slope nearly a mile ahead of us. He insidiously suggested *that* as our best chance for "grub." We rode up to the gate and raised our voices. A very nice-looking girl came out to see what we wanted. The lower part of her face was smooth and comely. The rest we could not see. She bashfully kept her huge sun-bonnet drawn down most provokingly.

Her modesty kept her presumably lovely eyes fixed on the ground, which considerably flattered us "bold soldier boys," as a coy damsel always does a forward man. She said that only she and her sister were at home, but if we could feed our own horses they would get us the best dinner they could. Upon this basis we dismounted and she returned to the house,

"Deuced pretty girl that," the Adjutant chuckled as we unsaddled, "I'll make love to her, sure."

The Adjutant was noted in our command as an accomplished "masher." When we went to the house the girls were busily engaged, both with their unsightly sun-bonnets still down over their faces, their long dresses sweeping the floor, and their sleeves drabbling in the dough, which latter I attributed to excessive modesty, as I had noticed that housewives when thus employed, generally rolled them up so as to show their dimpled arms, while our fair hostesses showed never a dimple, save on the chin.

With some surprise we also remarked their ignorance of location, exploring a barrel of soft soap in search of brown sugar and dipping into a lard keg for a measure of flour.

They made havoc among the chickens and added to them ham-sausage, dried beef, home-made cheese, and choice preserves. Indeed, the dinner was a gorgeous affair, and we did ample justice to it.

During the meal Greenwood, with his softest and most languishing smile, ogled the girl with the dimpled chin—he said it was—and at length said :

“Please tell me what your name is, sweetheart?”

“Madalene,” she answered, after some hesitation, in a sweet, but constrained voice, “but they call me ‘Mudgy’ for short.” Greenwood looked at me with a grimace, and then she added, “Don’t call me *your* sweetheart; I ain’t got none.”

The other girl, who was turning a hoecake, snickered.

We had finished; I was mounted, and still the gallant adjutant tarried. I supposed he was paying the bill until I got a glance of a struggle, a squeezing of hands, a brief surrender, and the unconcealed glee with which the taller sister witnessed these improper proceedings. She, the tall one, had been so demure, modest, and quiet—not a word spoken by her—that I was greatly scandalized and rode off sadly, as any good soldier would have done.

In a short time the adjutant overtook me in the very worst humor possible. “D—n it all,” he growled savagely, “that cussed Mudgy charged me seven dollars and a half.”

“What?”

“Yes, she did, and I had to pay it, too; could n’t help it.”

“Why could n’t you help it?”

“She whimpered so; said she thought we were gentlemen, that they had killed four dollars’ worth of chickens; pap wouldn’t like it anyhow, and he did n’t allow men to kiss her, and she’d tell her pap, that she would, and—and—well, I just *had* to pay her to make her shut up.”

About ten that night Adjutant Greenwood with several other officers and myself were sitting around our bright camp-fire listening to his glowing recital of the pleasant adventures of the day, the beauty of his rustic sweetheart “Mudgy” and the excellence of her cooking, but not a word of its cost. Little Dan Music stood by deeply interested and highly amused.

The tale had scarce been finished when one of General Bowen’s aids came up with an old man and said :

“General Bowen wishes you to make investigation of his complaint,” nodding at the old fellow, “as he lives on the line you marched to-day.”

"What is it?" I asked of the old gentleman, after he had taken a seat and warmed.

"Well, sir," he replied, "me and my wife, and my daughters went to the big road to see the army pass and while we were gone some of your fellows broke into my house, killed chickens, mussed up the sugar and lard, and cooked a meal big enough for forty men."

"How much did they damage you?"

"That I can not tell. They spoiled two nice dresses of the girls. I suppose from the looks, they put them on to cook in and didn't turn up the sleeves."

I looked at Greenwood. He had suddenly become very red in the face; the other officers smelled a rat of the biggest kind. Music abruptly departed.

"Where is your house situated?" I asked, after promising investigation and as the old man was leaving.

"Three miles back at the foot of the long slope on the Clinton road."

That settled it. I turned to the adjutant, he was intently studying the fire.

"I say, Greenwood, did you kiss that girl, sure enough?"

"Go to——" he answered fiercely and retired to his quarters, followed by roars of laughter.

HISTORY OF A BRANDED HORSE.

My name is Jerry. I have had several names, but this is the last one. I am fifteen hands high, of a dark-bay color, with a white spot on my neck. I am now about twenty-five years old. You need not wonder how I know my age! If you had had your mouth pulled open as often as mine has been, and had heard the learned talk about your age that I have been bored with, you wouldn't have to look at the family Bible or ask your mother to find out your age either.

I was born in the Piedmont country, of Virginia, a lovely place for colts, where the people treat a horse like a gentleman. I was permitted to run at will in a large pasture, and fed in a nice, clean stable in cold weather, till I was two years old. Then my young master used to ride me about the country, and we had some jolly trips to the village post-office. I was a gentle colt, and never had any tricks, except now and then when a hog would jump out of a

fence corner, or a dog run at me suddenly. As soon as I was well-broken my young mistress used to ride me to church, and on those occasions I always tried to see how well I could behave, and how gracefully and evenly I could canter. Miss May thought a heap of me, and often came into the stable and patted me with her pretty, white hand.

One day—how well I remember!—some people dressed in blue came to my master's house and took me away. Miss May cried, and begged the captain to treat me kindly. I didn't say anything, but I kept looking back at Miss May, and she knew I was trying to say good-by.

Well, real life began then. The first thing my new owner did was to tie me up and have branded on my left fore-shoulder the letters U. S., which I heard them say meant "Uncle Sam." After that I was going pretty much all the time. But I was well fed and could not complain. The part I hated most was the picketing and drilling. Often I was in battle, but I never got hurt, and sometimes it was jolly fun. My master was a very careful man, and never threw away his life or mine either. Just as soon as the rebs would turn their backs he would say: "Give it to 'em, boys," and then we would have a splendid race. After a while my master took me to a place where there was a fort, and I spent most of my time in the stable, and got all the fresh oats and hay I could eat. I grew fat and sleek, and was contented with my lot. There were some other horses in the same stable, and one mule. The latter was haltered next to me, and was the most discontented creature I ever saw. One day he kept braying so much that I actually wished the rebs had him. His restlessness made me anxious, and I began to think that a raid was brewing, or something just as bad. Sure enough the next morning, after I had finished my peck of oats and was licking my jaws, I heard, first a shout, then guns go off, and after that a whooping and yelling that made me tremble all-over-like. Presently the stable door flew open, and in popped a rebel officer. He looked around a minute, and then, what should he do but walk up to me and say: "Old fellow, I guess you'll do!" With that, he grabbed my halter, led me out the door, and, after saddling and bridling me, got on my back. I could hear the mule laugh as I went out, but he didn't laugh long before some rebs had him hitched up to an artillery wagon.

I now fought under a new flag, but I was always true to the old one. I don't think I saw a peck of oats from the time I was cap-

tured (fall of 1864), till after the surrender. I had to fight or travel all day, and at night do my own foraging. During the winter of 1864, many of my acquaintances died from the want of food. The stingy quartermaster said they died of lung-fever; but we all knew they starved to death. No eye ever saw such stuff as they gave us to eat; and when I recalled the nice, warm, well-stocked quarters they had dragged me out of, I just longed to be back again under the old flag. My master was kind enough to me, but a horse can't dine on kindness; and what did I care for the right of secession? I noticed that many of the rebel horses were branded, "C. S." I suppose that stood for secesh, but I never cared enough to ask.

After a while, I was taken and put into winter quarters, near Petersburg, Va. I just did manage to prolong life till spring, when one morning before day I left there in a hurry. I had lots of company—the whole of Lee's army. My blood fairly curdles when I think of the trip to Appomattox. But my master suffered too. One day, it was the day before the surrender, my master stopped inside of a field, near the road, and while talking with a passer-by, he left me to graze a little. The grass was horribly short and bruised too; so I kept moving around, looking for nice spots. By and by, a stranger jumped on my back and dug his heels in my side; I, of course, had to hurry off, though I heard my master yelling, "Stop, thief," behind me. My new owner ran me for about four miles, and we spent the night under a tree, in a lonely place. Next morning (the morning of the surrender), I was standing hitched to a fence, when I heard the voice of my master as he was passing. I nickered and tried to break away and get to him; but he saw me, and came up, saying, "Why, there is old Stonewall"—I forgot to say that my name had been changed from Grant to Stonewall—but I think he had better have called me Bonewall then, for my flesh was about gone.

After taking me to his quarters, he tied me to a tree, and there I lived on air and water for nearly forty-eight hours, with a mouthful of bark now and then that I tore off the tree. After my master was paroled, he took me to a place near the James river and turned me loose to graze in a pasture. Just as I was beginning to feel strong, a black-whiskered stranger came in the field and took me away up into the mountains. He carried me to a place they call Deserters' Cove, where there were three other horses, running loose in a small field. I saw there some thievish-looking men walking about the premises, and guns leaning up against the walls of the little cabin, where they slept. One day they all got on our backs and rode down the moun-

tain. As we turned the corner of the road, whom should I see coming but my master; when we got near, he stopped and told the man who was riding me that he was a thief; the man got mad and said some very bad words; I thought there was going to be a fight, but it all ended peacefully, and once more I was restored to my master. Then he took me to a beautiful country place and made a farm-horse of me. There I was called Billy.

I didn't fancy the new life. It was lonesome for one who had been used to so many companions. At first, I pretended that I couldn't pull, but there was a cruel colored man who would make my fur fly every time I balked. So I got to be such a good draft animal that the folks said Billy was the best horse on the place. There was another horse there whose name was Joe. He had been in the army too, and sometimes when we would hear guns go off in the pasture, we would fight our battles over again. We would charge across the field with our tails in the air and then charge back again to our old position. Sometimes, when I was grazing all alone, I would get to thinking and wonder where Miss May was. Nobody was ever as kind to me as she. After awhile my master quit farming and sold me to a stranger; he worked me so hard that I went blind, and then I was very unhappy. One day I was doing duty as off-wheel horse in a team of four. We were hauling logs to a saw-mill. The road was rough, and every time I stumbled the driver laid his whip across my back. All at once I heard a voice that made my heart go pit-a-pat; it was Miss May. She said, "It's a shame to beat that poor, blind horse so;" and then she said, "How much he is like the bay colt the Yankees took." Then the team stopped, and I felt her hand patting me as of old; she raised my mane and seeing there the birth-mark, she said: "Why, it is Jerry as sure as you live, papa." And so, to make a long story short, her father bought me and took me back to the home place, where I have been ever since. I no longer regret my blindness since it has restored me to my dearest friends.

OUR BOYS.—O, the boys! Yet, when we are ready to give them over and ask ourselves, in sheer despair, if they will never learn by cuffs and kisses to stand in awe of anything, all at once we see them hushed and tender, at the bedside of a sick mother, risking life and limb, to bring her wild flowers, and softening into tears at the mention of her name.

Taps.

A CAPTAIN of a militia infantry company was sent on a reconnoissance in the early part of the war. He was very fat and a great blusterer—could whip any member of his company in a fist fight. They traveled all night through the brush. About daylight it was thought discreet to take their bearings. The company was halted under an overhanging pine. An active fellow climbed up and immediately exclaiming, "Good gracious," descended rapidly. "Let me go up and take a look," said the valiant Captain. Pretty soon he descended, and every one was struck at the gravity of his demeanor and the expansion of his eye-balls. "Boys," said he, "the enemy are upon us. We want to get out of here. The fact is, we've got to do some tall running, and as I am the fattest and the shortest-winded man in the crowd, and besides am a little lame in my left foot, I must have a fair start, so just wait till you see them, and give one volley, and then follow me." With that he bounded off like a deer, followed by the whole command, who did not stand upon the order of their going.

JACK B. was the wit and clown of the company. He seldom laughed, and when he did, it was as if he despised himself for doing so.

One day Jack was on squad-drill. The sergeant was a close student of Hardee's Tactics, and fond of displaying his knowledge of the manual.

"Now, gentlemen," said the sergeant, suiting the action to the word, "stand with your feet at an angle of forty-five degrees, head erect, breast out, with the butt of the musket just the least bit below the hollow of the thigh—a leetle lower, Mr. B.," said he; "you'll find it will come much more natural."

"I don't care a continental," said Jack, "about its coming natural, just so it comes easy."

One day, when the war had lasted long enough to lose all of its features of romance, when it was a steady pull through stifling dust

and rays of a July sun: "Well, Jack," said one, "what do you think of war *now*?"

"All I've got to say," said Jack, bringing his musket to an order, "when they go to upset another government, I don't want them to call on me; 'if that be treason make the most of it.'"

SNAKES IN HIS BOOTS.—Lieutenant —— was drill-master. He could polish a steel bit or scabbard, or roll a blanket as neatly as any of the "Queen's Horse Guard," of which he had been. He messed alone—cause, a huge appetite, and personal want of regard for soap. One morning I met him standing with one boot on, the other lying about fifty feet away, and his *tout ensemble* of morning toilet in sorry plight. "What is the matter, lieutenant?" "The matter, is it? The devil's the matter, I'm thinking!" He pointed tragically at the boot, then at his log shanty. "Anything wrong?" "Wrong is it? Down with the sheebang; blow her up wid gunpowder; she's full of shnakes; look in my boot!" Sure enough, a little grass-snake had gone to bed in his boot, and the lieutenant put his foot in it. He felt the squirm, and his Celtic nature, disgusted, fled from boot and house with horror. The drill-master could face the foe, but could not foot a grass-snake.

WHILE the Confederate army occupied Bowling Green, the —— Kentucky Regiment was encamped some two miles below town at Ennis & Dishman's mills, and while there one M. W. was detailed to go to the regimental commissary to assist in bringing rations for the company, and among his stores was a camp kettle of nice potatoes, not down on the requisition; upon being asked where he got them, said in his natural peculiar way, "I went to the conersary to draw some visions, and seein' these taters I consecated them.

M. W. was, however, a good and gallant soldier, and could somehow manage to have a cross-cut saw, maul, and two wedges, and occasionally a fro carried, which were very useful in camp. He also carried, mostly himself, a four-gallon jug, to carry water to the ditches, during the long retreat from Dalton to Atlanta.

Adjutant Buchanan used to say he carried a sledge-hammer and anvil in his knapsack.

T.

Editorial.

CONFEDERATE REUNION AT RICH POND.

The reunion of Morgan's men at Rich Pond, Warren county, Kentucky, October 27, was, in spite of the inclement weather, a brilliant affair. The ex-Confederates who reached Bowling Green by cars the evening before, were handsomely entertained by the citizens, and forwarded in hacks to Rich Pond, about nine miles distant, the following morning. Dripping showers early in the day perhaps discouraged many; but enough gathered to make the event one of interest and importance. The grim veterans who had defied wind and storm so often under the gallant Morgan, were not to be dismayed by passing showers. At first they gathered in clusters to revive old jokes and fight their battles over again. Soon the groups lessened in number till there were only two, Hon. J. S. Blackburn occupying the center of one, General Basil H. Duke that of the other. As the shouts of laughter broke on the air from both it was difficult to tell where the most fun was, and many kept shifting from one to the other. In a short time dinner was announced and the crowd was invited by Mr. Jefferson Galloway, the moving spirit of the occasion, to fall to. Nothing could better show that there was peace in the land than the character of the delicious repast provided. It baffles description, but suffice it to say that the old soldiers did it full justice. While yet some lingered, the crowd was invited to come into a little church near by and hear the speeches. These were delivered by General Basil W. Duke and Hon. J. S. Blackburn. We give that of the former but regret that the reader can not have it as it was heard. The sparkling eye, the grace and eloquence of action, and the face all aglow with sympathy and affection for listening comrades, can not be set in print.

The speech of Mr. Blackburn was different, but of great power. The fiery vehemence for which he is so noted, in spite of the restraint he seemed to put upon it, at times broke forth into perorations of surpassing beauty. His sonorous sentences rolled along full of music, abounding in flights of fancy and golden truths framed in poetic

forms of speech; graceful thoughts followed each other in such rapid succession, and clothed in such ornate imagery that the hearer was amazed at the exhaustless store. His animated countenance kindling with the recollections of glorious days seemed to mirror a soul that strove to lay its proudest offerings at the feet of old comrades.

The occasion was one that permitted none but the noblest passions to be appealed to. It was to offer incense at the shrine of the honored dead, and to pluck from a precious past all that might lift us to a higher manhood, and most nobly was it improved by the orators of the day.

After the speaking the crowd rapidly dispersed, and soon a long line of carriages was bowling along back to the county-seat. The country passed through is as beautiful as ever the sun shone upon. No wonder that this lovely region bristled with armed men in defense of States' rights. If there is any power in soil, climate, and physical features to build upon local pride, that chivalry of character which inspires its possessor to contend for principles without counting the cost, here it flourishes in rich perfection.

In the center of this fertile and picturesque region is situated the thriving city of Bowling Green. Its neat streets, elegant homes, and beautiful suburbs, are indeed attractive; but the generous hospitality of its citizens is overpowering. Where all were so cordial it is hard to discriminate, but we can not refrain from a recognition of the kindness of Judge C. M. Thomas, Major J. D. Hines, and Colonel Geo. M. Edgar.

AMONG other matter that came too late for the November number was the continued story of "The Adventures of a Confederate," and a brief sketch of the life of General Cheatham, by Governor Porter, of Tennessee. They will appear in the December number.

ONE of the liveliest weeklies in the land is the Culpepper *Exponent* published at Culpepper C. H., Virginia. Though answering to roll-call in the Democratic ranks, it concerns itself chiefly about matters non-political. It is the especial advocate of low taxes, and of the destruction of giant monopolies. It makes vigorous war upon all forms of tyranny, whether in the shape of bossism, rings, or rich corporations. Let all who seek to know something of the tremendous issues which are now shaking Virginia to its center, subscribe for it.

ALL subscriptions to first volume of the BIVOUAC expired September 1st, 1883. Subscribers will please remit by postal order or postage stamps.

WE regret that so few communications as to the battles of the war are received from private soldiers. The request is again repeated that they furnish a partial record of what they saw. Because they necessarily understood little of the general movements is no reason why their evidence is unimportant. The best witnesses of the character of an action must be looked for in the ranks. If they are too modest to speak of themselves, that should not deter them from doing justice to comrades who are dead and gone. If they are too much engrossed with making money, let them remember that children often value the heritage of a gallant name more than houses and lands.

Upon this subject, the following lines from the graceful pen of Mrs. L. M. P. Henry, of the *Greenville Advocate*, expresses an appropriate utterance :

UNKNOWN.

The rebel guides a plowshare,
And he makes as straight a row
As his bullet made a furrow,
Through the rushing, charging foe:
Such men are not in places high
Nor on monumental stone,
But of grand and holy meaning,
They have made that word, UNKNOWN.

THE claim to social equality so boldly urged by the orators of the National Colored Convention, has been answered by a decision of the Supreme Court pronouncing the Civil Rights Bill unconstitutional in the States. Social equality has never been established by law in any age, though much has been done by law to produce inequality. The less legislation, therefore, upon this subject, the better for those who occupy the bottom rail.

AMONG the many distinguished officials who have visited the Southern Exposition, none made a more pleasing impression than Governor Bloxham, of Florida. His wide fame as a sage in politics, and as the leader in all that has contributed to the development of his State, made us expect to see a silver-haired Nestor. But, if he is not the youngest governor in the United States, then he must

have discovered that "fountain of perpetual youth," which Ponce de Leon so long searched for in the "Land of Flowers."

We have received much encouragement from the Press and other sources, for which we are grateful, and shall continue to make the BIVOUAC more interesting and valuable. To accomplish this we need the co-operation of its friends, not only in extending its circulation, but in contributing to its pages, and ask their assistance in both respects. Below are some of the most recent notices received.

I recently saw a copy of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC. Place me on your subscription list and send me all back numbers and volumes. You have struck the right vein, and too much can not be written.—*Col. Arnold A. Rand, Boston, Mass.*

I have no doubt the BIVOUAC will succeed in preserving in book form, for the benefit of those who will take our places, many stories and incidents of the war that would otherwise be lost even to tradition.—*Gen'l. S. G. French, Columbus, Ga.*

Will do anything I can to help the BIVOUAC along. Think it is just what we privates want, a means to let us write history as we know it. I will try and get some rough sketches from the boys if you will dress them up. All join me in kind wishes for the success of the BIVOUAC.—*Isaac T. Brady, Romney, W. Va.*

The SOUTHERN BIVOUAC for October contains the following interesting articles: 1. Battle of Missionary Ridge, Samuel R. Watkins and J. S. Jackman; 2. The Southern Dead, Alexander Evans; 3. Adventures of a Confederate; 4. Capture of the Forts at New Creek Station; 5. Capture and Escape of S. H. Nowlin; 6. The Pale Faced Man, Mrs. Amanda Keith; 7. The Silent Man of Company "D," Fred. Joyce.

Youth's Department—8. The Trouble of Getting a Railroad Pass; 9. What Became of the Dog, E. C. Colgan; 10. A Hog Story; 11. Squires' Bear; 12. Standing Picket; 13. Taps; 14. Editorial.

Many of these articles are really thrilling, and will be highly appreciated by those who have never seen service as well as by the veterans of the war. This magazine is acquiring a rapid popularity and a very extensive circulation throughout the country.—*Louisville Evening Post.*

The SOUTHERN BIVOUAC for October is on our table. As usual, it is full of interesting reading for the old soldier, for the Southern heroines of the war, and for the youth of the land to whom the great civil struggle is a tradition. The current number of this magazine publishes the names of over one hundred and fifty new subscribers, from all parts of the United States that have been added to its list since September, which shows that great success is attending the enterprise of the publishers. Another evidence of its prosperity is the marked improvement in its typography, material, and general get-up. It is now as handsome a piece of work as comes to our office. We have written to the publishers to obtain such terms as will afford the readers of the *Exponent* an opportunity to get this magazine on favorable terms. They have liberally of-

ferred to club the BIVOUAC with the *Exponent* so as to enable us to offer both for a year at the low price of two dollars. Any new subscriber to this paper can add fifty cents to the price of subscription and have the BIVOUAC and *Exponent* both; and any subscriber now on our list can have it on the same terms by paying his subscription for another year.—*Culpepper (Va.) Exponent*.

Thanks for complimentary copy of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC from the McDonald Bros., Louisville, Ky., who edit those charming pages which echo the soldiers' chat around the camp-fire. The survivors gather there, not to blow the mouldering embers into flame, but to keep alive precious memories of the loved and lost, to tell the joke that nerved the men to endurance when they joked with pale hunger and passed the dry canteen, to sing the old songs for posterity, to remember and love one another.—*Greenville (Ala.) Advocate*.

THE following names have been added to our list of subscribers since October 1st. We hope that each one of them, as well as all the old ones, will assist us in extending the circulation of the BIVOUAC; the larger its circulation the more interesting and valuable we can afford to make it. For each new name, and \$1.75, we will send one copy of the BIVOUAC for one year, and "Co. Aytch," advertised in this issue:

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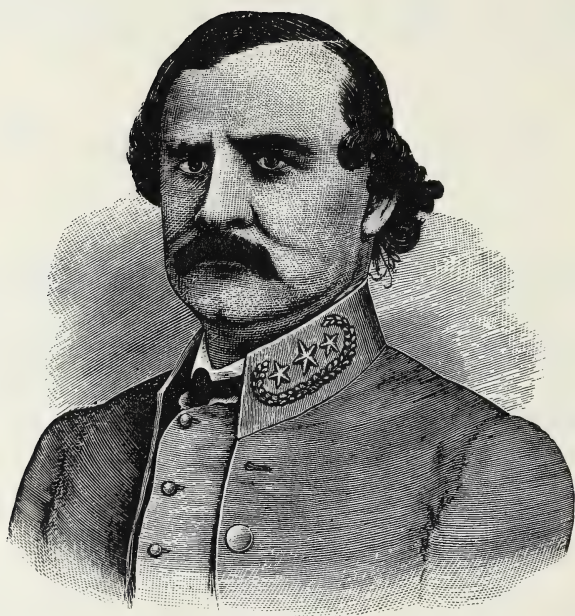
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GENERAL B. F. CHEATHAM.

THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1883.

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GENERAL B. F. CHEATHAM.

B. F. Cheatham was born in Nashville October 20, 1820. He was the son of Leonard P. Cheatham, postmaster at Nashville under President Jas. K. Polk's administration; his mother was Elizabeth Robertson, the granddaughter of General James Robertson, the pioneer of Middle Tennessee, and the founder of the present city of Nashville.

At the breaking out of the Mexican war, in 1846, he was among the first of the young Tennesseans to respond to the call for volunteers. He commanded a company, the Nashville Blues, in Colonel Wm. B. Campbell's First Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers. He shared its perils and followed its fortune, in the battles of Monterey, September, 1846, Vera Cruz, March, 1847, and Cerro Gordo, April, 1847. *At the battle of Monterey* his gallantry was conspicuous, and his action then as a youthful captain was significant of his future career.

Judge Robertson, one of the historians of the war with Mexico, states that when the order was given for the First Tennessee to assault the fort at Monterey, "Cheatham, catching the order, sprang forward to the charge crying out, 'come on men, follow me.'"

In his subsequent career, as commander of a regiment, brigade, division, and corps, his troops were stimulated by his presence and with the knowledge that he was there to lead them—not recklessly to a fruitless slaughter—but to execute orders, whatever might be the cost.

So distinguished were his services in the field, and so marked was the impression his strength of character made upon all, that in March, 1847, he was *unanimously elected colonel* of the Third Regiment Tennessee Volunteers. On its arrival at Vera Cruz in November, 1847, it was brigaded by General Wm. O. Butler with Colonel James H. Lane's Fifth Regiment of Indiana Volunteers, and Colonel Richard Waterhouse's Fourth Tennessee Volunteers.

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As commander of this brigade he was entrusted with the responsible charge of conveying through a broken country, infested by guerillas, the trains that carried supplies for Scott's army.

At the end of the Mexican war, crowned with honor and beloved by all his comrades, he resumed the pursuits of peace, and with characteristic energy devoted himself to the improvement of his estate.

More than a decade passed and again there was a *call to arms*. The old soldier who had followed his country's flag over the embattled plains of Mexico, who, with the joyous glow of youthful enthusiasm, had seen it so often wave in victory, was called upon to draw his sword against it. All the proud memories of early days protested. A loyalty that had been baptized with fire at Monterey and Cerro Gordo cried out against it. But he did not hesitate; though, like Lee, he deeply regretted the necessity that forced upon him a choice of evils.

At the beginning of the late civil war, in April, 1861, he was appointed by Governor Isham G. Harris a brigadier-general in the provisional army of Tennessee. After the transfer of the State forces to the Confederacy, he was appointed by President Davis to the same position in the Confederate States army. On the eighth of March, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of major-general.

In the organization of the Provisional Army of Tennessee, he was active, and established the camp of instruction at Union City, where he trained, disciplined, and equipped one of the finest bodies of troops, of all arms of the service, engaged in the late war. While in command of this camp, General Cheatham exhibited other great qualities outside of those of the mere technical soldier. The public mind was in a state of ferment, liberal men became violent and intolerant. Appeals were made to him daily, for the arrest of citizens suspected of disloyalty to the South; these appeals were frequent and persistent, but he had one answer to all: "This is a free country. Men must not be disturbed because of their opinions. If they are not in accord with us, all we can ask of them is to do no act of hostility during their residence inside of our lines. But I will not permit arrests for opinion's sake, and when the government of my choice requires it of me, I will abandon her service."

The district commanded by him contained a large per cent. of Union men, and this policy won many of them to our ranks and secured the good-will of all.

General Cheatham was one of the most provident soldiers. He was always on the look-out for clothing, for shoes, and for all possi-

ble comforts for his command. The result was, that his division was the best equipped one in the Army of Tennessee. If a surplus of any material was assigned to him, it was sent to the rear in charge of a disabled man until it was needed; his hospital stores were the subject of his greatest watchfulness, and were always in readiness. At Chickamauga, when the army began to maneuver for position, his field-hospital was located, and it was the only one on the Confederate side approaching completeness. It was so extensive and well-arranged that complaint was made at army headquarters that Cheatham had appropriated the stores of the army, when the fact was he had simply taken care of what had been allotted to him from time to time. His list of killed and wounded at Chickamauga numbered over nineteen hundred; there was a place for every one of the wounded at the field-hospital; not one was sent to the rear. They were cared for on the field, and the per cent. of deaths was insignificant.

Cheatham commanded his own division in the fullest sense. He had an eye to the quartermaster, commissary, and medical departments, and was thoroughly conversant with the details and wants of each, and regulated them all. The men observed this, and very soon were so identified with him in feeling and sympathy, that they knew no organization but his division, and to this day the veterans of his command will tell you that they belonged to Cheatham's division, never mentioning brigade or regiment. In action he fought them as one organization, and always had their trust and confidence. They learned at the outset of the war that he had no ambition to gratify beyond the discharge of duty, and that he would never sacrifice the life of a single soldier to advance himself.

General Cheatham moved his command to New Madrid, Missouri, in August, 1861, and, after a few weeks, under orders from General Polk, he took possession of Hickman, Ky., and, in a few days thereafter, occupied Columbus, Ky. The autumn of 1861 and the following winter were spent in fortifying Columbus, and in the drill and discipline of the troops. The battle of Belmont was fought in November, 1861. General Pillow was in active command of the troops. General Grant captured Pillow's artillery and forced him to fall back. Cheatham was ordered across the river without a command. He reformed several regiments and led them forward to the attack, and gave the Federal troops the impulse to retreat and abandon the field. The Tennessee Legislature gave him a vote of thanks for services at Belmont. He commanded a division with great dis-

inction at Shiloh; and at Perryville he was particularly distinguished, also at Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge.

After the battle of Chickamauga, General Bragg dissolved Cheatham's division, and gave him a division of troops from other States, allowing him to retain one Tennessee brigade, upon the alleged ground that so large a body of troops from one State in one division, promoted too much State pride at the expense of pride in the Confederate States. When General Johnston assumed command of the army at Dalton, one of his first acts was to restore the old organization.

The order to this effect created unbounded enthusiasm in the division, and with one impulse the men marched to army headquarters with a band of music and called for General Johnston. General Cheatham escorted him from his room to the front door, and presented him to his command with a heartiness as genuine as it was unmilitary. Placing his hand upon the bare head of the chief of the army, he patted it two or three times; looking at the men, he said: "Boys, this is old Jo." This was a presentation speech to captivate the soldiers' hearts; they called their own chief "old Frank," and it meant that here is another to trust and to love.

In the Georgia campaign his services were just as conspicuous. The repulse of the Federal assault upon his line at Kennesaw mountain, will always be remembered for its vigor on one side, and for the calm determination and stubborn resistance displayed by the other, made with numbers so superior as to appall any but troops under proper command.

General Cheatham was especially careful of the rights of citizens; trespasses upon their property were never permitted. He marched his command many hundreds of miles, and never permitted the destruction of a fence, or the unlawful appropriation of any species of property. Upon one occasion marching through north Georgia, an aged couple, man and wife, halted him in the early morning as the troops were moving out, and informed him that during the previous night all the sheep owned by them had been stolen by the soldiers; the entire army had camped around them, and they knew not against whom to charge it; the matter was hurriedly investigated, the loss was established. General Cheatham said to the old people, "can you replace the sheep?" the old man replied, "if I had the money I might do so, but it will take two hundred and fifty dollars, and I have not a dollar." There was no one present but the old couple, the General, and one other. The story of poverty was a touching one; the

general was visibly affected, and quietly drawing his pocket book, counted out the money in the hands of the old man, and mounting his horse rode away.

During the siege of Atlanta, the commanding general being disabled, Cheatham was taken from Hardee's and placed in command of Stewart's corps, and upon the assignment of General Hardee to the command of Charleston and its defenses, he was placed permanently in command of Hardee's corps, and so continued until its surrender. His assault of the Federal line of works at Franklin, Tennessee, with the divisions commanded by Cleburne and John C. Brown, was made with deliberation, and with full knowledge of its difficulties; it was executed with steadiness and determination, and with a valor not excelled in modern warfare.

He commanded his corps at the unfortunate battle of Nashville, and there and upon its retreat to the South, was the same gallant and watchful soldier.

After the close of the war, March 15th, 1866, General Cheatham was married in Nashville to Miss Anna Bell Robertson, a daughter of Colonel A. B. Robertson, for many years a leading citizen and successful merchant of Nashville.

Since the war, he has been a quiet, hard-working farmer. In 1872, he received the unanimous nomination of the State Convention of the Democratic party for Congressman of the State at large, and was defeated by the independent candidacy of ex-President Johnson, who carried just votes enough to secure the election of a Republican. Two years later, he was appointed Superintendent of Prisons by his friend, Governor James D. Porter, and held it for four years in the most acceptable manner; his first act of administration was to abolish the use of the lash, and if he had accomplished nothing more, this single act was enough to commend him to the good opinion of all humane people; but, with the aid of his enlightened assistants, he inspired the convicts to a new life by the practice of humane and friendly acts, taught them that they were not entirely friendless, and made them cheerful and ready to perform their tasks without an overseer.

General Cheatham is genial and affectionate, and has troops of friends; he is modest, and too unpretending. During the late war he never asked for promotion, and has never paraded his performances. If mistakes were made by his subordinates, he was always ready to overlook them, and this was the defect in his character as a soldier. On several important occasions he was made to bear the

burden of these mistakes, because, in the kindness of his heart, he would not expose their authors.

When the part taken by Tennessee in the late war is written, he will be named as her representative soldier and none can dispute his title.

"ZOLLICOFFER."

First in the fight, and first in the arms
Of the white-winged angels of glory,
With the heart of the South at the feet of God,
And his wounds to tell his story.

For the blood, that flowed from his hero heart
On the spot where he nobly perished,
Was drunk by the earth as a sacrament,
In the holy cause he cherished !

In Heaven a home with the brave and bless'd,
And for his soul's sustaining
The apocalyptic eyes of Christ—
And nothing on earth remaining,

But a handful of dust in the land of his choice,
A name in song and story—
And Fame to shout, with her brazen voice,
"He died on the field of glory!"

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

Two great battles of the civil war seem to command an especial interest denied the others. Many fields as bloody and not less important in results have passed out of the popular recollection, but the names of these are still familiar. While the memories of the dire struggle are growing dim even in the minds of its veterans, and a generation, which knew little or nothing of its actual conduct, regards its general history with the indifference the busy present usually feels for the dead past, there yet lingers a wish to hear all that may be told of Shiloh and Gettysburg, and something like the curiosity which contemporary events attract is entertained for them.

The ordinary incidents which in the imagination are attached to war and battle—the mere "pomp and pride" and conflict and car-

nage will not serve to explain this feeling. It is not because so many brave, ardent lives were lost on the slope of "Cemetery Ridge," or amid the tangled brakes of the "Hornet's Nest." Death was dealt as relentlessly in many another terrible engagement now forgotten or never mentioned; and the bitter, rankling animosity such sacrifices kindle, induces not a remembrance of particular combats so much as an angry recollection of the whole ghastly strife. The reason for it is to be found in the peculiar impression which these battles made upon the popular mind North and South when they were fought, and the associations which have always been connected with them. They excited something more than the hope or fear, exultation, disappointment, or resentment which reported victory or defeat ordinarily occasion. They were regarded as typical battles which might serve to illustrate how the tide of conflict would flow; and if the experience which both sides had acquired ere Gettysburg caused auguries more correct to be drawn from that tremendous trial, nevertheless the oracle uttered at Shiloh certain truths which could not be misunderstood.

Gettysburg was the first and the last real battle fought on Northern soil and within the territory of a State unquestionably loyal. When it was over, and General Lee retired beyond the Potomac, the North knew and the South was compelled to realize, that the war would be confined henceforth, as it had been before, to Southern territory. The one lost all fear of invasion, the other abandoned all hope of relief from the horrors of invasion.

THE FIRST SERIOUS BATTLE.

Shiloh was the first serious battle fought at all, either in the east or west. All those previously delivered were mere skirmishes in comparison. It opened the eyes of the people of both sections to the true nature of the business which they had on hand. It taught each the mettle of the other, and from that date Federal and Confederate entertained a wholesome respect for his adversary, very different from the vainglorious nonsense with which each took the field. The Northern soldier no longer anticipated an almost bloodless promenade to the Gulf, and an only ninety days' term of service. Gone and dissipated forever was the Southern soldier's pleasing delusion that "one of our boys" could "whip three Yankees." When that terrible grapple on the banks of the Tennessee had closed, the ground, "drenched with fraternal blood" and covered with more than twenty thousand dead and wounded men, bore startling testimony to

the character of the contest, and the boldest might well hold their breath, appalled at the fierce work of the future.

If, after Shiloh, the soldiers of the contending armies realized the sort of fighting which was before them; if the two peoples were no less thoroughly aroused to an appreciation of the tedious and tremendous strain to which their patience and energies would be subjected, it is also the fact that the respective governments knew, for the first time, how vast were the difficulties and strenuous the task with which each was confronted. In short, that which people, soldiery, and administration on either side had fondly believed would be a brief and almost bloodless campaign, resulting in easy victory and comparatively innocuous triumph, suddenly gave proof that it was but the beginning of a stubborn and exhausting warfare of years, the cost of which, in life and treasure, no man could compute. Both sides could find reason for pride in the conduct of the battle; but its result was, in some measure, a disappointment to each. The North, despite her measureless confidence in her resources and numbers and her just reliance on the resolution and fortitude of the hardy volunteers who filled her ranks, discovered that she had underrated her antagonist, and success, if certain in the end, was nevertheless remote. "The best proof of what conclusions were drawn from the conduct and issue of the battle, is found in the entire change of Federal tactics from that day. The bayonet was exchanged for the spade, and the grand march was turned into a siege of the South."

The South, on the other hand, learned there and then that the permanent invasion which she deemed impossible was an accomplished fact; that the Federal columns which had penetrated her territory were not to be so inevitably routed and rolled back so soon as struck by her massed armies, as she had implicitly believed. The extent and tenacity of the Northern purpose was suddenly revealed to her, and history will record of her people that, putting aside the dreamy folly and braggart humor of the earlier days of the Confederacy, they bent their whole strength to an effort indeed worthy to be called heroic. General Albert Sidney Johnston had been, immediately upon his arrival at Richmond, assigned to the command of "Department Number Two," embracing the whole territory of the Southern Confederacy west of the Alleghanies. Early in the fall of 1861 he established his line in Kentucky, with its center at Bowling Green, and stretching from the Virginia border to Columbus, on the Mississippi river. He was never able, however, to collect troops in sufficient force to adequately man this line without

being compelled, in so doing, to strip every other important point in his department of necessary garrisons. This position, in some respects strong and advantageous, had one serious strategic defect. The Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, emptying into the Ohio, their mouths in the possession of the Federal forces, might, at any time, be ascended by gunboats and fleets of transports carrying an army larger than Johnston's entire effective force; and if a combined attack, by land and water, on the forts erected to guard these streams should be successful, the integrity of the Confederate line would not only be so compromised as to compel a retreat, but, unless that retreat was prompt, rapid, and continued until General Johnston again confronted the invading army, the latter might penetrate into the very heart of the department, and, effectually preventing any concentration of the troops organized for its defense, easily beat them in detail, or compel their disbandment. This part of the line was, in fact, attacked and broken. In February, General Grant assaulted and with the aid of the gunboats reduced both forts—Henry, on the Tennessee, and Donelson, on the Cumberland—capturing the garrisons, amounting, in the aggregate, to very nearly one-third of the whole effective strength which General Johnston had, at any time, been enabled to make available for the maintenance of his line. General Johnston instantly evacuated Bowling Green; indeed, he commenced his retreat before the fall of Donelson, and the only policy which offered any hope of remedying the great injury inflicted on the Confederate arms in that quarter was, without hesitation, adopted. Comprehending the full extent of the disaster just suffered, and of the impending danger, he acted with the promptness, decision, and energy which characterize great commanders.

He perceived, with quick and clear sagacity, that Kentucky and Tennessee were alike lost to him by the blow which had just fallen on his left flank. They could not be saved, but they might be regained.

But an even greater peril and more irretrievable disaster menaced his department. The fall of Fort Henry having given the Tennessee river to the use of the Federal generals, it was certain that they would promptly transport an army to the point most available for further rapid and decisive offensive operations. He at once divined that their plan would be to seize Corinth, at the junction of the Mobile & Ohio and Memphis & Charleston railroads. The forces intended for that operation, he felt sure, would be disembarked at Pittsburg Landing, thirty miles from Corinth. If Corinth was occu-

pied by these forces, while he still lingered in Tennessee with the troops which had been stationed at Bowling Green and the other points in Kentucky, all chance of concentrating his army, of massing all his available strength, would, as has already been indicated, be lost; he could never hope to be in a condition to deliver successful and decisive battle, and his scattered fragments would become hopelessly fugitive, or, one by one, fall easy prey to vastly superior numbers. There is good reason for believing that even previous to the capture of Henry and Donelson, and three months before the battle of Shiloh, General Johnston had foreseen the military situation which I have attempted to describe, and even predicted that battle and its exact locality. Colonel Frank Schaller, who commanded the Twenty-second Mississippi Infantry and than whom no more intelligent and reliable officer nor honorable gentleman served in the Confederacy, has written this singular and interesting statement of a conversation which occurred at General Johnston's Headquarters at Bowling Green, in January, 1862, between Generals Johnston, Bowen, and himself:

"The engineers who had been ordered by General A. S. Johnston to survey the course of the Tennessee river as far as Florence, Ala., where its navigation is impeded, had completed their labors and submitted a fine military map to the general commanding. In front of this map the General and Colonel Bowen were standing, the former giving evidently an explanation of its military position. In the course of their conversation General Johnston directed Colonel Bowen's attention to a position upon this map, which had been marked by the engineers 'Shiloh Church,' and concluding his remarks, he laid his finger upon this spot, and quietly but impressively pronounced the following words, or words to this effect: '*Here the great battle of the South-west will be fought.*'

Colonel Tate, of Memphis, relates a conversation which clearly shows that this purpose was formed by General Johnston at an early date. He says: "As soon after the fall of Donelson as practicable, I repaired to General A. S. Johnston's headquarters, to confer with him as to his probable future wants in railroad transportation, my appointment on his staff having been made, as he informed me, principally with reference to this branch of duty. I met him at Murfreesboro, where he had arrived the day previous. I well remember our interview which began by my frankly avowing no wish to inquire into his future plans, but that I thought it my duty, under the changed state of the campaign since I had seen him, to learn as far he as

thought proper to inform me, what provision he desired me to make, if any, in my transportation department, for the use of his army. He replied: 'I have no desire to conceal my plans from you. It is my purpose to concentrate all the troops which the government will permit at Corinth, and there, or in that vicinity, fight a decisive battle as soon as possible.'"

There can be no doubt, therefore, that his evacuation of Nashville immediately after that of Bowling Green, and the prosecution of his rapid retreating march, until, withdrawing every armed man from Tennessee, he had gotten his army, with a celerity astonishing when the circumstances are considered, to Corinth, was in pursuance of a plan carefully thought out weeks or months before the emergency actually arrived. On the 27th of February, he wrote Mr. Benjamin, the Confederate Secretary of War, that he was about to move to the defense of the Mississippi valley, and for that purpose would cross the Tennessee river near Decatur and effect a junction between the forces of which he was in immediate command, and those under General Beauregard at Columbus and Jackson. March 7, his Chief of Staff telegraphed General Beauregard: "The general understands that detachments for this army are coming east. Will you order none to pass the line of road running to Corinth?"

Columbus was evacuated March 2, and its garrison and all the troops under General Beauregard's command were at once directed to Corinth. Thither General Bragg was also ordered with the troops which he had collected and organized at Pensacola, Mobile, and New Orleans. He arrived shortly after the evacuation of Columbus. Price and Van Dorn were also called from Missouri, but only one regiment of these trans-Mississippi levies reached the theater of war in time to take part in the battle for which these preparations were being made. On the 25th of March the concentration of the Confederate forces was completed, and their commander resolved to assume the immediate offensive, conscious that he could hope little further accession of strength from delay, while every day would add largely to the number of his enemy. While these movements were in progress on the part of the Confederates, General Halleck, who had been placed in command of all the Federal armies in the West, appears to have been in doubt, and therefore indecisive and dilatory. With a general purpose of aggressive operations, he seems to have halted between various opinions, and to have been reluctant to commit himself to any definite and positive plan. It can scarcely be doubted that had he resolved instantly upon the fall of Forts Henry

and Donelson and the opening of the Tennessee, to strike at Corinth, he could have done so successfully. Fort Donelson fell about the middle of February. Henry had been taken some days previously. General Badeau, speaking of the capture of Donelson, and the forces engaged there, says:

“On the last day of the fight Grant had twenty-seven thousand men whom he could have put into the battle; some few regiments of these were not engaged. Other re-enforcements arrived on the sixteenth, after the surrender, swelling his numbers still further.”

The entire fleet of gunboats and transports was free to be employed on either river, and both were open and safe. General Halleck had at his disposal other troops which could have been immediately united with those already with General Grant, making the latter's column fully fifty thousand strong. It does not appear that there was any difficulty on the score of supplies, or that these forces could not have been moved then as easily and conveniently as three weeks later. If Halleck had appreciated the situation as instinctively and thoroughly as Johnston did, the battle of Shiloh would never have been fought; the delivery of battle on a grand scale would have been rendered impossible to the Confederates of the West, and the greater portion of the territory included in Johnston's department would have been promptly reduced to submission, or, if resistance had continued, it would have been, not regular and organized, but a guerrilla warfare. A glance at the map will show the reader that from Fort Henry—only some twelve miles distant from Donelson—the Federal forces had a direct water route to Pittsburg Landing, only thirty miles from Corinth, shorter by more than one-half than the distance which Johnston was compelled to march by land in order to reach the same objective point. Moreover his line of march was necessarily circuitous, and Buell, had that general been instructed to press him vigorously, might possibly have intercepted him at Decatur with an army superior in numbers and material. At any rate, it may be confidently asserted that a rapid and determined movement for the seizure of Corinth, inaugurated on the 18th of February with the troops which General Halleck had readily available for any service upon which he might choose to employ them, must have succeeded. General Johnston could not possibly have reached Corinth in time to meet it, and Beauregard was numerically too weak to have opposed or even temporarily delayed it.

But instead of one vigorous and resolute operation conducted with his collected, concentrated strength, Halleck projected two partial

movements, and actually directed a feeble and incomplete execution of that one which promised the more important and decisive results. On the 18th of February he sent Pope against New Madrid with eight divisions, aggregating probably not less than twenty-five thousand men. This was the sheerest waste of time and effort, for Corinth in his possession, New Madrid, Memphis, and every point of like situation would have fallen into his hands as a matter of course; if not evacuated their capture would have been certain and easy. It was not until the 10th of March that Grant's column was pushed up the Tennessee, and on the 13th four divisions were assembled at Savannah, seven miles below Pittsburg Landing. But the instructions given General Grant by Halleck were more like those intended to prescribe the work of a cavalry raid, than to direct an army in a great and decisive operation. He said: "The main object of this expedition will be to destroy the railroad bridge over Bear Creek, near Eastport, Mississippi, and also the connections at Corinth, Jackson, and Humboldt. It is thought best that these objects be attempted in the order named. Strong detachments of cavalry and light artillery, supported by infantry, may, by rapid movements, reach these points from the river without very serious opposition. Avoid general engagements with strong forces. It will be better to retreat than to risk a general battle. This should be strongly impressed upon the officers sent with the expedition to the river. General C. F. Smith, or some very discreet officer, should be selected for such commands. Having accomplished these objects, or such of them as may be practicable, you will return to Danville and move on Paris."

There may have been sound military reasons why such a programme was safer and surer of successful fruit, than the establishment of the strongest Federal army which could have been collected at Corinth, which should not have avoided battle with the scattered Confederate fragments, but should have improved every opportunity to strike them. Possibly the difficulty of supplying such a force from the river may have been deemed a grave one, and, with similar objections, may have prevented its serious consideration; but General Johnston feared just such an occupation of Corinth, when he strained every nerve to reach that point before a general concentration of all the Federal masses should suggest, and, in a measure, compel the movement in spite of every seeming difficulty.

Colonel William P. Johnston, in his excellent biography of his father, has carefully compared all the data, and has written an elabo-

rate and very able narrative of this campaign. He says, in relation to the question I have been discussing :

“Halleck’s ultimate objective point was Memphis, which he expected to reach by forcing a column down the Mississippi, and the movement up the Tennessee was, at first, only subsidiary. It was meant to cut the communications from Memphis east, and to prevent re-enforcements to the Confederates on the Mississippi. Afterward, when the concentration at Corinth was reported to him, with wonderful exaggerations of the Confederate strength—one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand men—he determined to mass Buell and Grant against the army at that point, and Buell was ordered, March 15th, to unite his forces with Grant’s, a movement previously suggested by him.”

But events were controlled and the strategic situation determined by a law as certain and irresistible as that of gravitation, and in the latter part of March, 1862, two great armies were massed in this vicinity—the one to assail, the other to protect the vitally important system of communications, of which Corinth was the key.

THE BATTLE GROUND.

The ground upon which the battle of Shiloh was fought is situated upon the south bank of the Tennessee river, and is inclosed between two small streams, tributaries of the Tennessee, which, rising in the swampy region between Corinth and that river, flow nearly parallel to each other in a north-easterly direction. The names of these two little muddy affluents of the Tennessee, Owl creek and Lick creek, have become historic, for along their banks came the impetuous Confederate attack ; between them stretched the stubborn Union line, when, after its first recoil from the unexpected rush of its foe, it settled down to its work of tenacious resistance ; within the limited area which their sluggish waters define was fought out one of the fiercest and, for the numbers engaged, bloodiest struggles of modern warfare—that marvelous combat wherein two newly-levied and untrained armies delivered or sustained an energetic and unintermitted conflict of two days ; in which raw recruits, as yet scarcely initiated in the usages of the camp and totally inexperienced in the ordeal of battle, strove with the unflinching constancy of veterans accustomed to victory and a spirited, bitter combativeness almost exceptional.

These creeks are about three miles apart at the point where the battle commenced, the distance between them widening as they approach the river to some five or five and a half miles. Lick creek,

upon which the Confederate right rested, flows from this point in an almost direct and undeviating course to the river, while Owl creek trends suddenly and sharply northward. The Tennessee river, making an abrupt bend some four or five miles above Pittsburg Landing, and perhaps two above the mouth of Lick creek, flows almost due north for eight or ten miles. Shiloh church, from which the battle took its name, is about two and a half miles west of Pittsburg Landing, and nearly equidistant from the two creeks.

The ground thus included between the two small streams, so often mentioned, and the river, is a plateau elevated some eighty or one hundred feet above the immediately surrounding country. The Federal army was assembled here, consisting of the six divisions of Sherman, Hurlbut, Lew. Wallace, W. H. L. Wallace, Prentiss and McClernand. It was commanded by General Grant, whose headquarters were at Savannah. The strength of this army, like that of its antagonist, has been variously estimated. General Sherman, in his memoirs, states that the five divisions actually engaged, exclusive of Lew. Wallace's, "aggregated about thirty-two thousand men." He furnished no field return, however, even of his own division, and his estimate must, therefore, be taken as merely conjectural.

General Buell has estimated its numbers at sixty thousand, an aggregate of all arms, and of the sick and detailed men, as well as the effective file; but the best and most accurate data, furnished by the reports filed in the office of the Secretary of War, indicate that General Grant commanded at the date of the battle, forty-nine thousand three hundred and fourteen men, present and fit for duty, from which, to arrive at the numbers which actually participated in the first day's fighting, must be deducted the division of General Lew. Wallace, fully eight thousand strong. It will be shown that the attacking Confederate forces numbered but a few hundred less than forty thousand men; so that on the first day of Shiloh the contending armies were very nearly equal in numerical strength.

PURPOSE OF GENERAL JOHNSTON.

General Johnston arrived in person at Corinth on the 24th of March, and immediately applied himself to preparation, not for defensive operations, but for attack. To assail Grant first, Buell afterward, beating both in detail, was the plan, to accomplish which he bent every energy of a strong will and commanding, resourceful intellect. He had resolved to turn his retreat into an advance; and, his concentration successfully effected, he had "wisely determined," said General Bragg, commenting subsequently upon his policy, al-

though "against the advice of some of his best and ablest commanders," to assume the aggressive, "and there risk his own fate and that of the cause he sustained."

He had quite accurate information of the Federal movements, and a very fair idea of the strength of the forces at Pittsburg Landing. He knew that Buell was approaching with an army nearly as large as that of Grant. Although Buell brought to Shiloh less than thirty thousand men, he had commenced his march from Nashville, on the 15th of March, with a much stronger column, reduced to the figure just given by detachments, the most important of which was one of eighteen thousand men, dispatched under General Mitchell to threaten Florence. Despite his lively appreciation of the value of time, and necessity of prompt action in order to anticipate Buell's arrival and strike the blow he meditated against Grant before the latter's strength was doubled by the coming re-enforcements, Johnston was compelled to give nearly ten days to the organization of his army, hastily assembled as it was from so many quarters; nor could he venture to move until its equipment and armament had been carefully revised, and the absolutely necessary transportation provided. It may be remarked just here that the expression so often used about the troops of both these armies, that they were "raw" and inexperienced men, is true in the fullest and most literal sense. Very few of them had ever been under fire, and those who could boast that record doubtless were afterward inclined to think that such combats as Belmont and Donelson were scarcely antetypes of Shiloh. Many of them had been furnished their arms only a few weeks previous to the date of the battle, and while all of the regimental organizations had received some instruction and drill, perhaps none had reached any marked degree of proficiency. But they possessed natural qualities which largely compensated for this deficiency in matters even so important. They were all of that breed of born soldiers—the early volunteers—who rushed to the field long before the draft or the conscription had been thought of—the flower and expectancy of the population of both sections. Discipline and veteranship were yet to render these blue clad and gray jacketed ranks well-nigh invincible, but even in this period of callow soldiership their high spirit, native courage, and untaught prowess made them ready, rapid, and formidable combatants.

Although Buell had marched very rapidly for some two weeks after he started from Nashville, he was not urged to unusual activity as he neared the scene of impending conflict, and, indeed, received

instructions from General Halleck calculated to induce the impression that General Grant was in no danger of attack, and to delay rather than hasten his arrival.

Colonel Johnston, speaking of the period occupied by his father at Corinth in the preparation for the dash upon Grant, says: "It was known that Buell was advancing, and the time taken for reorganization and armament had to be measured by his movements. If these would permit it, a little time would make the Confederate army, re-enforced by Van Dorn, compact and terrible. If, however, he pressed on, the blow must be struck without waiting for Van Dorn.
* * * The attack was ordered within two hours after Buell's advance was reported."

On the 3d of April orders were issued to the Confederate corps commanders to hold their men ready to march at a moment's notice with five days' rations, and one hundred rounds of ammunition. In the afternoon of that day the movement began. While the country between Corinth and Pittsburg Landing is intersected and crossed by a multitude of roads, they are, for the most part, so small and rugged as to afford little convenience to marching columns, and so constantly run into and merge with each other as to render them, in a great measure, useless to facilitate rapidity and freedom of movement on the part of troops advancing by means of them. A heavy and continuous fall of rain about this time contributed to make them still worse, and they became, indeed, almost impassable to those in the rear. These disadvantages, combined with the inexperience of both men and officers, rendered the march much slower than was expected, and produced a delay which proved fatal to General Johnston's plan. Hardee, in command of the Third corps, marched in advance by the Ridge road, known as the Bark road, after passing Mickey's. General Bragg, with the Second corps, marched by the direct road to Pittsburg, passing through Monterey. One of the divisions composing General Polk's corps (the First) was instructed to follow Hardee, on the Ridge road, at a short interval, but to halt at Mickey's, where the Monterey road intersects the Bark road, in order that Bragg's corps, when it reached Mickey's, might fall in immediately in the rear of Hardee's, as it was intended that it should form the second line of battle. The other division, under Cheatham, had been on outpost duty on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, at a point about fifteen miles from Mickey's. He was ordered to be in position as the left wing of Polk's corps (the third line of battle), on the morning of the 5th. The reserve, consisting of three brigades under

Breckinridge, was ordered to move from Burnsville at three A.M., April 4th, and march through Monterey to Mickey's. This position, known as "Mickey's," was, it will be seen, the point of concentration. It is about seven miles from the river, and General Johnston intended that his entire strength should be arrayed there by three or four A.M., on the morning of the 5th, and should instantly move to the attack. He thus hoped to commence the battle at least two days before the arrival of Buell.

The terrible condition of the roads, however, certain misapprehensions of orders, and the inevitable confusion attendant upon the first movement in mass of a raw army, just organized into divisions and corps, cost him precious time. Two corps, and part of another, were on the ground assigned them by nine A.M. of the 5th, but all had not come up, and the lines were not formed until four P.M., too late to begin the battle on that day.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ADVENTURES OF A CONFEDERATE.

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

We left Captain Ross descending the lookout tree, near the Indian encampment, upon the island in the sawgrass. Toward the north and north-east dense masses of smoke were slowly ascending, while the fierce crackling sounds of the leaping flames, as they surged madly on through the dry sawgrass, could be plainly heard by the anxious rangers, as they remained grouped around the root of the tree awaiting their captain's descent. The captain's heart beat quickly within his breast; not with cowardice, for that was an emotion of which he was as wholly void as any man living, but with excitement born of the surrounding circumstances, and the fear lest the time for averting the impending danger was too limited for action. He, therefore, came down with all the haste possible, entirely regardless of torn clothes or scratched limbs; his only object was to reach the ground in the quickest period of time. His mind was in active operation during his descent, and by the time he touched the ground he had formed his plan of operations. The men at the creek would have to shift for themselves. One of the fastest runners in the command had been sent to warn them of the approaching danger. The moment the captain was on his feet he directed his men, in those short, quick, and sharply-defined tones of command, born of moments of excitement and which brook no delay in execution, to betake

themselves rapidly to the northern side of the island, and prepare to fight the new foe who had thus presented himself with such fiery impetuosity. The men understood what was meant, as it were, by intuition. Many a time in the old days had they fought fire with fire, in the defense of their homes and fields, for it is a custom originating, perhaps, with the hunters and herdsmen of Florida, to fire the woods every spring, thereby burning off the old and toughened grass and herbage, and preparing the way for a new growth of young and tender shoots, to supply the wants of the cattle and game. It, therefore, needed but the word of command to give direction to their energies. It needed but a word of information as to the nature of the danger approaching them to suggest to their minds the necessary preventive; so that when the word of command fell from the lips of their captain a short and rapid run brought them to their posts on the edge of the sawgrass, and, scattered along its margin, every man was soon engaged in clearing a narrow space between the grass and the wooded island, preparatory to laying a train of fire; and before the circumstance could be accurately described a half-dozen men could be seen running along this cleared path with blazing palmetto leaves, strewing the fire along its outer edge among the sawgrass, while others stood ready with green branches, broken from the neighboring bushes, to beat out such patches of fire as might cross the cleared space and seek to reach the island. It was not long in catching, and pretty soon a great wave of flame could be seen rolling away from the island, going to meet that other tide of fire which now, but a short distance away, was approaching with giant strides, and threatening destruction to every obstacle opposing its onward progress. This process of fighting fire with fire was carried on until the island was made perfectly safe from the destroying element; but the smoke was suffocating. It penetrated and settled everywhere. It finally became so overpowering that the only relief open to the men was by lying prone upon the ground. The only pure air to be had was next to the surface of the earth. All other places were swallowed up in the dense masses of curling and eddying smoke, which nearly hid the heavens from view, and rendered life almost unbearable. But the results achieved were successful. The fires met, and, consuming all else, were themselves consumed by the lack of fuel. But it was some time before the smoke cleared away and the ground became sufficiently cooled to be walked over. In the meanwhile, the killed were buried. After this was done the word of command was given to get ready for marching, and soon the company were seen picking their way gingerly along the

path they had come toward the creek where the guard had been left. How different the scene looked to what it had as they passed over it in the morning. Where had waved the tall, green-gray grass nothing could now be seen, as far as the eye could reach, but a black and smoking plain. It appeared as though the whole earth had been bereft of its vegetation by the consuming fire, while up in the blue sky a black speck was seen, then another, and another, until in the space of a half hour the whole northern sky seemed darkened with hordes of vultures swooping down in search of the prey which their instinct taught them had been left in the destructive path of the fire.

The rangers were soon at the bridge where they found their comrades safe. These had secured themselves from the fire by getting down into the creek under the logs composing the bridge, where they were comparatively safe from the fire, but were very muddy and wet from their waists down. They had been compelled to remain in the water until the fire passed over. After a short march they reached the open prairie at the spot where the horses had been left, but neither man nor horse was visible, look they ever so much.

"What in the world can have become of our horses?" said Dolly Golding. "Right here is whar we left 'em."

"Take a good look, Tom," said the captain, "all around. I believe you have the best pair of eyes in the command. Can you see them?"

Tom strained his vision around the entire horizon, but not a living thing met his gaze.

"I can't see a thing of 'em, cap'en," he observed after a long pause. "They must have gone off in this direction," pointing toward the swamp after scanning the burnt ground sharply. "Here's tracks moving off that way, but they must have been done before the fire. They was done before the fire, for see here, cap'en, whar the burnt grass is leaning over untrod in these here horse-tracks. And Dolly, here's your old mare's track; see the print of her broken hoof. This way, boys, here they goes," and Tom moved off, head bent, toward the swamp.

"I don't understand this movement," said Lieutenant Weeks. "You gave them positive commands, captain, to keep in the open prairie, and here we find them doing directly the opposite of what they were told to do."

"Well," said Tom, "my own opinion is, the fire run them in thar, and we'll find 'em safe and sound enough when we reach the swamp. They may be on the other side waiting for us. There may

be some Injun deviltry in all this, for aught we know. But let's look first and talk arterward." And Tom increased his stride, for he was becoming quite anxious about the horses. It wouldn't be a very pleasant thing to be left in this wilderness without horses and without eatables. Everything they had, except their guns and ammunition, was with the horses. Should they be separated from these for any length of time, they would, indeed, be in a poor condition.

"By golly!" said Golding, "I ain't got even a chew of terbacker. The last piece I had, Tom and I chewed while we was fighting that infernal fire. What'll we do, boys, in case the horses has left us in the lurch?"

"Come, come, Dolly, don't you go to prophesying evil," said Sergeant Wall, "it's bad enough without croaking. I guess the horses is all right."

"But how can they be all right," replied Dolly, "if you can't see nothing on 'em. Where do you think they are hid, sergeant?"

"Why, it's my idee," answered the sergeant, "that we'll find 'em in the swamp."

"That ain't likely," cried Dolly, "cause if they were thar we'd a seen something of them before now. The fire is done burning, and it's about time they should be on the lookout for our return; but cuss me if there's a hide or a hoof to be seen anywhar. It's my opinion the Injuns have got ahead of them boys, and them horses has been driv somewhar."

The conversation was here interrupted by the captain calling a halt. His suspicions had become aroused and he deemed it best to act carefully. They were now nearing the swamp and it was best to be on the watch against surprises; so he called a halt and ordered Corporal Golding forward with a detail of skirmishers. The corporal deployed his squad and moved cautiously forward. When within a hundred yards of the brush he ordered a double quick, and under a sharp run the men gained the covert without developing the enemy or any other cause of alarm. They were soon followed by the main body. The swamp was penetrated and passed through, but no discovery made; but when the troop issued from the farther side, they were attracted by the swarms of vultures (the tropical buzzard) which were circling and descending to the ground some quarter of a mile off in the open prairie. They could see things upon the ground around which the buzzards were flopping and fighting, but what they were, the distance was too great to distinguish, nor, though speculation was rife, did any one of them form the slightest idea as to the

reality of what had happened. Not one of them had the least suspicion of the truth as it lay exposed in the open prairie. On a line with the buzzards and toward the north-east, they could see moving objects, which they at once concluded were the horses they were seeking. With one accord they marched briskly forward, and soon were near enough to see what it was the buzzards were after. And oh, ghastly sight! There lay the corpses of five of their comrades, and the dead bodies of seven of the horses.

Tom was the first one to reach the spot. "Here has been bloody work, captain," he said; "those red devils have sarcumvented the boys in some way. See, captain, here's poor Johnny Clifton, one of the best and lightest-hearted boys in the whole company—poor Johnny!" and the honest fellow wiped a tear from his eyes with the rough sleeve of his jacket; "what'll his poor mother do now? Johnny was the only child the widow had."

"Too true," said Captain Ross; "poor boy! Who will tell his mother of her great loss? The last thing she said as we came away was, 'Captain, be kind to my boy; he is the widow's son, and the only prop of my old age.' And now he lies there cold and stiff—food for the vultures, if we had not found him in time."

The men gathered around, their hearts filled with grief, for they all loved Johnny. His bright face and pleasant laughter had cheered and encouraged them many a time when tired and worn out they felt downcast and solemn. His patient courage and cheerful performance of duty had shamed many an older man who felt discontented and rebellious. There he lay—dead—and beside him four of his comrades. Their position and the surrounding circumstances showed that they had lost their lives in the discharge of their duty, but the loss of none of them affected the troop so powerfully as did that of poor Johnny Clifton. Their tender melancholy soon gave way to the desire of vengeance, and the sullen indignation and muttered vows of revenge soon stirred the men to action.

"Come, my boys," said the captain, "let us be stirring. It will not do to give way to sorrow. This scene," pointing to the dead bodies strewn around, "shows us that time is precious—that we have something to do and no moments to lose in idle repining. Our first duty is to the dead; let us bury them, and then—"

"Yes, then!" muttered Lieutenant Weeks.

"Then," continued the captain, "we will never stop until we have avenged our friends."

The dead were buried as well as it could be done at the time and

place; then, with sorrowful but determined hearts, our rangers took the track of the foe, and marched onward over the prairie in the direction of the moving objects, which they had thought to be the horses.

TO BE CONTINUED.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

PART II.

Weeks passed, during which the soldier's wife slowly but surely gathered the strength and health necessary to carry out the resolution she had formed, to join her husband, and, it might be, to labor for the cause she so loved. The unceasing ministrations of her mother strengthened alike soul and body. And as Essie read in that dear face a love and devotion she knew could never fail, she felt many a bitter pang at the thought of the parting that *must be*.

One evening she found the courage necessary to tell her mother of her plans and hopes. To her surprise, the noble woman heard her calmly. "I had expected this," she said. "It is right—you must go; but oh! not now, not soon," and in uncontrollable agitation she left the room. Two days later the subject was resumed, and ways and means were discussed. The mother's face grew paler as that of her child brightened and glowed with returning health and hope. She pleaded to keep little Wally, but Essie feared lest his young heart might receive, among the enemies of Southern liberty, impressions which could not be effaced. He must not be left. * * *

Upon the eve of the battle of Manassas, Essie and her boy started on their hazardous journey. The utmost secrecy had been observed. No baggage could be allowed. The devoted mother converted quite a large sum into gold, which, stitched into a broad belt, was sewed around the waist of the traveler. One bright morning the two ladies with Wally, seated themselves in the carriage as if for their usual drive. There were no leave-takings, no appearance of anything unusual. Once on the road, they were rapidly driven to a railroad depot in a distant town, where they were little known, and here Essie and her boy took the train, while the desolate mother returned homeward, alone.

* * * * *

Arrived in Baltimore, our heroine found herself among those whose hearts were filled with ardent love of "The Cause," and

bitter hatred for the soldiers who had, in spite of their heroic resistance, so lately passed through the streets of their city on their way to subjugate the South. The rebel wife was enthusiastically received. All were ready to assist her, but at this juncture it seemed impossible to pass the Federal lines.

The great battle of Manassas had been decided. The wildest excitement prevailed. Flying soldiers were everywhere. Almost every hour the sound of fife and drum was heard, as shattered regiments and decimated battalions marched through the streets. Although all expression of feeling, among the citizens, was sternly repressed, the mask of sullen indifference was known to be *but a mask*. Hearts beneath were bounding with pride, and joy, and hope. Almost without exception houses were closed and devoid of all appearance of life. Yet, behind those closely-shut blinds, women embraced each other with tempestuous joy, or paced the floor in uncontrollable agitation, or knelt in earnest prayer, mingling thanksgivings with agonized petitions for those whose fate was yet unknown. Mothers, sisters, wives strove, with trembling lips, to comfort each other, bidding the voice of patriotism be heard above the "tempest of the heart." In the midst of all this excitement Essie's interests were never lost sight of. Secret meetings were held, and various plans discussed. At last, one day a note was received inviting our heroine and her friends to spend a social evening at the house of "one of the faithful." A casual observer would have discovered nothing more than a few lines of invitation, still the paper bore a private mark which made the heart of the anxious wife beat with hope.

Arrived at the house indicated, where seemed to be only an ordinary gathering of friends, she found it difficult to appear at ease and watched eagerly for developments. Not a sign or a word was given, however, until after supper, when the ladies repaired (as usual) to the dressing-room up-stairs to rearrange their toilets. Instead of entering with the rest, the hostess, by a slight pressure of the hand, indicated to her Southern guest that she desired her to pass on and up a second flight of stairs. They did so, unnoticed, and soon entered a small room in the third story, where were waiting a few friends, among them the captain and clerk of a steamboat which was expected to sail in three days for Newport News, with United States troops to re-enforce Colonel — at that point. Here appeared to be a chance, but a hazardous one, since the officers of the boat must not evince any interest in their passenger, and could afford her no assistance or

protection among the rough soldiers who would crowd every available foot of room. They must appear as good Union men, engaged in transporting troops to assist in quelling "the rebellion." In case of any rough treatment of the "rebel woman," they could only appeal to the officers in charge of the troops, and the result of such an appeal, in the present state of feeling, would be doubtful. The boat was not a passenger steamer and had only two or three small state-rooms, occupied by its officers. These might be required by the military commanders. Essie instantly and unhesitatingly decided to make the trial, and the plan was adopted. The ladies descended to the parlor, while one by one their good friends were conveyed out of the house.

A new difficulty at once arose; a friend had applied to General Scott for a pass—unsuccessfully. The precious hours were passing and failure seemed imminent. This difficulty was increased by the fact that Essie had undertaken the charge of a boy of ten, who, having lingered too long at school in Baltimore, had been cut off from his family in Norfolk, and being desperately unhappy had implored to be included in the plans formed for her. He was to pass as her brother, and, having once promised, she could not disappoint him, especially as his waking hours were spent by her side, his hand often nestling into her own, his large, wistful eyes questioning her face as if dreading to find there some evidence of hesitation or change of purpose.

One day passed. At evening, as Essie was anxiously pacing her room, her hostess hurriedly entered, exclaiming, in great agitation, "Your brother awaits you in the drawing-room. I *could not* welcome him. I *will not* see him. Only for your sake would I allow a Federal soldier to cross my threshold; but, he is your brother; go to him."

Trembling with excitement, Essie descended to the parlor, where she found her brother—a mere boy, yet, wearing the uniform of a Federal officer.

"Sister!" "Harry!" each cried, and no further greeting passed between them. The boy stood with folded arms looking proudly, yet tenderly, at his sister, all the brave ardor of a soldier who believes in the cause he serves revealed in his handsome young face. The sister sank into a chair and covered her face, that she might shut out the sight which so pained her. The interview that followed was long. Finding that her brother not only approved her determination to join her husband, but was able and willing to assist her in obtaining the necessary pass, she told him of her wish to have it in her

possession, by the next day, and received his promise to send it, if possible. He was going to "the front," and overcome by the thought that she might never see him again, the rebel sister threw her arms around his neck, while her tears fell fast upon the blue uniform, and so, with a last embrace, they parted.

The pass, embracing Mrs. —, *brother*, and child, was forthcoming next day, and on the following afternoon our heroine, with her charges, set forth, unattended, for the boat.

No sign of recognition passed between the captain and herself, as she was conducted to the upper deck and placed under the awning; soon was heard the sound of drum and fife, and a regiment of blue-coated soldiers appeared on the wharf. As she witnessed their embarkation, Essie could not repress a feeling of extreme uneasiness which increased as the officers and soldiers appeared on every side. Sitting motionless, her veil closely drawn, holding Wally upon her lap while her "brother" nestled at her side, she hoped to escape annoyance, but the boat had not long left the wharf when she found herself an object of interest and curiosity to the men who paced the deck. Her destination and sentiments were soon guessed, and many sarcastic and impertinent remarks were addressed to "Madame reb." Attempts were made to coax the children from her side, and at length she felt a sudden tug at her veil, which was displaced, revealing to the gaze of the rude crowd the face she had striven to hide. Driven to desperation she arose and made her way to the office, her face flushed with shame as rough jokes passed on every side. Addressing the clerk she said, "Is there no room which will afford me shelter for the night?" An officer who stood by, replied, "We don't keep an asylum for rebels on this boat," but the clerk (after a short consultation with another officer, who seemed almost ashamed of the kindness of heart which contrasted so finely with the rudeness of his companions,) led the way to a state-room below, small and close, but still a refuge. Here he placed the travelers, and having locked them in to prevent intrusion, left them. The children soon fell asleep on the one narrow berth, but Essie passed the long hours of the night in listening to the ceaseless noises outside, occasionally cowering out of sight as a face would appear at the little window, its owner addressing some foolish or insulting remark to the "reb" within.

Morning found the travelers at Fortress Monroe, whence after a short delay they proceeded to Newport News. Here under pretense of guarding well the "female rebel," the good clerk escorted her to

the officers' quarters. Her pass was examined closely, many questions were asked and answered. Still, the result seemed doubtful; means of transportation were wanting. The colonel in command was inclined to be suspicious and sternly unsympathetic. While Essie was standing tremblingly before those whose adverse decision would, she knew, crush all her hopes, one of the officers espied around her neck a slender black chain, and demanded to know what it held. Instantly hope returned to the poor girl as she drew from her bosom a small case enclosing the Masonic document before mentioned. As at her mother's house it was examined and returned without comment. An hour later, however, a plentiful repast was set before Essie and the children, after which a covered ambulance appeared in which was placed for her comfort, the only arm-chair the camp contained, and soon attended by an officer and a guard of Federal soldiers, the little party entered upon the last stage of their journey to the Confederate lines.

Their route lay amid scenes of desolation, sadder than anything Essie had ever dreamed of. Fields, which a few short weeks before had given promise of a rich harvest, were laid waste. Here and there, tiny columns of smoke arose from the smoldering ruins of once happy homes. The heat and dust were almost insufferable, but as the sun declined a cool breeze sprang up, and later a flood of moonlight clothed the landscape with a mystical beauty. It shone coldly on the few deserted homes, which the hand of the destroyer had spared, and to Essie it seemed that its silvery rays were like the pale fingers of a mourner who places white wreaths upon the grave of love, while, in the soft wind she heard only moans and sighs.

The children slept soundly in the straw at the bottom of the ambulance, and soon the steady, monotonous tramp of the guard lulled their companion also to rest. They approached the Confederate lines just at sunrise. A flag of truce was unfurled and at once answered by an officer on picket duty. A short parley ensued. At a word of command, the Federal guard fell back and were replaced by Confederates. A moment later the adventurous wife descended, with her charges, to be greeted with an enthusiasm, tempered with the most chivalrous respect, by the "boys in gray," who proved to be members of the battalion to which her husband was attached, and who at once relieved her fears by assurances of his safety. It was a supreme moment, such as comes seldom in a life-time, and yet a time for stern self-repression. The emotions of a heart at rest, after trials so sore, were too sacred to find expression.

The young wife gazed around her in silent ecstasy. It seemed

to her that the sun had never shone so brightly, or on a scene so lovely. As she noted the manly faces and noble bearing of those who wore the gray, she felt that the purple and ermine of kings could not have clothed them half so magnificently.

And, oh! how delicious and appetizing seemed the "rations," which, though simple, were served under those green trees, with the earnest, genuine hospitality which is so well described by the term "Southern."

The camp being several miles distant, nothing remained but to wait patiently for some means of transportation. It was near sunset when the loud singing of a negro driver was heard, and there appeared a novel conveyance, consisting of a rough cart drawn by a single ox.

Rough as this conveyance appeared, Essie was informed that it was "a God-send," and she joyfully mounted the cart with her boy-friend and a soldier who had been detailed to accompany her. Wally was made supremely happy by being invited to sit upon the lap of the driver, whose characteristic songs beguiled the way as they rode for hours through the shadowy woods. Within a few miles of the camp the party were transferred to an ambulance, and just at midnight the challenge of a sentry was heard. A few moments later the now joyous wife was clasped in the arms of her husband, and surrounded by hosts of soldier friends.

A few hours of happiness were all that could be accorded to the devoted pair. A battle seemed imminent. The soldier must remain at his post. The wife with her boy proceeded to Richmond, where unbounded kindness and hospitality awaited her. Here began the realization of the dream which had haunted her while yet compelled to linger among the foes of the South. Joining at once the "noble army" of women who untiringly ministered to the sick and wounded, she entered upon the performance of a vow to devote herself to this work if only the opportunity were accorded her.

* * * * *

We will not further trace the vicissitudes which followed our heroine through the glorious years of the war.

Peace, alas! brought no healing upon her wings; no rest to the women of the South, only toil and want and utter self-abnegation, for "women's work is *never* done." Warriors who had faced death on a hundred battle-fields returned, broken-hearted and spiritless, to seek solace and strength upon the tender bosoms and in the clinging arms of the women who loved them. Little children cried for bread to widowed mothers who toiled to feed them.

FLORENCE VANE.

[Philip Pendleton Cook, of Winchester, Va., wrote the following lines long ago; and at the time of their first appearance *Blackwood's Magazine*, one of the most prominent periodicals of England, pronounced them the most exquisite poetical gems America had ever produced.]

I loved thee long and dearly,
 Florence Vane ;
My life's bright dream and early
 Hath come again ;
I renew within my vision
 My heart's dear pain—
Its hopes and thy derision,
 Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
 The ruin old,
Where thou didst hear my story
 At even told ;
That spot—the hues elysian
 Of sky and plain,
I treasured in my vision,
 Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
 In their prime ;
Thy voice excelled the closes
 Of sweetest rhyme ;
Thy heart was a river
 Without a main ;
Would I had loved thee never
 Florence Vane !

But fairest, coldest wonder !
 Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under ;
 Alas ! the day !
And it boots not to remember
 Thy disdain,
To quicken love's pale ember
 Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
 By young graves weep ;
The pansies love to dally
 Where maidens sleep ;
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
 Never wane,
Where thy earthly part is lying,
 Florence Vane.

[Written for the BIVOUC.]

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

In the late civil discussion between the States (North and South), Cairo, Illinois, formed the key to the Mississippi Valley, and was the gateway through which the Federal legions from the west and north-west poured into the Confederacy. Indeed, Cairo was one of the most important places in the country, and around and about it transpired some of the thrilling events, as well as some of the ludicrous incidents of the war. Of the latter class of war literature, one or two specimens are given in this paper :

During the period of 1861-1865, Cairo presented a lively and bustling appearance, and sometimes a very warlike one. Upon her streets daily strutted the gorgeous warriors of the Union, with a kind of Alexander-Hannibal carriage; the public promenades were thronged with young popinjay officers, glittering in flaming regimentals, and the ponderous paraphernalia of "glorious war," their chapeaus covering about as little brains, in many instances, as when stretched upon the hatter's block, while the ranks of blue, gleaming with guns and bayonets, were apparently everywhere. Its importance, as a base of supplies to the Mississippi valley, early drew the attention of the government, and troops were soon massed within its levees. Some very eminent men commanded the post of Cairo during the war—men who distinguished themselves as warriors, and have since become famous as statesmen.

General Prentiss was the first man who wielded military authority over Cairo. He was superseded in the command by General Grant, whose brilliant military career commenced with the disastrous (to the Union forces) battle of Belmont. Another of the post-commanders of Cairo was Colonel Boohfort, who was as vain of his new uniform as ever a peacock was of its pretty tail. His successor was General Meredith, of Indiana—a soldier and a gentleman, and a man whom the citizens of Cairo honored and admired. Of the many officers who commanded there during the war, none of them possessed more of the respect and good wishes of the people than General Meredith, while Colonel Boohfort possessed as little of them. Boohfort was a silly old crank, egotistical to the last degree, ill-natured, and vicious. He raved at everybody who was so unfortunate as to excite his indignation, and made the most terrific threats: "I'll have you shot, sir; have you shot!" or, in his more rational and sensible moments, would threaten to put them in irons. One day he had a whole company of his own regiment arrested, and, as usual, was going to have them

shot, because, in riding by their camp, he heard them singing "My Mary Ann," when it transpired that his wife answered to that name.

Upon another occasion, when he had his regiment out, drilling them, a butcher's team passing near by took fright at something, and ran away. The efforts of the driver were of no avail, and at full speed the team dashed right across the parade-grounds, Boohfort screaming at the top of his voice, "I'll have you shot! Arrest that man!" etc. It did not take the people long to discover his vanity, and while they feared and despised him, yet they soon learned that with a little fulsome flattery they could wind the old fool around their fingers. There were few, however, but rejoiced when he was succeeded by General Meredith.

In the early part of the war the *Gazette* was the leading newspaper of Cairo. The editor and proprietor was M. B. Harrell, familiarly known among his intimate friends as "Mose Harrell." He was one of the most genial, whole-souled fellows the Cairo press ever knew; a fine writer, full of wit, and bubbling over with fun and humor, but withal, he was diabolically Democratic. This fact rendered the *Gazette* an object of suspicion in military circles, and it was closely watched. One day, as Mr. Harrell sat at his editorial desk, one Colonel Buford, then in authority, stalked in followed by an orderly, and inquired for the editor. He was informed by Harrell that he answered to that title, and begged to know in what way he could serve him. Colonel Buford, looking down upon him from the lofty pinnacle of his military grandeur, much as a St. Bernard might glare down upon a black-and-tan terrier, in a voice suggestive of hissing bombs, sword whizzes, and the spluttering of fired grenade fuses, thus delivered himself: "I have this to say to you, sir, and mark me well, that there may be no misunderstanding. These are perilous times, sir; we have enemies at our front, sir, and more cowardly ones in our rear, even in our midst. Upon these latter I am resolved to lay a strong hand. I have to say to you, then, that if you publish anything in your paper that shall tend to discourage enlistment, encourage desertion, or in any manner reflect upon the war policy of the administration, I shall take possession of your office, sir, and put you in irons!"

Harrell hastened to inform him that he had no desire nor inclination to offend in that direction, and earnestly solicited him to know how he might shape his editorial labors in order to secure his approval.

"Submit your matter to me, sir; and if I find it unobjectionable I'll return it; otherwise, I'll destroy it, sir!" Then, with a "See the Conquering Hero Comes" gait and carriage, the colonel and his orderly left the office.

This was an opportunity for Harrell to exercise his wit, and he could not think of letting it pass unimproved, though the Old Capitol Prison stared him in the face. The day after the colonel's visit, and the next, and the day after that, he laid before him a great deal more selected matter than he had published in the preceding six months. He clipped columns of stuff he had no idea of ever publishing; tore out a number of leaves from the Census Report of 1860; drew heavy contributions from the stale jokes of Ayer's Medical Almanac; long, prosy editorials from the city dailies; full pages from DeBow's Statistical Review of the Southern Cotton Crop, and massive rolls of matter he felt sure nobody ever had or ever would read of their own free will and accord. This stuff was "respectfully laid before the colonel for his perusal and approval." Palpable as was the joke, the colonel did not take in the situation, but seemed to consider the whole thing right and proper. On the evenings of the first and second days the rolls of "copy" were returned stamped "Approved." The third evening the roll was returned unopened, accompanied by an explanatory note, stating that his multitudinous duties prevented him from inspecting his matter further; but he commended his patriotic course, and exhorted him to go on battling for "our glorious government," allowing the "latent minionism" of his composition to assert itself; that if he continued his good work, as he was then doing, they could not fail to get on amicably together in their military, civil, and social relations.

LA PARIERE.

[Written for the BIVOUC.

A PHILANTHROPIC FIGHT.

In the early days of Louisville, when our citizens dwelt in forts, one of their principal enjoyments was to meet in groups outside the walls for social chat. Many a story of the chase has been told by the pioneer as he sat upon a log or stump outside the gate, and many an adventure with the Indian there rehearsed. When there were visitors from a neighboring fort, they were usually entertained with a social chat at the fort gate, where the pure air and bright sunshine were enjoyed, and whence any approaching danger could readily be guarded against by promptly retiring within the walls. Here, too,

the ordinary amusements of the times, such as wrestling, running, jumping, shooting at the mark, etc., were usually indulged in and here, too, parties now and then engaged in dangerous conflicts as well as innocent sports.

In front of Fort Nelson, a fight occurred in 1783, between two prominent Louisvillians, which was of a character so singular that it has come down to us through tradition. The fort, built in 1782, stood on ground bounded by Sixth street on the east, Main on the south, Eighth on the west, and the river on the north, with its center and main gate on Seventh street. It was the most considerable of the fortifications erected by the pioneers in the West at that time, and was surrounded by a ditch as well as a double protection of pickets and walls. It had its complement of cannon as well as small arms, and although never subjected to the trial of a siege, was deemed impregnable to any assault that could be made by the enemy of that day.

The principal gate of this fort was near the intersection of Main and Seventh streets. On its front, extending from the Louisville Hotel to Seventh street, was a small pond on the banks of which were some fine forest trees which had been left for shade in clearing the field around the fort. Along the margin of this pond and beneath these shade trees were logs and stumps used for sitting places; they were worn smooth with a constant use that bespoke their popularity for this purpose.

In July, 1783, when these log-seats beneath these shade trees were very agreeable, an unusual number of persons happened to be enjoying them on the same day. There was not a vacant seat upon the logs, and every stump in the region had its occupant. Among those thus assembled and seated for the usual chat in front of the fort, were Captain John Nelson, and Captain Jacob Pyeatt. The conversation turned upon the barbarous habit of gouging and biting in fights. Examples were cited in which persons had been disfigured and maimed for life, by having an eye gouged out or an ear or nose bitten off in a fight. Most of the persons present condemned this mode of fighting, but how to remedy the evil was the question. Captain Nelson was in favor of bringing to trial and punishment in the courts, every man who thus dared to mutilate his fellow-man; but Captain Pyeatt suggested that juries would never be found to punish with deserved severity in such outrages. Finally, Captain Pyeatt suggested that one way to stop such brutality, was to raise the standard of fighting—to make it genteel for combatants to stand and knock one another like gentlemen, and odious for them to lie down and

and gouge one another like beasts. He said that gentlemen must set ruffians the example of genteel fighting, and proposed that he and Captain Nelson should engage in a fight of blows dealt; standing, with the hands and fists, as an example to be followed by others, who must fight and could not be persuaded from it.

Captain Nelson did not exactly relish the philanthropic proposition of Captain Pyeatt. He said he was willing to do anything in reason to prevent the brutality of fighting, but did not feel called upon to have himself battered and bruised as an example. Nor did he see that there was any assurance that such an example would be followed by others of less refinement in the belligerent art. Finally, he gave Captain Pyeatt to understand that he considered his proposal about as barbarous as the evil it was intended to remedy.

This insinuation of Captain Nelson made Captain Pyeatt furious, and without another word he made at Nelson, with his right hand clenched to strike, and his left in position to defend. Nelson was so much surprised that he received the fist of Pyeatt in his face before he thought of what was coming, and went staggering back toward the pond. He soon, however, recovered from the blow, and by the time that Pyeatt was ready to deal another, Nelson was ready, not to receive it, but instead thereof gave Pyeatt a stunner in his own face. Pyeatt went reeling back and fell to the ground. Nelson waited for him to get up and come again, and, as he did so, Nelson gradually backed and kept planting blows in the face of Pyeatt until his features were beaten, and swollen, and bloodied beyond recognition. Unbeknown to Pyeatt, Nelson was an expert boxer. He had been a fifer in the Revolutionary war, and when there was no need of his music, he and the drummer used to practice boxing. The skill thus acquired now enabled him to pound the face of Pyeatt into a jelly without getting hurt himself, after the first blow, which he had not anticipated.

But Nelson, in practicing his art upon Pyeatt, backed a little too far, and came upon the edge of the pond in his rear. One of his feet having gone down the bank of the pond, there was no stopping his descent. Down he went, backwards, and fell upon his back in the mud, which had been left on the bottom of the pond by the evaporation of the water during the summer heat, and now worked into mortar by the wallowing of the hogs. He had to turn over before he could rise, and in so doing literally plastered himself all over with the mud. When he arose from the pond he was the most ludicrous-looking object imaginable. He was covered from head to foot, and

as full of wrath as of mud. If he could have again gotten at Pyeatt there is no telling what might have come of the next blow he would have dealt; but the fight ended with the coating of mud he had gotten. All the bystanders were laughing at his singular appearance, and Pyeatt himself, though suffering from his bruises, had to join in the laugh.

Nelson, finally comprehending the situation, and feeling mortified at his own appearance, made for home to change his clothes. And now the thought came to him, that the clothes thus covered with mud were a new suit he had just gotten from the store of Daniel Broadhead, and then for the first time worn. The clothes were ruined, and that was worse than if he had gotten the worst instead of the best of the fight. A brand new suit of clothes ruined, and all for the impertinent folly of a mock philanthropist who wanted to make a fight in the interest of humanity and gentility! The more he thought of it the more he lamented his new suit, and he determined to punish the author of his woes by a prosecution in court. As soon as he could see his lawyer he brought suit against Pyeatt for assault and battery. The declaration stated that Pyeatt "did beat, wound, and evilly treat him, so that his life was greatly despaired of;" and the damage was laid at five hundred dollars; but nothing was said about the suit of clothes.

When the case came on for trial Christopher Greenup, the attorney for Nelson, made the best show he could, and dwelt pathetically upon the new suit of clothes ruined in the fight. Alexander Scott defended Pyeatt. He admitted that the suit of clothes, fresh from the tailor, was a great loss, but said no claim was set up for their loss in the declaration, and there was an end of it. As to the beating, etc., Pyeatt had gotten far the worst of it, and whether right or wrong, he had in good faith made the fight in the interest of humanity, and ought not now to be punished for it further than the beating he had already gotten. The jury seemed to take Attorney Scott's view of the case, and after being out a few moments returned a verdict of one penny in damages.

THE list of new subscribers since November 1st, is omitted for want of space. It is greater than ever before; one agent at New Orleans, Mrs. Fannie A. Beers, having gotten sixty during November. Our friends are asked to send us the names of those who would make good agents. They will help us, and will be liberally paid for their trouble. Write for terms and outfit.

Youths' Department.

THE BOLD GUERRILLA BOY.

How the present writer got possession of the diary of the bold guerrilla boy, Samuel R. Buster by name, it matters not. It is offered as a contribution to the material out of which the true history of the great civil war may be gathered and written in some distant age by that great New Zealand chieftain, whose advent Macaulay foretells:

DIARY.

January 1, 1864. I heard to-day in town that the conscript-officer has been inquiring as to my age. As I was eighteen years old last July, and some kind friend may tell on me (people that stay at home are so anxious for other people to be sent to the army and get killed), I have about made up my mind to leave home. They tell me, if the conscript-officer gets a man, he sends him to Richmond, and they put him in the Stonewall Brigade where he is almost sure to get killed. Now, I ain't afraid to die for my country, but I want to have a chance shown me. I have been hearing a good deal of Captain Jumper's company of guerrillas and I think I will go and join it. I heard to-day that Jimmy Simpson was at home, and as he belongs to Captain Jumper's company, I think I will go and see him to-morrow and hear all about the guerrillas.

January 2. I have been over to see Jimmy. He tells me that it would be the very best thing I could do to join his company. He says he don't have to camp out, but boards at a house; and whenever the captain wants to make a fight (or raid, as he calls it), he sends word to his men, and they meet him at a place he fixes on, and they go and attack the Yankees, and then come back again. Now, I want to serve my country, but I don't see any use of sleeping on the ground, especially in these cold winter nights. Sleeping on the ground is not going to end this war. Killing Yankees is the way to do it, and Jim tells me that Captain Jumper and his company have killed as high as ten Yankees apiece in one month, and that wasn't a busy month, either. I am going to start with Jim to-morrow.

January 12. I got to Captain Jumper's headquarters yesterday,

and have joined his company. I started from home with a good horse, two suits of clothes, and a pistol, which I bought from Jim, as he had two pistols which he said he had gotten from Yankees that he had killed. Jim said it wasn't any use to have a saber, as they generally dropped a Yankee with a pistol-shot before they got up to him, and so the guerrillas didn't carry sabers at all. I have engaged board at the widow Morrison's, where Jim boards also. The widow has a devilish pretty daughter. Her name is Sallie. Jim says half of Captain Jumper's company are in love with her. She has black eyes, black hair, and her eyes and teeth are as shiny as a looking-glass. She is a desperate Southerner, and she says that every man, woman, and child ought to die rather than give up to the Yankees.

Since I heard her talk, I am certainly glad to have come and joined the soldiers, and I mean to do my duty as well as any other man in the army. When a man comes to think of it, what is the use of living if you are not free? We are not put in this world for a long time, and why not be as free as we can while we are here? A man would be a perfect dog if he wouldn't be willing to die to free his country. Death is not half as bad a thing as slavery; and what is to become of the poor, helpless women if the Yankees conquer us? They can't fight for themselves, and we men must protect them. I, for one, will fight for them as long as I have a drop of blood left in my veins. I am anxious to try my pistol on these Yankees; so I told the captain to be sure to send for me to go with him on the very next raid.

January 15. I have just come back from my first raid. Last night, Jim and I got a message from the captain to meet him and some others of the company at Hart's blacksmith shop, and to come prepared for work. So, early this morning, Jim and I got our breakfast and soon were on our horses. Just as we mounted, Miss Sallie came out and said: "Mr. Buster, this is your first raid; don't let the Yankees see your back. Die on the glorious field of battle rather than run, and if you die doing your duty, I promise you to plant flowers on your grave as long as I live! and as a pledge that I will recollect you, wear this ribbon in your button-hole." With that she handed me a piece of red ribbon, with which she had tied up her hair.

I felt kind of sickish about the stomach when she talked about my grave, but I suppose it came from my getting up so early and feeling so weak. I took her ribbon, tied it in my button-hole, and swore to her I would be a good soldier. We then rode off and soon got to Hart's shop, where we found the captain and twenty others waiting. We set out then at a good trot, and soon left the shop far behind.

The Yankee army was encamped about twenty miles from us, but the railroad station where their provisions were stored, was only ten miles off. I soon found out from some of the party, that we were going to post ourselves between the camp and the station, in order to capture any detachments that might be going forward. The sun was shining brightly, everything around was quiet, our fellows talked so lively about "bagging the Yankees," and my horse moved so strong under me, that I felt in first-rate spirits, and wanted to meet a Yankee every minute. Every now and then I took my pistol out of the hostler, tried the cock to see whether it was all right, and leveled it at sheep and cows as I passed by them.

After we had gone some distance, the captain, followed by us, turned out of the road, rode across a field and entered a woods. We rode through this, and across another field into a second woods. We rode in this way for about half an hour, from one woods to another, until we at last got into a dense pine woods, where the trees grew so close together that we could barely pass along in single file. Just before we got to these woods, Jim whispered to me to keep very quiet as the road where the Yankees would pass was just the other side of this pine woods. After he told me this, I thought my horse went a little lame; so I got down to see whether he had lost a shoe; however, I found all right, and I leaped on him and galloped after the party; and as I thought the fellows might not like me to pass them, I fell in the rear. We rode through the woods carefully, moving the branches aside, and avoiding the rocks so as to make as little noise as possible. Finally, the captain halted and passed the word down the line for us to close up to him. I didn't understand the order at first, and so stood still; but Jim turned around and beckoned me to come forward, so I rode up to him. I found now, that we were near the edge of the pine woods, and could see the road, which was about ten yards beyond the pines. We could see both up and down the road for about half a mile, but no Yankee was in sight and all was as still as death.

We sat on our horses a long time, watching the road; it seemed to me we were there about four hours, but Jim told me afterwards that we didn't wait more than half an hour. Just after we all halted and closed up, the captain said that one of us must go back and watch the other side of the pines in order to prevent any enemy getting in our rear. As I thought there would be more danger in the rear, where one man would have to stand all that came, I offered to go back; but the captain said he wanted me near him, so he sent

another man. After sitting still awhile, it seemed to me my saddle was loose ; so I got down to tighten the girth, but found it all right. I mounted again, and pulled out my pistol in order to be ready for any sudden attack. Everything was as still as death, and a man had plenty of chance to think, as no one was allowed to talk. I thought of my mother and sisters and friends, and wondered whether I would ever see them again. Suppose I were to get killed in this fight, they wouldn't ever know where I had died. It was certain to be a bloody fight, for the fellows said the captain was going to attack any force that came along.

Looking down I saw the red ribbon flying from my button-hole. I recollected then that I had heard red was a color that could be seen at a great distance. So, in order to prevent the Yankees from having a chance to see our party before we broke out on them, I untied the ribbon and put it in my pocket. Besides, I thought it more complimentary to Miss Sallie, to wear her keep-sake in my pocket next to my heart. While putting it in my pocket, I recollected having heard that many a soldier's life had been saved, by having a Testament in the pocket over his heart. Thinking that it was no cowardice for a soldier to take every precaution to save his life, I hunted my pockets for my Testament, but found I had left the confounded book in my room. However, I found my pocket-book which was stuffed with Confederate money ; so I rammed that down my left pocket.

I then took a look at my spurs to see if they were all right, thinking that I might have to use them right sharply if we ran the Yankees far ; and, in case of their beating us and our having to retreat, I thought it best to be prepared to retreat as rapidly as possible. They looked very shiny and very sharp, and I thought they would carry me through in any case.

Just then, I heard the captain whisper, " Here they come ! " My sakes ! how my heart jumped ! This was my first fight, and I was so eager to kill a Yankee ! I looked up the road and expected to see a regiment of Yankee soldiers coming, but saw nothing but a two-horse wagon, and two Yankees riding in front of it. I wasn't used to the life of a guerrilla then. Afterwards I found that we would sometimes go a month without seeing more than two or three Yankees at a time.

TO BE CONTINUED.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

COLONEL BLUFF.

Mr. Bluff, before the war, was a local politician of prominence. He was generally selected to preside over county conventions, and when the delegates met at the State Capital he, as chairman, usually cast the vote of the county. He was authority upon matters of party platform and was often spoken of in the county paper as a probable candidate for Congress. With such a standing, it was quite natural for Mr. Bluff, when the war broke out, to feel called upon to raise a regiment.

So at Oak Grove, his stately home, soon there was heard the clanking of spurs and the rattling of sabers. Fiery steeds rushed in and out the front gate bearing the choice spirits of the county on war intent. Soon a regiment was enlisted, and Mr. Bluff was commissioned its commanding officer with a colonel's commission.

There were numerous details to be attended to before all this could be done, and one, of not the least importance, was the purchase of a proper war-horse for the colonel. This was by no means an easy task. Our hero weighed a little short of three hundred pounds, avoirdupois; and it consequently took a horse of mammoth species, to bear him gracefully and securely. After ransacking the congressional district for weeks, a pair of animals of the required build and action was procured, and orders were issued to find several more of like character, in order to meet all the contingencies of war.

The colonel being at last suitably mounted, the commissary department well provided with bacon, whisky, and tobacco; it was time to think of small matters. There were teams to be bought for hauling the officers' trunks, ambulances for foraging purposes, and brandy and opium for the medical department.

There was some danger of the whisky giving out before the field was reached. Strangers were constantly arriving at the house of the quartermaster with horses for sale. The man who attended the door, invited each new comer to taste of something; the polite clerk in the next chamber pointed significantly at a demijohn on a side table; and when the head man's office was reached the bargain was clinched over the contents of a jug. Horses were bought at all prices, and the command was soon finely mounted and equipped. At last everything was ready. The bugle call was blown, the squadrons marshaled, and the colonel followed by a troop of orderlies burst upon the scene, on his equine giant. Arrayed in full panoply, sword, but-

tons, and plume, his gay mastodon cantering along the village street, he looked the very genius of war.

For weeks all things wore a rosy hue. At every encampment, the country people brought presents of generous cheer, and girls came to see their old sweet-hearts and hunt new ones. There were riding-parties, and dancing-parties; and the regiment seemed to be on a perpetual picnic. One day, a courier came dashing into camp at break-neck speed. Hardly had he reached the colonel's tent, before half the regiment had gathered around and were trying to get inside, to hear the news. Presently it flashed forth that a man on picket had been shot at and his horse wounded. There was great excitement. In a short time the hero of the adventure arrived. A crowd attended him to headquarters, and for two hours he was closeted with the colonel. What occurred there has never been disclosed, but certain it is from that day Colonel Bluff was a changed man. There was no more foolishness; from reveille to taps, it was drill, drill, company, squadron, and regimental. Colonel Bluff said he would be — if he wouldn't be ready for the — scoundrels! Everything, he said, should be in apple-pie order; there should be no straggling, flanking, or dodging, and more, there should be no cursing, or swearing, or drunkenness. One day, a man near his tent, was heard using words unbecoming a gentleman. Colonel Bluff had the culprit straightway arrested and brought to the tent door.

After administering a withering rebuke for the immorality of the act, the colonel said: "Have you not heard of the general order, sir, forbidding such disgraceful conduct in *my* regiment? O! you have, have you? How dare you, sir, to do it then, sir, almost within my presence, you — — rascal, you. Away with him to the guard-house for twenty-four hours!" Shortly afterwards on a reconnoissance, when a day's journey from the commissary train, and when the canteens of the couriers and staff were empty, a man was brought to him who had overstayed his leave.

The colonel being hungry and thirsty was yearning for a victim.

"You — straggling shirk, take yourself off before I — What have you got in your canteen?"

"Why, colonel," said the man, "I was thinking you might be dry and —"

"And so you thought of me, did you?" said Colonel Bluff, taking a swig at the canteen. "Well, there is no harm in you. Fall in." And so the days went by; an occasional picket fight furnishing material for excitement, and rumors of heavy columns of Federals slowly

approaching, keeping expectation on tip-toe. But Colonel Bluff was getting ready.

With wise forecast, he was organizing and drilling his men, forming of new recruits, a compact, well-disciplined body. It was not long before quite a heavy column of Federal cavalry arrived to pay their respects. They came in the daytime, but they came like a thief in the night.

Nobody was ready but the colonel. He had been expecting them ever since the rider of the wounded horse had stopped at his tent a month before. There was a hurried running to and fro. The call to saddle up was quickly answered; and in a twinkling, Colonel Bluff at the head of the regiment, was on the road.

At sight of the on-coming foe, Colonel Bluff cried, "Close up," and the first volley of his advance had no effect upon the serried mass of drawn sabers that came nearer and nearer. "Charge 'em, boys!" cried the colonel, and away went the Confederates with a yell. The commanding officer felt that coolness was above all things necessary. He waited to see the effect of the charge and, like a wise general, though assured of victory began to calculate the probabilities of a defeat. He surveyed the features of the country on his right, left, and rear. Just then a flanking squadron of blue coats emerged from under cover of the woods on the opposite hill and swooped down upon the flank of the charging column. Old Roanoke, his eighteen hands horse, gracefully stepped over a post and rail fence, and made for the brush. The colonel did his best to hold him, but old Roanoke had gotten the bit between his teeth and thundered along with the destructive power of a cyclone. The colonel heard behind him the roar of the conflict and knew his brave fellows were meeting stroke with stroke, but old Roanoke had taken the affair in his own hand, and was for the time being metaphorically in command of the regiment. The old rascal rushed through the brush, tore down a hill sloping towards the rear and stepping over a worm fence, got into a road leading into the main one and made for camp. At this moment, another personage appeared upon the scene. It was Major Paunch, the quartermaster of the regiment. He was not so tall but somewhat broader than the colonel. The two had run the party machine of their county for years, and had formed a mutual admiration society that was well nigh a close corporation. Major Paunch was sly. He prided himself upon being "devilish sly." He had come out to see the fight and was at the forks of the road when the row began; he could not go back for the road was full of brave

fellows rushing to the fray; he did not care to go forward for that course might prove still more unpleasant. So, he bowled along down the road the colonel was on; and at sight of that gallant officer and old Roanoke, he thought "Indians about" and held up to wheel his horse. It was too late. Old Roanoke struck the over-fed animal in the flank; and horses and riders lay sprawled in the dirt. By the time they were remounted, they heard shouts of victory. The colonel got back in the road in time to join the rear of the pursuing Confederates. Every man now was striving to be foremost and the colonel with drawn saber moved rapidly towards the front. As he neared the blue coats he discovered they were a broken mass of fugitives; he redoubled his speed and was soon among them.

The victory was complete. More than one hundred prisoners were taken and the spoils were, in the eyes of new recruits, immense.

The colonel's praises were on every tongue, and so profuse and sincere were the congratulations of all that if he had not laid eyes on the quartermaster occasionally, he would have persuaded himself that he was a real hero. At times he did think so, and was proud of showing himself in public. One day his regiment was camped near an infantry division. He must needs put on his finery and with an orderly gallop by to stun the beholders. "Poor fellows," said he, as he looked over the fence, "how poor their quarters are." As he passed, first one, then another ran to the fence to look at him.

"Run boys, run," said one, "here comes the father of all the cavalry."

"The impertinent rascal," said Colonel Bluff, spurring up old Roanoke. A little further on he noticed that some of the men looked hungry. He swore it was a shame to starve such fellows.

"Boys," said one, pointing at the Falstaffian figure of our hero, "look, there's where all our rations go."

This stamped out all sympathy, and he remarked at the same time that he dug the spurs in old Roanoke's side, "What a dirty lot of d—n blackguards they are to be sure." When he was nearly past the camp one man delivered a parting shot.

"There goes the fellow that swallowed our bass drum!"

This was a settler. Ever after that Colonel Bluff gave the infantry a wide berth.

Co. D.

Taps.

THE WAR DUDE.—The dude is by no means a product of peace only. Indeed, it may be said of them that during war they most abound. A dude of peace is no more to be compared to one of war than a neat yacht to a magnificent ironclad, resplendent with all the pomp and circumstance of war.

They were sure enough "mashers." We recall one so gorgeous with martial trappings that he shone like the emperor of all the Russias. He not only parted his hair in the middle, but also the mane and tail of his horse. Instead of a cane, he wore a sword of delicate steel, concealed in a scabbard that glittered with ornament. There was one class of dudes, then, which soldiers could never abide. It was the one of the stove-pipe hat and the snowy-white shirt. Upon one occasion a specimen of this kind got off a train in Georgia where happened to be encamped some grim and ragged veterans. As he stood on the platform, the soldiers silently gathered around, staring as if they had found a sea-monster. Presently one of them was bold enough to say: "Mister, was you rose about here, or did you come out of a drove?"

DARKY REMINISCENCES.—"Sam," said a Confederate the other day to a negro in his employment, "were you in the army during the war?"

"Yes, *sir*, a little longer than I keered to be."

"Were you ever in a fight?"

"Lots of 'em."

"Which side whipped in your fights?"

"Well," said he resting on his spade and looking away off, "I kin hardly tell. My rigitment was mostly overpowered when we fit."

"What was the cause of that?"

"Dunno. The rebs seemed to cover the yearth, and when they yelled it was awful."

"Were you ever wounded?"

"No, *sir*; and I never intended to be. Wounded? No, indeed, *sir*. I'd rather been killed stone dead than had them sturgeons cuttin' and slashin' at me!"

Editorial.

THE news of the last month may be easily summarized: The downfall of Mahone and Butler; a chapter of accidents and murders; a limited number of cyclones and the snubbing of the Prince of Wales by Mary Anderson; the trial of Crumbaugh at Washington, and the certain election of Carlisle or Randall to the speakership of the Lower House. The last has been the most absorbing topic of the press, and the election of speaker seems to be of equal importance with that of the President. This proves that the corrupting power of official patronage is growing, and is a bad sign.

THE recent award, by the Southern Exposition, of the newspaper prize to the Greenville *Advocate*, of Alabama, was richly deserved. The trade issue which won it was, we believe, from the pen of Mrs. L. P. Henry. It was a marvel of literary art. To clothe, in attractive forms of speech, pretty thoughts, is nothing compared to the Herculean task of hiding the dull facts of business beneath the flowery of rhetoric. Perhaps it only shows that all truth, when distilled in the alembic of an acute and refined mind, comes forth, like Minerva, full-armed and radiant with beauty. It was a triumph of genius, and of a genius which conquers by good works.

IN the north-eastern section of West Virginia, on the head waters of the Potomac, is the county of Hampshire. In a latitude about that of Indianapolis, it was the local point where a prevailing Confederate sentiment penetrated furthest north. Romney, the scene of Jackson's only apparent failure, is the county-seat. It is a region of bleak mountains and fertile valleys. So true were the hearts of the people to the Confederacy throughout the war, hemmed in as they were by Union districts, that this county may be termed the salient out-post of the South in that struggle. It is a region eminently fitted by nature to inspire a love of personal liberty in its inhabitants. It is traversed by wild ranges, whose rude grandeur strikingly contrasts with the repose of the well tilled vales they shut in. The wooded ridges resound with the roar of mimic torrents, which, pouring through winding hollows, meet in dells below, and with their united strength form grace-

ful streams. These, swelling as they go, soon pass through alluvial valleys of romantic beauty.

The principal stream is the South Branch of the Potomac, whose narrow bottoms are noted far and wide for their fertility. Its winding mead seems at times almost hidden in the embrace of overtopping hills, when again it widens and reveals a broad expanse of level plain.

Along its picturesque banks Washington, as a youthful surveyor, learned his first lessons in frontier life; here, doubtless, his native love of freedom took strengthening draughts from contact with the bold and varied features of the landscape.

Before the war the mass of the people of Hampshire were non-slave-holding, and very conservative in politics. But when the war-cloud burst they chose their side and stuck to it with heroic constancy. Almost from the beginning of the conflict the county was overrun by Federal troops. By these it was held in nominal subjection. That is, it was held down very much as the bull's hide was by the man who stood upon it, only the part his feet were on being suppressed, while the rest rose around him. Where the Federal camp was pitched, there was submission; but the mountains in sight teemed with daring bushwhackers.

In the winter of 1863 Peter Poland, an aged citizen of Hampshire, visited a Confederate camp. He wore a hunting shirt of home-spun, and carried a squirrel rifle. "How long, Mr. Poland," said a soldier, "do you think our side can hold out." "Well," said he, "they may take the cities and perhaps the lowlands, but we can bushwhack them for forty years."

Such was the spirit which animated the soldiers of Hampshire, and though exiles from their homes, they, with patient fortitude, followed the flag of their adoption till it went down at Appomattox.

On the 5th of September last, a re-union of Hampshire soldiers was held "to show respect to the memory of her heroes gone before." A permanent association was organized under the name of "Society of ex-Confederate Soldiers in Hampshire County." Isaac T. Brady was elected President, and Colonel Alex. Monroe, B. F. McDonald, and Dr. R. W. Dailey, Vice-presidents; R. J. Pugh, Recording Secretary; S. L. Flournoy, Corresponding Secretary; Jos. A. Pancake, Treasurer; Rev. J. W. Finley, Chaplain.

One hundred and thirty names were enrolled, and the enthusiasm was characteristic. At twelve o'clock the veterans sat down to a tempting repast, provided by the ladies, and showed that a long peace

had not dulled the keenness of their war appetites. Some of them ate as in days gone by, "when they hadn't had anything to eat for three days." After dinner, stirring addresses were delivered by Rev. G. W. Finley, Colonel Monroe, S. L. Flourney, and C. C. Watts.

THE defeat of Mahone in Virginia is gratifying. It assures us that unscrupulous bosses can not successfully organize the negroes and the rabble whites, against the respectable elements of society. Blood is thicker than water. This was shown in the dark days that followed the end of the war. The confiscation party, under Thaddeus Stephens, might have permanently widened the sectional breach could the white Union soldiers have been brought to side with the negro. But no matter what were the orders when the crisis came they affiliated with their own race. It is true now of the Northern masses of both parties, that they will never sustain in power leaders who plot to use the negroes for the oppression of the whites. The negro must abide where nature puts him, or she will vindicate her supremacy in the civil as in the physical world, whenever her laws are violated.

PERHAPS nothing more clearly reveals the popular respect for science than the speedy acquiescence of the public in the readjustment of "old Father Time."

The story of the robber Procrustes, who with force shortened or lengthened his captives to fit the same bed, has a new application. The round earth is re-surveyed, meridians are abolished, except for favored spots, and all at a certain distance from these are forced under the same. The subject is a tough one, and none but a scientist can do justice to it. The most lucid explanation we have heard was from an old gentleman, who took the spectacles off his nose to illuminate the inquiring mind of a lady. Said he: "It is another step of progress. By the new schedule, eighteen minutes are gained in the universe. You can thus have breakfast earlier when it seems to be later, or later when it is in fact earlier."

ON every tongue is praise of the business-energy of the South, and of its rapid advances in material development. The land of the burning sun is full of bustle, and its hot breezes but serve to blow into a flame the sparks of industrial life. It is well to be up and doing, but there are some things more essential to national health than full barns and stupendous factories.

Let us not forget the breed of noble blood. Many say, "We have turned our backs on the past. Opinions and sentiments are false friends. Nothing is real but property and money."

The war, indeed, was a curse, if it has brought us to this. Time was when gold could not purchase rank in society, politics, and religion. It is so no longer. A mad desire for riches possesses the country. Public opinion, like Nebuchadnezzar, has set up a golden image and nearly all bow down to it. The few who adhere to the old standard are hermits. The old are more miserly; and the youth, insolently selfish, have their faces set, like flint, toward the fickle goddess. Carlyle says the natural result of such popular tendencies is to inaugurate Pandemonium.

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD AT CHICKAMAUGA.

A few ex-Confederates at Frankfort, Ky., are about to remove the Franklin county dead from the battle-field of Chickamauga, and re-inter them in the cemetery at Franklin. This is a move in the right direction. The writer was at Chickamauga in December, 1881, and visited the graveyard of Helm's brigade, where now repose ten or fifteen of that command. He was surprised to find traces of so few, having been misled by newspaper publication.

Directly after the war, Mr. Charles Hebst, of the Second Kentucky, following the dictates of a lofty patriotism, revisited the scene of the conflict, with the purpose of erecting head-boards to our fallen comrades. This he did, though not without great difficulty. The boys had been buried together, and rude head-boards placed over them. All were in a state of decay, and some had only the names or initials written in pencil, without company or regiment.

By consulting the company rolls, he finally succeeded in identifying the remains, and, I think, reported what he had done to some who were thinking of taking up all the bodies and burying them by the side of their beloved commander, General Ben Hardin, at Atlanta. But the expense was great, and the Confederates were too poor to carry it out. Since that time, many persons have removed their own dead relatives slain there, and now only about ten or fifteen remain. It is hoped that an effort will soon be made to gather the small remnant and bury them on Kentucky soil. Why not co-operate with the parties in Frankfort? If any one wishes to contribute to the expense of removal, they can send it to either Judge R. A. Thompson, W. L. Jett, or James G. Crockett, all of Frankfort.

J. H. W.

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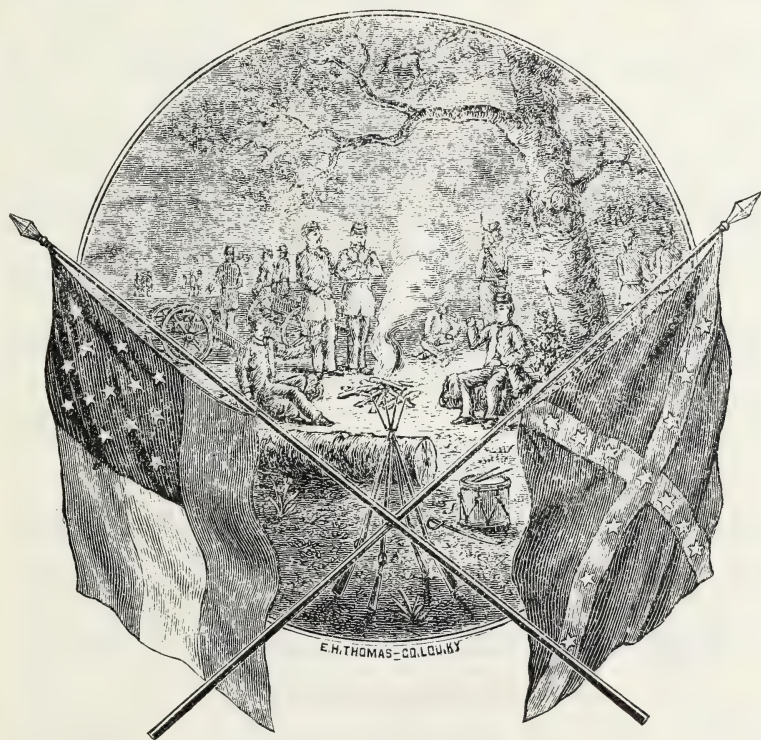
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THE BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.

The sudden and perhaps unexpected crossing of the Tennessee by Sherman's army, and its threatening appearance at the north end of Missionary Ridge, on the evening of the 24th, forced Bragg to abandon Lookout mountain. This was the vital point of the Confederate position, and Grant as usual made his combinations with reference to its assault, at the same time not forgetting other points.

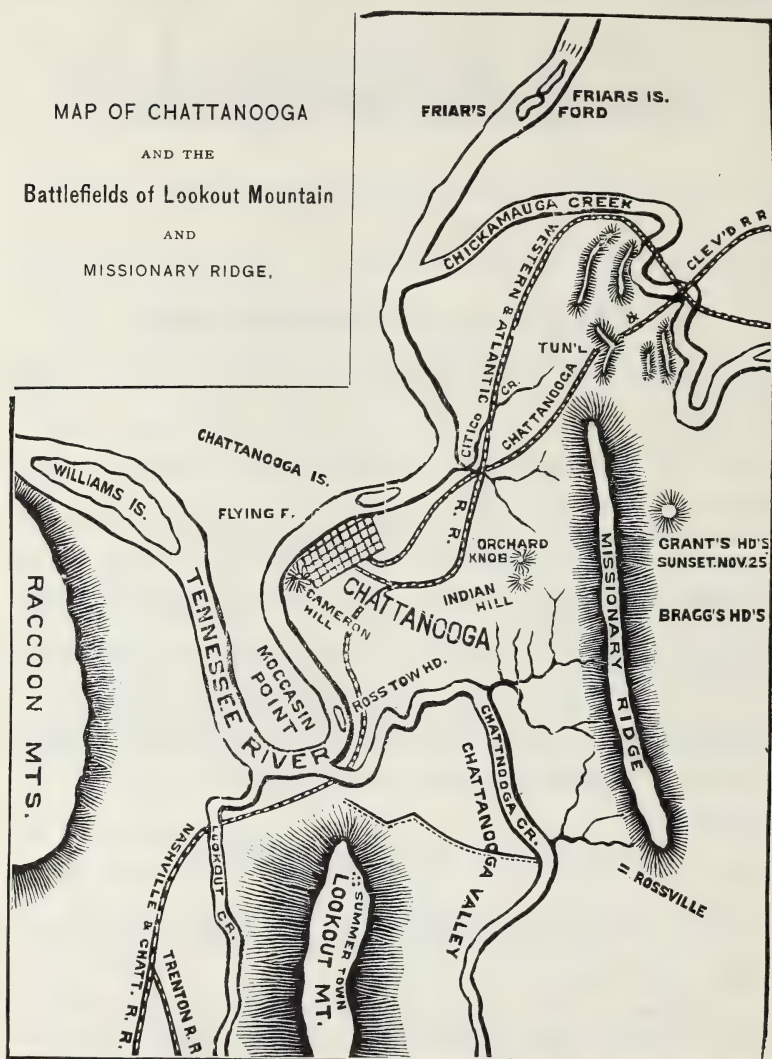
He had made up his mind to give battle as soon as Sherman arrived, and everything was done to speed his coming. He knew that Knoxville was closely besieged by Longstreet, and that Burnside's army was starving, and that Bragg had sent off, the very day Sherman was expected, one of his divisions to help Longstreet. It was Grant's policy to fight; it was Bragg's to keep up a show of masterly inactivity till Knoxville fell. A delay of even a day might lose Knoxville, and bring Longstreet's veterans, flushed with victory, back to Missionary Ridge.

On the night of the 24th of November, nearly the whole of both armies were spectators of the combat, on the northern slope of

NOTE.—It has been impossible to lay hand upon a copy of General Bragg's official report of this battle. It is believed that it never was published, and will not be for some time.

In the absence of this, Bragg's motives had to be conjectured from statements made by a few eye-witnesses, from Federal official reports, and from the Confederate roster obtained from Federal archives. Bragg had in the battle seven divisions of infantry: Stuart's on the extreme left at Rossville; Hindman's and Breckinridge's at the left center under Breckinridge; and Cheatham's, Walker's, Stevenson's, and Cleburne's under Hardee on the right.

Grant attacked Bragg's left with three divisions: Geary's, Cruft's, and Osterhaus' under Hooker; his right with five divisions, G. Smith's, M. Smith's, Ewing's, Davis', and one other, supported by Howard's two divisions, Schurz and Steinweker; his center with six divisions, Wood's, Sheridan's, Johnson's, Baird's, Slocums, and William's, though the last was not under fire.



Lookout mountain. The successive flashes of musketry, and the bright tracks of the bombs ending in bursts of flame might have been mistaken for a grand display of fire-works, had not the roar of conflict told of the struggle going on.

The Confederates contemplated with no little apprehension the possible loss of the lofty fortress that protected their left wing; and

the sight of a battle line on the northern slope, coupled with the knowledge that the enemy had already effected a lodgment there, excited the gloomiest forebodings. The Federals, elated with the news of Hooker's success, watched the contest with full assurance of victory. About ten o'clock, there was a lull in the firing, and only an occasional flash told that the issue was not yet decided, but that the exhausted antagonists were resting on their arms. The Federals lay down that night to dream of a mighty victory; the Confederates to rest in slumbers broken by premonitions of disaster.

Bragg could not make up his mind to retreat, though in the impending struggle he knew that he had but 28,000 men to contend with 70,000 of the enemy; and he was convinced that Grant would attack him on the morrow. The Chickamauga was swollen in his rear, and he feared that he could not get his men across it in time. There seems to have been a general impression that Bragg would retire before dawn. So confident of it was Cleburne, that when ordered to the right, he did not take his artillery with him. At nine o'clock P. M. he sent an officer to Hardee, to ask if they meant to give battle. That officer found Hardee at Bragg's headquarters, in council with him and Breckinridge. The answer of Hardee was, "Tell Cleburne we are to fight, that his division will undoubtedly be heavily attacked, and that he must do his very best."

During the night, Cheatham's and Stevenson's divisions were withdrawn from Lookout mountain and posted on the right. At broad daylight the next morning, from the pinnacle of the rock-walled fortress floated the stars and stripes. The Federals, as they gazed upon this evidence of victory, sent up cheer after cheer, and soon the mighty host of Grant was full of bustle and activity.

At sunrise on the 25th, Sherman moved up and assaulted the Confederate right at Tunnel Hill. By ten o'clock the conflict raged with fury, and line after line moved against Hardee's works. The Federals fought bravely, but all their efforts were in vain. Hooker with three divisions, was sent to attack Bragg's extreme left at Rossville. Here the single division of Stuart was soon dislodged. Some retreated across the ridge, while others retired up the ridge toward Bragg's center. Hooker, forming his command, having Osterhaus' division on the eastern, and Geary's on the western slope, and Croft's on the top, met with little opposition as he advanced. The Confederates kept up a running fight as they retreated, but failed to give a serious check to Hooker's columns. Whenever they would halt and resist, Osterhaus swinging around on their left and Geary on

their right, would deliver an enfilading fire that forced them back. It was like breasting the ocean tide—though its first onset be withstood, it surges by, leaving you overwhelmed with increasing masses. On came Hooker's columns, fighting little, but bearing the fortune of the day in their hands. Messenger after messenger reported that the enemy was coming on the flank. Many of the fugitives abandoning the field, fled up the ridge, and passing by men in the trenches, sowed the seeds of panic by their accounts of disaster.

About three o'clock, Grant, the man of destiny, stood on Orchard Knob, fronting Bragg's center, and with patient vigilance was waiting for the turn of fortune's wheel. The approach of Hooker was to be the signal for Thomas to storm the ridge, and with wistful gaze Grant watched the smoke of battle on his right. Hooker was not yet in sight, but Grant knew he was coming.

In the meantime, Sherman continued to hurl his masses against Hardee on Tunnel Hill. The most vigorous assaults, oft repeated, failed to make any impression upon his foe, but the attack still proceeded. Sherman's pertinacity excited the liveliest apprehension in Bragg, and more than once he weakened the center to strengthen his right. The most active lieutenant of Hardee in defending Tunnel Hill was General Cleburne, a soldier distinguished for personal daring and a genius which was always equal to the occasion. He was conspicuous in every battle in which he was engaged, and his name is associated with most of the glorious achievements of the army of Tennessee. He was not satisfied with merely repelling Sherman's charging masses. Impatient of the issue, he wished to pursue the repulsed foe.* "Seeing a column of men advancing up the hill, Cleburne placed himself at the head of the Texas brigade, and jumping the works, met and repulsed the charge, and returned with a number of prisoners and several stands of colors."

The success of Hardee was without fruit. At the very moment when his men sent up ringing cheers at the repulse of Sherman, an answering shout of triumph arose from the victorious columns of Thomas.

Grant saw that Bragg, appalled by the vigor of Sherman's attack, had weakened his center. Still he waited for Hooker. At last, fearing lest the golden opportunity might slip by, and knowing that Hooker was near, he gave the order to Thomas to storm the ridge.

Let us see now what troops were opposed to him, and what was

*"Cleburne at Missionary Ridge:" Southern Historical Papers, Vol. VIII.

the strength of the position Thomas was ordered to assail. Bragg had, in all, seven divisions; Grant had seventeen. The aggregate strength of the divisions was about the same. Bragg had four divisions and one brigade opposing Sherman—one division at Rossville, and two, under Breckinridge, holding the center. Thomas had six divisions, with Howard's two connecting his line with Sherman's. The crest held by Breckinridge was about three hundred yards distant from the rifle-pits at the base. The line of defense followed the winding edge of the hill. The works varied in strength according to the difficulty of approach, and were manned by a feeble line, not even shoulder to shoulder, and in some places at intervals; the rifle-pits at the base were held by a skirmish line.

The troops on the crest had watched all the day long, with eager gaze, the marshaling of the Army of the Cumberland. They saw the burnished steel of the hostile multitude glittering like a sea in the sunshine. They doubtless compared their own straggling line with the compact columns of the foe, and they knew that their left had been swept away by Hooker, the sound of whose guns was getting nearer and nearer; yet they relied upon the strength of their position, and began, probably, to think that no attempt would be made upon it.

At a given signal from Orchard Knob the Federal line advanced. Immediately, many batteries from their rear opened upon the works, and the crest blazed with responsive thunder. The storming columns, with an extended front of four divisions in double line, steadily moved forward. The sound of Hardee's and Sherman's guns was now drowned in the roar of a greater conflict. The rifle-pits at the base were soon taken, and covering themselves as best they could behind these the Federals halted. The breastworks here being low and slight, they were exposed to a plunging and enfilading fire, which made them restive. The following from General Hazen's official report (Wood's division), tells why and how the ascent was begun without waiting for orders:

"The musketry-fire from the crest was now telling severely upon us, and the crest presenting its concavity towards us, we were completely enfiladed by artillery from both flanks. * * The command had executed its orders, and to remain there till new ones could be sent would be destruction; to fall back would not only be so but would entail disgrace. * * Giving the men about five minutes to breathe, and receiving no orders I gave the word "Forward" which was eagerly obeyed. The forces of General Willitt on my left had

commenced somewhat in advance, and those of Major-General Sheridan on my right were a considerable distance in my rear. Lieutenant-Colonel Langdon, of the First Ohio, gaining a position where the conformation of the hill gave cover till within three yards of the crest, formed several hundred men there, checking the head for that purpose; then giving the command, the column broke over the crest, the enemy fleeing. These were the first men of the entire army on the hill, and my command moving up with a shout, their entire front was handsomely carried. The troops on my immediate left were still held in check, and those on my right not more than half way up the hill were being successfully held back. Hurrying my men to the right and left along the crest, I was enabled to take the enemy in flank and reverse, and by vigorously using the artillery captured there, I soon relieved my neighbors, and carried the crest within a few hundred yards of Bragg's headquarters; he, himself, escaping by flight, being at one time near my right, encouraging the troops that had checked Sheridan's left."

That there was a simultaneous advance of the storming columns, there is no doubt, but the report of General Hazen shows how the crest was first reached by his brigade, and the progress of the other commands thereby made less perilous. That the charge of his brigade, and especially that of the First Ohio, was a gallant one, is proved by their losses. During the rush up the hill the colors of the First Ohio were carried by six different men, three of whom were wounded and one was killed. The last man to seize them was Major Stafford, who succeeded to the command of the regiment, its brave commander. Lieutenant-Colonel Langdon, having fallen before the crest was reached.

This same brigade captured eighteen pieces of artillery, fully half of what was taken by Grant's whole army. It was composed of eight regiments from Ohio, four from Kentucky, and one from Indiana. The First Ohio was, two days before the battle, consolidated with the Twenty-third Kentucky, and so it was partly from Ohio and partly from Kentucky.

The success of the Federals in carrying the ridge is attributed by not a few to the cowardice of the men in front of Hazen's brigade. But the testimony of that officer refutes the slander. Even after he took the works in the way he describes, the Confederates refused to yield, but faced him on every side, and fought hard to recover the lost position. A Federal correspondent says that the Confederate dead were strewed along the trenches, and that he saw one officer

lying on his face, the sword still grasped in his hand. Let not ignorance nor calumny attain the memory of those who fell on either side. Most of the men in the trenches fought bravely till the summit was reached and they were exposed to a flank fire. They would have repelled the charge, had it been wanting in the steady valor displayed by the Federals. If any still doubt whether Breckinridge's two small divisions failed to do their duty, let him compare the losses suffered by Sherman, who fought four divisions of Confederates for seven hours on the right with that of Thomas, who was engaged not over two hours. Sherman's casualties, killed, wounded, and missing were 1,926 men; those of Thomas exceeded 3,000.

If Bragg be blamed for opposing Sherman and Howard with four divisions and one brigade, while he left one division to oppose Hooker's corps, and two only to man the crest against the seven divisions of the army of the Cumberland, under Thomas, it should be remembered that if he had done otherwise and the right had been carried, the disaster would have been irretrievable.

The following is an account from a member of Water's battery, which occupied a position on the line near the center of Hindman's division. Both Grant and Thomas, state in their reports that the Federals broke over the crest almost simultaneously at five points; but from General Hazen's report, which is confirmed by those of his regimental commanders, and from the following, it appears that the gap was first made by Hazen's brigade, a short distance to the left of Bragg's headquarters:

"Our battery moved back from the works at the base of the hill to the crest of the ridge, before daylight on the morning of the 25th, and we occupied a position about four hundred yards to the right of General Bragg's headquarters, our guns being deployed so as to cover a space of about one hundred yards. A skirmish line was left in the works at the foot of the hill, and we were supported by a single line of infantry in slight breast-works. I think they were Alabama troops. Late in the afternoon (about four o'clock), the enemy had formed, and when he advanced it was in five lines, the rear line moving at a charge bayonets, in order, I presume, to keep the front lines well up to the work. My gun had been run out on a spur of the ridge for better position. We opened on the enemy, first using shrapnell, cutting the fuse at five seconds, and the shells burst beautifully in front of the enemy's lines, doing good execution. As the lines advanced, we cut the fuse shorter, and finally at a half second, when the shells would burst in two hundred yards of the gun.

Before this, however, our skirmishers had fired one round and fallen back, and before the enemy had reached the works at the base of the hill, our infantry support fired two volleys without doing execution, and retreated in great disorder, thus leaving the artillery alone to fight it out.

“When the enemy got to the foot of the hill, they planted their colors on the deserted works, and after cheering loudly, advanced up the hill. We then commenced using single and finally double canister, cutting great gaps through the enemy’s ranks at each successive discharge, but these would soon be closed up and the lines continued to steadily advance. At one time the enemy, in order to avoid our fire, commenced moving up a little ravine, and while massed in this we trained our gun down it with double discharges of canister, which created great slaughter and caused the Federals to scatter, but without checking the advance. The enemy was now keeping up a heavy fire, and the bullets commenced cutting the spokes of our gun carriage, and flattening against the piece. Once, at this critical moment, when Charlie Baker pulled the lanyard, the cap failed to explode, and, in the absence of pinchers, he seized the little tube between his teeth, and thus extracting it, inserted another, and the gun was discharged with but a moment’s loss of time.

“We kept up the fire until the enemy was within thirty yards of our gun and had reached the top of the ridge to our left, and we were being subjected to a heavy enfilading fire. Our ammunition had then given out (we had emptied five chests), and the only thing left for us to do was to try and save the gun. We ran it back over the ridge by hand, and just before we reached the timber it struck a little stump which upset it. The horses were restive under the fire which came from the left, and while the rest of us were aiding the drivers in holding them, a muscular Irish soldier, by his unaided strength, succeeded in righting the gun, and we finally got it limbered; but the driver had hardly laid whip when the two rear horses were shot down. The other four horses were then quickly cut loose and were ridden out in safety, but the gun had to be left to fall into the hands of the enemy. The men of our section who had not been killed or wounded, then scattered, and it was every fellow for himself. Charlie Baker and I were together, but we had not gotten far when Charlie threw up his hands and fell back dead. He was a mere boy, but a braver lad never went soldiering. Of our section we saved four horses, but of the other sections of our battery, horses as well as guns were captured.

"I had but little opportunity to observe the general battle after our battery opened. Before the enemy advanced in our front, we saw heavy fighting going on to our right, up about the railroad tunnel. The five lines which advanced to the general assault, extended from the river above town around to 'Orchard Knob,' about in front of Bragg's headquarters; and from that point around to Look-out valley there were at least three lines.

"About the time our ammunition gave out and we were running our gun back over the hill to limber it up, I glanced down to our left, and near Bragg's headquarters I saw the cannoneers of a battery tumbling the guns down the hill on the Federals that were swarming up. I think this was Cobb's battery."

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

The plateau upon which the Federal army was encamped furnished a position of very great defensive strength; Confederate and Federal writers who have written of the battle, concur in describing it as in effect a "natural fortification," quite difficult of assault. The ground which the Confederates had necessarily to cross before grappling with their enemy was broken and rugged. Ravines, caused by the drainage into the respective creeks, were frequent and not easy of passage, and, with the numerous dense thickets which covered the whole front of the position, and boggy nature of the soil at many points, afforded protection to those receiving, and presented arduous obstacles to the troops making the attack. That attack was received by the five divisions of General Grant's army, which fought on the first day of Shiloh, very nearly upon the line occupied by their outermost encampment, and not in the order in which they would have been arrayed had it been anticipated. The accident of position—even the disposition of the tents—the condition in which they were found, determined the character of their first formation, and at least one or two hot hours of battle had passed before they were reduced to any systematic tactical arrangement.

The locations selected for the encampment of the troops were so chosen, more with a view to convenience and comfort, apparently, than with regard to their tactical value. This was in no wise to be censured, for if a position had been definitely determined upon, whereon the army should be aligned at the first indication of danger, the precaution would have been sufficient. But the lack of such

method, and the peculiar disposition of the camps, not only separated by wide intervals but scattered very much at random, may be accepted as evidences that the Federal commanders at no time contemplated the probability of an attack, and deemed no provision for such a contingency necessary. General Sherman's division was stationed farthest from the river. Three of his brigades, commanded by Colonels McDowell, Buckland, and Hildebrand, occupied the exterior edge or western limit of the plateau. McDowell, guarding the bridge on the Purdy road over Owl creek, was somewhat retired, his front describing an obtuse angle with that of Buckland, who came next in the line, to the left. Upon Buckland's left was Hildebrand; the interval between their approximate flanks was a short distance in advance of Shiloh Church. Sherman's remaining brigade, commanded by Colonel Stuart, was posted on the extreme left of the field, guarding the ford over Lick creek. This brigade was fully a mile distant from Hildebrand's left flank, and was fronted south-east. The interval was filled by Prentiss' division, which was thus inserted, as it were, into Sherman's line, and constituted the center of the line of battle. The formation thus presented was extremely ragged and defective. A wide interval separated Prentiss from Hildebrand, the latter being considerably in advance, and partially masking the right flank of the former. Stuart, as has been said, was faced at right angles to the rest of the line, and was, moreover, too far in the rear to render prompt and adequate support to Prentiss against a sudden and energetic attack. Of course, these defects could all have been readily remedied, in the face of an enemy approaching cautiously and slowly, but the Confederate advance was as swift and headlong as an avalanche, and came with as little premonition. McClelland's division lay a half or three-quarters of a mile in the rear of Sherman's three brigades on the right; Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace were fully two miles in the rear.

The division of General Lew. Wallace was at Crump's Landing, some miles north of the battle-ground, and, as has already been stated, took no part in the first day's fighting.

The question in connection with this battle which now seems to excite most interest and elicit most frequent discussion, is that of the surprise of the Federal army there, which has been very constantly alleged, was, at the time, and for many years after, spoken of as a fact conceded by every one on both sides, and was not, until of comparatively recent date, denied. General Sherman grows annually stronger in his conviction that the original and universal impres

sion on this head was erroneous, and at every successive army reunion waxes more indignant that any one shall charge, or even credit such a thing. Inasmuch as the General held the most advanced position, and was doing the outpost duty of the army—if any such duty can be said to have been done at all—and was the ranking officer of those immediately upon the ground, it may be that he feels that the responsibility for the surprise, if there was one, rests peculiarly upon him.

I have already ventured the opinion that the disposition of the troops encamped in front of Pittsburg Landing would have been altered, and the general formation been made more regular and compact, had a Confederate advance and attack been contemplated. Lew. Wallace would scarcely have been allowed to remain so far away with eight thousand men, if a feeling of security had not prevailed with those who controlled his movements. Indeed, when Cheatham assembled his division at Purdy to march it to Mickey's, where it rejoined the main body of the Confederate forces, Wallace so little suspected the true meaning of the movement that he believed it to be preliminary to an attack upon himself. Nor would the leading divisions of Buell's column have been delayed at Savannah if battle had been anticipated at Pittsburg. General Grant emphatically enough urged them to haste, on the morning of the 6th, when he was disturbed at breakfast by the roar of artillery at Shiloh.

If General Grant was ignorant of Johnston's forward and aggressive movement until the blow fell, it argues that his subordinates, nearer the front, were also ignorant of it, for any information procured by them would have instantly been forwarded to him. If General Grant knew Johnston was advancing and meant to give battle, how came he to be at Savannah on Saturday night, and not on the front, where, before and after this battle, he was accustomed to be, and where General Sherman, who, in this respect, practiced what he preached, says that a commander-in-chief should ever be when battle is imminent? Above all, it is inconceivable and inexplicable, if the Federal commander realized the danger, and actually expected attack, why a strong, continuous line of pickets was not thrown out, some hundreds of yards at least, beyond the ordinary camp-guards, and extended along the entire front of the army, not merely in front of Prentiss' division, a precaution that officer seems to have taken without suggestion from or conference with any other; and it is difficult to understand why a part of each division on the front was not made to bivouac on their arms during

the nights of the 4th and 5th, and held ready to support the pickets. Two corps of Johnston's army reached Mickey's on the 4th; the entire army was assembled there on the evening of the 5th, with strong picket lines well advanced. For two days, then, before the battle, the forest immediately in front of the Federal position, and less than four miles distant from Sherman's encampment, was thronged with the Confederate battalions.

The Confederate order of attack was arrayed on the afternoon of the 5th, and, speaking from a recollection of what I witnessed myself, I would say that the Confederate outpost videttes and the most advanced Federal sentinels were not more than a mile apart. Everything that transpired along the front and in the camps which we were able to observe, was a matter of constant and curious remark during those two days. If any recognition of our presence was obtained, it could be discovered by no sign, noted by no movement of preparation in that seemingly careless host. A general feeling of amazement pervaded the Confederate ranks at the apathy or ignorance of their adversary; and much of the impetuous confidence which characterized them on the morning of the battle was due to the indications which convinced them that they had surprised their foe.

It is true that so skillful and wary a captain as General Beauregard believed, on the night of the 5th, that the attempt to effect a surprise would fail, on account of the delay of twenty-four hours, which has been mentioned, and for that reason counseled an abandonment of the plan, and a return to Corinth. But he was of the opinion that our presence had been discovered by the enemy, simply because he could not conceive it *possible* that it could be concealed, when ordinary vigilance must have detected it.

General Sherman, in his Memoirs, page 229, says: "From about the 1st of April we were conscious that the rebel cavalry in our front were getting bolder and more saucy, and on Friday, the 4th of April, it dashed down and carried off one of our picket-guards, composed of an officer and seven men, posted a couple of miles out on the Corinth road. Colonel Buckland sent a company to its relief, then followed himself with a regiment, and fearing lest he might be worsted, I called out his whole brigade, and followed some four or five miles, when the cavalry in advance encountered artillery. * * * Thus far we had not positively detected the presence of infantry."

Now, it is very certain that General Sherman is mistaken in regard to the distance to which this reconnoissance was pushed, for if he had

“followed” four, not to say five miles, he would have gotten beyond Mickey’s, and he would assuredly have “positively detected the presence of infantry,” unless Hardee’s corps and that portion of Bragg’s, then there, had proven unsubstantial myths—something he did not find them, when two days after, *they* had *advanced* four miles.

In his report of this affair, written on the 5th, he states that he ordered Major Ricker, of the Fifth Ohio Cavalry, to pursue the party which had made a dash on the pickets. “He rapidly advanced some two miles, and found them engaged, charged the enemy, and drove them along the Ridge road, till he met and received three discharges of artillery, when he very properly wheeled under cover and returned until he met me.

“As soon as I heard artillery I advanced with two regiments of infantry and took position, and remained until the scattered companies of infantry and cavalry returned. This was after night.”

Now, it can scarcely be inferred from this language that Major Ricker, and certainly not that General Sherman, pressed out so far as “four or five miles.” But in the same report, still speaking of this Confederate cavalry dash, and speculating as to its meaning, he says: “I infer that the enemy is in some considerable force at Pea Ridge; that yesterday morning they crossed a brigade of two regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, and one battery of field artillery, to the ridge on which the Corinth road lies. They halted the infantry and artillery at a point about five miles in my front, sent a detachment to the lane of General Meaks, on the north side of Owl creek, and the cavalry down toward our camp.”

It is impossible to deduce any other conclusion from this report, which, it must be remembered, was written and sent to General Grant’s Adjutant-General on the day before the battle, than that General Sherman was in total ignorance of his enemy’s important and threatening concentration at Mickey’s—that he knew nothing of the Confederate masses immediately in his front, gradually pushing nearer as they were formed for the fight, and that he altogether misapprehended the significance of the “saucy” demonstrations which he describes.

General Sherman is credited with having said recently that the stories so frequent at the time of the battle, of men having been shot or bayoneted in their tents on the morning of the 6th, were utterly without foundation. He is mistaken. Very many such instances occurred. It was quite a common thing to see dead men, half clad, lying in tents perforated with bullets, and in some cases stretched at

the entrance, or entangled in the tent cords as if killed just as they were rushing out. If the Federal army at Shiloh was not as completely surprised as so large a body of men can ever be, then its commanders have a more serious charge to meet. If they were not taken unawares, how can they possibly explain the disadvantage at which they suffered themselves to be taken? What possible excuse can they offer for their careless array and evident want of preparation for immediate battle?

On the evening of the 5th, the Confederate army was, as has been already stated, arrayed in the order in which it was to commence the engagement, and the men slept that night on their arms and in line. The first line of battle, under Hardee, extended from Owl creek to Lick creek, having a front of a little more than three miles. Hardee's own command numbered 6,789 effectives, and Gladden's brigade, detached from Bragg, was added to his line, making its total effective strength 9,024. The second line was commanded by General Bragg. It was 10,731 strong, and was formed from three hundred to five hundred yards in the rear of the first line. The third line was composed of Polk's corps and the three brigades commanded by Breckinridge. Polk was massed in columns of brigades on the Bark road, about eight hundred yards in the rear of Bragg; Breckinridge was formed on his right. It was intended that Polk should support the two lines in his front, and take up the fighting when they began to weary or falter; Breckinridge was to be used as a reserve. Polk's corps was 9,136 strong; Breckinridge's reserve numbered 6,439. The Confederate army, therefore, stood in order of battle 35,320 men, infantry and artillery, to which 4,300 cavalry, watching its flanks, being added, foots up an aggregate strength of 39,630. It carried into action some fifty guns.

To meet the impact of this force, there were irregularly disposed about the ground from Pittsburg to Shiloh Church, according to the estimate herein previously made, some 41,000 men, with eighty-four guns.

I have already mentioned the fact that while Lick creek, on which rested the Confederate right, flows from the point where the first Confederate line was formed, with a very slight northerly inclination almost straight to the river, Owl creek bends abruptly to the northward. This should be borne in mind, because it had much to do with General Johnston's plan of attack and conduct of the battle. The *Compte de Paris* is of opinion that General Johnston should have massed his army on the Federal right, and turning that flank,

have driven it up the river into the angle between Lick creek and the river. It is a matter of astonishment that so intelligent and competent a military critic should entertain this view. By massing on the Federal left and pivoting on his own left flank, Johnston kept both his flanks well protected. Turning and driving back the left wing of his enemy, his right was guarded all the time by the vicinity of Lick creek, until, when he began to bear away from that stream, it was afforded the better protection of the river to which his right then approached. If, on the contrary, he had pivoted on his right and massed on the Federal right, his left wing, as it swung around in the execution of the movement which the *Compte de Paris* thinks he should have attempted, would have receded rapidly down Owl creek, very soon leaving a wide interval between his left and that stream, into which the troops, which General Johnston had every reason to believe were stationed nearest to Pittsburg Landing, might be poured, dangerously threatening his rear, and effectually checking the pocketing business suggested. W. H. L. Wallace's division, lying along the road to Crump's Landing, was, in fact, exactly in the position which would naturally and most certainly have brought him upon Johnston's left flank and rear had the latter attempted this maneuver.

BEGINNING OF THE BATTLE.

I may be pardoned for reproducing here a description of the beginning of the battle, which I wrote many years ago, when its picture was fresher in my memory, although its details, perhaps, not so familiar to me as now:

"The afternoon wore away, and no sign in the enemy's camps indicated that he had discovered our presence. The night fell, and the stern preparations for the morrow having been all completed, the army sank to rest. The forest was soon almost as still as before it had been tenanted with the hosts of war. But before the day broke the army was astir; the bugles sounded the reveille on all sides, and the long lines began to form. About five o'clock the first gun rang on the front—another and another succeeding, until the musketry grew into that crackling, labored sound which precedes the roar of real battle. The troops seemed excited to frenzy by the sound. It was the first fight in which the majority of them had ever been engaged, and they had as yet seen and suffered nothing to abate the ardor with which the high-spirited young fellows panted for battle. Every one who witnessed the marshaling of the Confederate army for attack, upon the morning of the 5th of April, must remember

more distinctly than anything else the glowing enthusiasm of the men, their buoyancy and spirited impatience to close with the enemy. As each regiment formed upon the ground where it had bivouacked, the voice of its commander might be heard as he spoke high words of encouragement to his men, and it would ring clear as he appealed to their regimental pride, and bade them think of the fame they might win. When the line began to advance, the wild cheers which arose made the woods stir as if with the rush of a mighty wind. Nowhere was there any thought of fear; everywhere were there evidences of impetuous and determined valor.

“For some distance the woods were open and clear of undergrowth, and the troops passed through, preserving their array with little difficulty; but as the point where the fight between the pickets had commenced was neared, the timber became dwarfed into scrubby brush, and at some places dense thickets impeded the advance. The ground, too, grew rugged and difficult of passage in unbroken line. The gray, clear morning was ere long enlivened by a radiant sunrise. As the great light burst in full splendor above the horizon, sending brilliancy over the scene, many a man thought of the great conqueror’s augury, and pointed in exultation and hope to the ‘sun of Shiloh.’ Breckinridge’s division went into the fight last, and, of course, saw and heard a great deal of it before becoming itself actively engaged. Not far off the fight soon grew earnest, as Hardee dashed resolutely on; the uneasy, broken rattle of the skirmishers gave way to the sustained volleys on the lines, and the artillery joined in the clamor, while away on the right the voice of the strife grew hoarser and angrier like the growl of some wounded monster, furious and at bay. Hardee’s line carried all before it. At the first encampment it met not the semblance of a check. Following close and eager on the fleeing pickets, it burst upon the startled inmates as they emerged, half clad, from the tents, giving them no time to form, driving them in rapid panic, bayoneting the dilatory—on through the camps swept together, pursuers and pursued.

“But now the alarm was thoroughly given, the ‘long roll’ and the bugle were calling the Federals to arms; all through their thick encampments they were hastily forming. As Hardee, close upon the haunches of the foe he had first started, broke into another camp, a long line of steel and flame met him, staggering, and, for a little while, stopping his advance. But his gallant corps was as yet too fresh for an enemy not recovered from the enervating effects of surprise to hold it back long. For a while it writhed and surged before the stern

barrier suddenly erected in its path, and then, gathering itself together, dashed irresistibly forward. The enemy was beaten back, but the hardy Western men who filled his ranks (although raw and for the first time under fire) could not be forced to positive flight. They had once formed, and at this stage of the battle they could not be routed. Soon they turned for another stand, and the Confederates were at once upon them. Again they gave way, but strewed the path of their stubborn retreat with many a corpse in gray as well as in blue. At half-past seven the first line began to show signs of exhaustion, and its march over the rough ground, while struggling with the enemy, had thinned and impaired it. It was time for Bragg's corps to come to the relief, and that superb line now moved up in serried strength. The first sign of slackening, on the part of the Confederates, seemed to add vigor to the enemy's resistance; but, bravely as they fought, they never recovered from the stun of the surprise. Their half of the battle was out of joint at the beginning, and it was never gotten right during that day. They were making desperate efforts to retrieve their lost ground when Bragg's disciplined tornado burst upon them. The shock was met gallantly, but in vain. Another bloody grapple was followed by another retreat of the Federals, and again our line moved on."

General Johnston's plan of battle was to execute a grand wheel to the left with his entire army, his right rapidly advancing, his left more deliberately, and his heaviest blows delivered upon the Federal left and center. He thus hoped to overwhelm and completely drive back the Federal left, and eventually, by successive, heavy, and sustained attacks, batter their whole line to pieces, and driving the fragments to the river's edge, compel their surrender. Had the army been wheeled to the right, the danger of fatally exposing the left flank, already indicated, would have been incurred. If both flanks had been pressed forward abreast, and kept close to the respective creeks, the front of the army would have been so greatly extended that its capacity for formidable and continuous advance would have been greatly impaired; no sufficient number of troops could have been massed upon any given point to certainly destroy and break through all resistance, and its center would have been so weakened that a determined counter-attack might have pierced it, which would have resulted in complete and crushing defeat. In that event one-half would have been flung upon Owl creek, the other upon Lick creek, with the enemy separating them and in possession of the line of retreat. But not only were these dangers avoided by the character of

the movement adopted, but its tactical value became strikingly apparent in another respect. Owing to the peculiar disposition of Prentiss' division and Stuart's brigade, and the gaps which the irregular Federal alignment disclosed, the three-line formation of the Confederates enabled them, while giving each other sustained support, to also take every Federal command successively in front and flank as they came swinging around from their right, and this was repeated until, under the fierce, bloody, continual assaults, the Federal army had become disintegrated and almost crumbled away, despite a resistance never surpassed in courage and firmness.

General Sherman, in his report of the battle, written April 10, says: "On Sunday morning, the 6th inst., the enemy drove our advance guard back on our main body, when I ordered under arms all my division, and sent word to General McClernand, asking him to support my left; to General Prentiss, giving him notice that the enemy was in our front in force, and to General Hurlbut, asking him to support General Prentiss." This, he says, was at 7 A. M. He goes on to say: "About 8 A. M. I saw the glistening bayonets of heavy masses of infantry to our left front in the woods, beyond the small stream alluded to" (this was a small, marshy rivulet, just in front of his position), "and became satisfied for the first time that the enemy designed a determined attack on our whole camp." Yet he had sent word to Prentiss an hour earlier that the enemy was present in force. "The battle opened by the enemy's battery in the woods to our front throwing shells into our camp. Taylor's and Waterhouse's batteries promptly responded, and I then observed heavy battalions of infantry passing obliquely to the left, across the open field in Apler's front; also, other columns advancing directly upon my division. Our infantry and artillery opened along the whole line, and the battle became general. Other heavy masses of the enemy's forces kept passing across the field to our left and directing their course on General Prentiss." The battle in reality commenced at 5 A. M., and, singularly enough, was inaugurated by the Federals. Prentiss, still excited about that "cavalry dash" of the previous day, sent out early on Sunday morning, the 6th, the Twenty-first Missouri regiment, with instructions to reconnoiter and observe the Corinth road. Just at daybreak this regiment encountered Hardee's skirmishers advancing. It was, of course, instantly driven in, and was closely pursued. Pickets and guards recoiled with it, and certainly Hardee was in the first camps long before 7 A. M., while at 8 A. M., the hour at which General Sherman states that he first became con-

vinced that a general attack was intended, the battle had been wholly joined from wing to wing, and the entire field was one raging maelstrom of strife. The oblique movement of troops to the left, of which General Sherman speaks, was more apparent than real, and was in pursuance of the grand wheel of the Confederate army from its right, which brought it with such terrific impact upon the Federal left and center. While the right of Sherman's position escaped in great measure the oncoming Confederate rush, it descended on the unfortunate Hildebrand in all its energy, and in a comparatively short time his brigade, says General Sherman, had substantially disappeared. It is due to that gallant officer to say that he remained, however, bravely seconding the exertions of his chief; and it must also be said that if General Sherman's conduct previous to the battle in any wise invites criticism, his bearing after it opened was invulnerable to all reproach. The furious torrent of attack poured down like some mountain stream swollen by a sudden storm, and overflowing the lowlands. The rolling, ridgy flood, crusted with sheeny steel and preceded by a constant billow of fire, came roaring on like the plunging waves of an inundation. It overwhelmed Hildebrand, streamed into the interval between him and Prentiss, sapping the flanks of both, and leaped with full, crushing force on Prentiss' front, striking it fairly from end to end, and whirling, as the tide whirls, beyond and around its left. The "rebel yell" rose wild and high from ten thousand throats; a fiery confidence thrilled the heart of each man in the Confederate host, for with the quick instinct of American soldiers all perceived their advantage; the spirit of battle was upon them, and the nerve and ardor of that magnificent onset was matchless save by the marvelous pluck and undaunted resolution with which it was received.

THE ILL EFFECTS OF SURPRISE.

No courage, however, can overcome the ill effects of surprise or supply lack of tactical preparation. It was impossible that the hastily arrayed and ragged Federal line, although the ground on which it was posted was well adapted for defense, could long withstand an assault so skillfully ordered and energetically directed. Under the persistent, furious hammering it was getting, Prentiss' division ere-long began to shake; gaps opened here and there, and at length it reeled back, stunned and bleeding, to rally between the divisions of Hurlbut and Wallace, then advancing, at Sherman's request, to furnish support most sorely needed. Here Prentiss was re-enforced by two fresh regiments, and obtained a brief respite. Stuart's brigade,

which had been posted on the extreme Federal left, watching the forces of Lick creek, was aligned on Prentiss' left flank, about the time that he began falling back; this brigade re-enforced by another sent forward by Wallace, maintained itself for a short time, but was driven back until it formed on Hurlbut's left. In the meantime, three regiments were dispatched in hot haste to Sherman's aid, by McClermand, and deployed in the space whence Hildebrand's brigade had melted away. They arrived just in time to encounter the vigorous, electric dash of the two brigades under Hindman, which had already swept this part of the field as with the besom of destruction. Hindman's martial ire, but half expressed on Hildebrand, was turned instantly on those who took his place. While these three regiments were gallantly struggling with the foe which had assailed them in front, Shaver's brigade burst in on their left flank, and they, too, were forced to recede. Instantly there was a concentration of all the Confederate troops which had pressed into the long interval left vacant by the giving back of Prentiss on McClermand. Blow after blow, hard, quick, and stinging, was delivered him on front and flank as the successive Confederate lines hurled their battalions forward, and in his turn McClermand took ground to the rear.

While McDowell and Buckland's brigade of Sherman's division had not been fiercely assailed at the inception of the Confederate advance, they very soon received their full share of attention. The ground which they occupied, however, was perhaps, altogether the strongest position on the line. Every demonstration made against it was repulsed; artillery was used in vain against it; some of the best brigades of the army moved on it, only to be hurled back and strew the morass in its front with their dead. The Confederate loss at this point was frightful. At last, after having held the position from 7 or 7:30 A. M. until after 10 o'clock A. M., everything upon its right having been driven back, and the Confederate artillery having reached a point where the guns could play upon its rear, it was abandoned as no longer tenable. The tenacious defense of this position and the fact that, by massing on his own right, Gen. Johnston turned it when it proved impregnable to direct assault, ought to be of itself a sufficient explanation of the correctness of his plan of battle. Sherman falling back formed on McClermand's right, the same relative position he had previously held.

An entirely new line was now presented by the Federal forces, a mile, or nearly so, in rear of Shiloh Church. While one part of it was as formidable as the position so long successfully maintained by

Sherman, its general strength was perhaps greater. It was formed on a series of low wooded ridges with steep and difficult ravines in its front, and was shorter and more regular and compact than the first. In shape, it was an exceedingly obtuse angle. Stuart, still on the extreme left, closely approached the river, while Sherman's right rested near Owl creek. Here, after a short lull, the battle was renewed about half-past ten with, if possible, increased fury, and was waged with scarcely perceptible slackening for six hours. While the right and left wings were both gradually pushed back, the center, or apex of the angle which they formed, was immovable. One terrible spot is thus described by Colonel Johnston :

“This position of the Federals was occupied by Wallace's division and perhaps by the remains of Prentiss' and other commands. Here, behind a dense thicket on the crest of a hill, was posted a strong body of as hardy troops as ever fought, almost perfectly protected by the conformation of the ground and by logs and other rude and hastily-prepared defenses. To assail it an open field had to be passed, enfiladed by the fire of the batteries. It was nicknamed by the Confederates, by a very mild metaphor, ‘The Hornets' Nest.’ No figure of speech would be too strong to express the deadly peril of assault upon this natural fortress, whose inaccessible barriers blazed for six hours with sheets of flame, and whose infernal gates poured forth a murderous storm of shot and shell and musket fire which no living thing could quell or even withstand.”

The apex held by Wallace and Hurlbut was recognized by General Johnston as the key, not only to that position, but to the final Federal resistance, and when he witnessed its determined maintenance he knew that the crisis of the battle had arrived. If he would destroy Grant that day, he must force that position long ere sunset. The only troops he had remaining which were at all fresh and had not yet been engaged were Breckinridge's reserves. The time had evidently come for their employment. They were ordered in, and one of the bloodiest of the bloody combats of that day ensued. Two ridges about two hundred yards apart were occupied by the respective combatants. Upon one the Federals, posted in two lines of battle, swept the other and all the intervening space with their fire; on the other, the bravest troops of the Confederate array stood for many minutes dropping under the murderous musketry, unwilling to retire and yet irresolute to advance. Breckinridge, Harris, and others of the boldest and best beloved of the Confederate leaders, exposed themselves with reckless daring, but no answering cheer and spring-

ing charge came as usual, at their bidding. It seemed as if all that had been won would be lost by this moment of hesitation.

JOHNSTON TAKES THE LEAD.

General Johnston realized that it was one of those moments when the commander must furnish an example of absolute indifference to death; when the General must give way to the soldier; when the thrilling, magnetic influence of the presence and personal leadership of the chief must be used to achieve victory. He rode slowly out in front of, and then down the line. He was a man of wonderfully majestic and imposing presence. His towering form caught all eyes at once, and his flashing glance and inspiring gesture could be neither misunderstood nor resisted. Instantly that hitherto hesitating line rushed forward and followed him with rapid feet. In vain the grim cannon sent their angry glut among them, and the withering infantry fire blazed in their faces. Their dead covered every step of the way, but they never paused or faltered. Right to the crest they went, wrested it from the foe, and that hard day's work was virtually done. The recoil of the Federals from this position was the signal for a general retreat along their whole line, and they fell back to the ground immediately about the landing, only desultory fighting occurring during this retrograde movement.

WHAT SAVED THE FEDERAL TROOPS.

It may be stated with little fear of contradiction that had the Confederate forces been gathered up for one more such concerted, sustained, and vigorous effort as any of those they had already made, General Grant's entire army would have succumbed under it and have been captured or utterly dispersed. The almost concurrent testimony of Federal writers, who have spoken of the condition of the army that evening, incontestably proves this. Had General Johnston survived, such another assault would certainly have been made. But just at the close of the decisive charge, which he led in person, he fell mortally wounded, and in a few minutes died. Let his son tell the disastrous incident: "As General Johnston, on horseback, sat there knowing that he had crushed in the arch which had so long resisted the pressure of his forces, and waiting until they should collect sufficiently to give the final stroke, he received a mortal wound. It came in the moment of victory and triumph, and from a flying foe. It smote him at the very instant when he felt the full conviction that the day was won."

I have intimated that the fighting after this date was not near so severe as previously; that the Confederate advance was unchecked, and every successive stand made by the Federals was less stubbornly maintained. One exception perhaps, must be made to this general remark, and a most important one. When it appeared that the army was about to be driven sheer back to the river, Wallace and Prentiss united the remnants of their respective commands for a last and heroic struggle to prevent it. They were at once pressed on all sides by assailants. Then Prentiss formed the gallant resolve to charge and drive back the attacking forces. But just at that moment an overwhelming rush swept Wallace's command away, killing that brave and devoted officer, and Prentiss, surrounded on all sides, was forced to surrender with more than 3,000 men. Of this division it has been said that it "had received the first blow in the morning and made the last organized resistance in the evening."

Prentiss surrendered about 5:00 P. M. The battle may be said to have then closed. The relics of the Federal army had placed themselves practically under the protection of the gunboats.

Had General Johnston lived long enough to gather his army together again for one more vigorous and sustained assault upon its enfeebled antagonist, the result can not be doubted. The relics of that gallant Federal array must have surrendered, or have been driven into the river surging in their rear.

But in the absence of the sagacious and resolute command which had conducted the battle, almost to the consummation of victory, the Confederate attacks were without concert and intelligent direction.

The history of the second day is well known. The Federal army re-enforced by nearly thirty thousand fresh troops, became in turn the assailant. The Confederate army having lost in killed and wounded more than one-third of its number, and worn down with the fatigues of the previous day, was in no condition to maintain its success. Nevertheless, more than a week elapsed before it gave up all the ground it had won on Sunday, and completed its retreat to Corinth.

We can not even now say whether Shiloh was lost or won; both sides have claimed, and, may, in some sense, claim a victory. But let that dispute be settled as it may, the fame of those who fought that field is immortal. The honor which is due the patriot and the glory for which the soldier dies, adorn like flowers on "decoration day," the graves of the heroes who sleep there.

[The above article was published some time ago in the Cincinnati

Gazette. But as it was never republished in Southern papers, and has been pronounced by many, one of the most eloquent and accurate accounts yet written of the battle of Shiloh, it is deemed worthy of being preserved in book form.—ED. BIVOUAC.]

MY LOVE AND I.

[We find the following lines from our old correspondent, "Asa Hartz," in the Richmond Whig, which journal, in introducing them, says: "Although cribbed, cabined, and confined, the irrepressible genius of Asa will assert itself. Witness the following lines, which were handed to us by a friend of the gifted author. They will be read with pleasure by Asa's thousands of admirers in the South-west, and, we trust, bring joy to the 'love-lit eye' of his ladye love."]

My love reposes in a rosewood frame—
 A "bunk" have I;
 A couch of feathery down fills up the same—
 Mine's straw, but dry;
 She sinks to sleep at night with scarce a sigh—
 With waking eyes I watch the hours creep by.

My love her daily dinner takes in state—
 And so do I (?)
 The richest viands flank her silver plate—
 Coarse grub have I;
 Pure wine she sips at ease her thirst to slake—
 I pump my drink from Erie's limpid lake.

My love has all the world at will to roam—
 Three acres I;
 She goes abroad or quiet sits at home—
 So can not I;
 Bright angels watch around her couch to-night—
 A Yank, with loaded gun, keeps me in sight.

A thousand weary miles now stretch between
 My love and I;
 To her this wintry night, cold, calm, serene,
 I waft a sigh
 And hope, with all my earnestness of soul,
 To-morrow's mail may bring me my parole.

There's hope ahead! We'll one day meet again,
 My love and I;
 We'll wipe away all tears of sorrow then;
 Her love-lit eye
 Will all my many troubles then beguile,
 And keep this wayward reb from Johnson's Isle.

ASA HARTZ.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.

FIRST CHRISTMAS IN LOUISVILLE.

One hundred and five years ago Christmas was for the first time celebrated at the Falls of the Ohio. When General Clark, in the spring of 1778, set out upon his expedition against the British garrisons in the Illinois territory, some twenty families assembling at Redstone for the purpose of emigrating to Kentucky, accompanied the soldiers from that place to the Falls. These families were landed on Corn island May 27, 1778, and became the founders of the city of Louisville. Cabins were erected for their habitation on the island, and they dwelt there until the news came of the conquest of the Illinois country, and orders were received from the victorious commander to prepare for moving to the main shore.

To secure the settlers against the attacks of hostile Indians on the main land, a fort was ordered to be erected on the high bank where Twelfth street now enters the river. The building of this fort was committed to the charge of Richard Chenoweth, and although the structure he erected had little claim to the name of fort, consisting, as it did, of rows of log cabins joined together around an inner court, it yet served the purposes for which it was intended, until a better one could be constructed. The settlers who had been cooped up on Corn island ever since their arrival were glad of the opportunity of enlarging their range, and although the fort was not finished at the close of 1778 it was in habitable condition, and some of the families spent their first Christmas in the new quarters. Glad of the opportunity of getting from the island to the main land, and pleased with the thought of the approaching holiday, which all had been wont to celebrate in the old homes from which they came, they decided to give their new quarters what they called a *house-warming* on Christmas-day. And as Chenoweth had been the builder of the new fort it was concluded to honor him with the conduct of the house-warming, or giving of the Christmas dinner and dance.

According to the custom of the times two things, a feast and a dance, were necessary to the proposed celebration of Christmas. It was easy enough to have the feast. Game was abundant in the woods, and expert marksmen were present to kill all the deer, and bears, and turkeys, and rabbits, and opossums that could be needed. The difficulty was the music for the dance. There was a negro named Cato at the fort who had a fiddle that had furnished music for the settlement during the summer and fall. But his crazy old instrument was

now reduced to one string, and Cato was not Ole Bull enough to saw music from it. He had tried to make strings of the hair of the horse's tail and of the sinews of the deer, but the former only gave a horrid screech when the bow scraped them, and the latter uttered no sound except a kind of hoarse moan, like the melancholy hoots of a dying night-owl. Every young heart, and old one, too, in the settlement, was sad at this condition of Cato's fiddle, but there appeared to be no help for it, and all had sorrowfully resolved to make the most of the feast, without the dance.

On Christmas eve, when the hunters had returned from the woods and the men were skinning the animals and the women picking the fowls for the morrow's feast, a small boat was rowed between the island and the main land, and made fast to a tree just opposite to the new fort. The boat was occupied by some traders on their way from Fort Pitt to Kaskaskia, and among them was a Frenchman, who, hearing of the help his king had determined to give the Americans in their struggle for independence, had left France for the purpose of making his fortune in the new world with his violin. The boat was in a leaky condition, and had been compelled to come to shore for repairs. Although anxiety to see the strangers had brought all the men, women, and children of the settlement to the boat, none of those who wanted so much to dance had thought of inquiring whether there was a fiddle or even fiddle-strings on board. Not so with Cato. So soon as he got the opportunity he made diligent search, and learned that a French musician was on board, and that he not only had his fiddle with him but had also an extra supply of strings. It was not long before Cato had bargained with the Frenchman for the three strings he needed and given as many raccoon skins therefor, with an extra skin on condition that nothing was to be said about it. Cato's scheme was to get his fiddle in order without any one at the fort knowing it, so that when the dinner was over and all were dying for a dance, he could surprise all with the much desired music. He, therefore, put the new strings on his fiddle, laid the instrument away, and waited for the time when his unexpected music was to make the boys and girls think him the greatest man in the world.

Friday, the 25th of December, 1778, came with a bright sun and a genial winter's air. Early that morning the pots were boiling and the ovens were baking the dishes that were to make the dinner. At the north-east corner of the fort, adjoining the cabin of Chenoweth and connected therewith by a door, was a large apartment, double the size of the rooms of the cabins, intended for a store-house. Here

forks were driven in the unboarded floor, and poles stretched through them, over which boards were laid for the dinner-table. By twelve o'clock the table was ready for the guests. There was no cloth upon it, and most of its furniture was made of wood. The meats were served in wooden trays, the hominy in wooden bowls, and the bread upon wooden plates. An occasional pewter spoon and horn-handled knife and tin cup enlivened the scene, but there were not enough of them for all the guests. If every article of food on the table had formed a separate course as in modern times, it might have been pronounced a swell repast. There was venison, and bear, and rabbit, and turkey, and raccoon, and buffalo meat, prepared in different ways. There was corn-bread in pone, in hoe-cake, and in batter-cake form; there was hominy, boiled and fried; there was milk and butter and home-made cheese. But the great dish of the occasion was an opossum baked whole. It hung by its tail on a stick of wood in the center of the table, and every one present had a piece of it.

The occupants of the boat that had landed the day before, had been invited to the feast. When the dinner was about over and the boys and girls and old folks too, had begun to sigh for want of the dance, the Frenchman was telling Miss Ann Tuell an anecdote in which something was said about an accident to his fiddle. At the mention of fiddle Miss Tuell gave a joyous shout, which brought everybody around her. Quick as lightning the Frenchman was pressed with questions, if he had a fiddle? When he answered in the affirmative, the fort rang with shouts of gladness. Monsieur was besought to get his fiddle and help to a dance. He tried to avoid it, but refusals were vain. The girls hugged him and kissed him and patted his face until he yielded.

While Monsieur was gone to the boat for his fiddle, the table was cleared from the large room, and all things put in order for the dance. Those who did not intend to participate in the dance, or rather had to attend to children too young to engage in it, were seated on stools around the walls, and the space between, which was a smooth dirt floor, left clear for the dancers. Cato was now the sad one of the fort. He began to think the Frenchman would carry off the honors of the day, and that his new fiddle-strings, bought at the cost of four raccoon skins, would not afford the joy nor bring him the pay he had expected. But there was no help for him, and he sullenly and sadly waited to see what might turn up.

The Frenchman was familiar with the fashionable music and dances of his native land, but utterly ignorant of what was suited to

the frontier settlements of this country. He was willing, however, to do his best for the enjoyment of the occasion, and the girls were delighted at the opportunity of learning something new and fashionable—

A bran new dance
Just come from France,—

as some of them rhyingly expressed it. When he returned from the boat with his fiddle he found the room ready, and the dancers on the floor impatient to begin. The names of the dances he tried to introduce have not come down to us, but the description which has been preserved in tradition indicates that they were the following:

First he tried what was known in those days as the *Branle*. He arranged the dancers in a circle around the room with hands joined, and showed them how to leap in circles and keep one another in constant motion. After giving, as he thought, sufficient instructions to insure success, he took his place at one side of the room, and began to play and direct the dance. But the dancers would not or could not follow his promptings. They got out of time and out of figure too, and some of the boys instead of leaping in circles showed their agility in leap frog over one another's heads. The Frenchman was disgusted and resolved to try another figure.

He advanced to the center, and after descanting upon the grace and beauty of the *minuet*, arranged the parties for that dance. He showed them how to make a long and graceful bow, how to balance, and how to glide forward. Then taking his position at the side of the room again, he began to play the minuet and direct the figure. But the dancers again either could not or would not obey orders. Instead of gliding they would hop across the floor, and when they came to the bow instead of drawing it out to a graceful length as indicated by the strain of music, they bobbed their heads up and down in quick succession, like geese dodging a shower of stones. Monsieur was again disgusted, but summoned enough of the courage of despair to make another effort.

He next introduced the *Pavane*, and explained that the principal merit of this dance consisted in strutting like peacocks. He instanced Margaret of Valois, and other distinguished French ladies who had made great fame in this dance by strutting like peacocks. When he had arranged them on the floor and showed them how to strut, he took his place and began the music. A scene soon followed that surpassed the two previous ones in ridiculousness. As the boys strutted by the girls, the girls laughed at them, and as the girls caught

their skirts with their hands on each side and strutted by the boys, the boys would imitate the peculiar cry of the peacock until the whole scene was confusion confounded. Monsieur was disgusted beyond endurance. Although he spoke very fair English when at himself, he now lost the entire use of that tongue, and in his rage and despair rattled away in French, like an empty wagon over a rough pavement. He planted his back against the wall after the first ebullition of passion had subsided, and there stood, with his fiddle under his arm and his bow in his hand, a grim, pale statue of despair.

Just at this juncture a charcoal face, with ivory teeth between thick lips grinning from ear to ear, was seen entering the room. It was Cato, the negro fiddler, whose music had given more pleasure at the Falls than all other things combined. In truth it may be doubted if the families could have been kept together on Corn island during the summer and fall of 1778, if Cato's fiddle had not been there to cheer them with its stirring tunes. Cato walked up to the Frenchman, and with the politeness of the Frenchman himself, asked if he might play while his honor rested. The Frenchman feeling like another of his countrymen when in a sad predicament, he wished, if he had his had, that he were in h—, gladly accepted the proposition of Cato, and told him to play on.

Cato began an old Virginia reel, and quick as thought the males were ranged along one side of the room and the females on the other, each having selected a partner in the twinkling of an eye. Down through the intervening space dashed the head couple, cutting all sorts of capers, interspersed with jigs, hoe-downs, shuffles, and pigeon-wings, until weary of their violent efforts, they took their stand at the foot of the circle. Then the next couple did likewise, the difference being only a little more so or a little less so, until the foot became the head again, and so on. No prompting was necessary. All understood what was to be done and did it. Everything was absolute enjoyment except the thought of how long a human being in Cato's position might hold out to make such music. Cato did hold out till midnight, when all were weary enough to go to bed and rest.

The Frenchman slowly awoke to an appreciation of his situation, and while the dance was in full blast made his way to his boat. The boat had reluctantly been delayed for this frolic and now that Monsieur was aboard again, it was soon pushed from shore making its way over the rapids toward its destination.

There was no newspaper printed at the Falls at that early date, but if there had been its next issue would doubtless have contained

the names of the persons at the dance, and given a description of the costumes; for, although the occasion presented nothing that would rank with the displays of modern fashion, everything there, was the best that the times and the locality could afford. The gentlemen appeared in buckskin hunting shirts, breeches, and moccasins, and the ladies in linsey gowns, with hands ungloved and feet covered by coarse brogans. Every man, woman, and child in the settlement was present, and the following ancestors of descendants yet dwelling among us may be mentioned as having joined in this first celebration of a Christmas holiday in Louisville:

Richard Chenoweth, his wife Hannah, and their four children, Mildred, Jane, James, and Thomas.

James Patten, his wife Mary, and their three daughters, Martha, Mary, and Peggy.

John McManus, his wife Mary, and their three sons, John, George, and James.

John Tuell, his wife Mary, and their three children, Ann, Winney, and Jesse.

William Faith, his wife Elizabeth, and their son John.

Jacob Reager, his wife Elizabeth, and their three children, Sarah, Maria, and Henry.

Edward Worthington was with General Clark in the Illinois campaign, but his wife Mary, his son Charles, and his two sisters, Ann and Elizabeth, were at the Falls.

James Graham was also with General Clark in the Illinois territory, but his wife, Mary, was in the fort at the Falls. John Donne was also with General Clark in the Illinois country, but it is believed that his wife, Mary, and their two sons, John and Charles, were at the Falls at this time. It has also been claimed that Isaac Kimbly and his wife, Mary, were among the first settlers at the Falls.

In addition to these, Captain Isaac Ruddle, James Sherlock, Alexander McIntyre, William Foster, Samuel Finley, Neahl Doherty, and Isaac McBride were detailed by General Clark from the Illinois expedition and left on Corn island to guard the military stores there deposited, and thus became parties to the first settlement of Louisville.

Such a number of men, women, and children just released from their narrow limits on Corn island, and ushered into new quarters on the main shore, where the boundless forest, full of game spread around them, would be likely to do full justice to their first Christmas dinner and dance; and tradition says they performed all that could have been expected of mortals at both eating and dancing. Their

descendants, at the distance of one hundred and five years, see many changes in the mode of celebrating Christmas, but nothing more hearty, abundant, and sincere.

In looking over this list of the pioneer mothers of our city none can fail to notice how many of them were named Mary. There was Mary Patten, Mary McManus, Mary Tuell, Mary Worthington, Mary Graham, Mary Donne, and Mary Kimbly—seven out of a total of ten. Although this name has been generally adopted in all ages and all lands it has been seldom found so often repeated in so small a circle. But who have been more worthy to bear so charming a name than the pioneer mothers of Louisville? In the mythology of the Greeks and Romans the sacred name of Mary was borne by the mother of the messenger of the gods; and in the Christian faith it stands as the canonized symbol of the mother of the Saviour of the world. The most renowned females of the earth have been proud to be called Mary, and the humblest peasants have deemed it dearer than all other names. There is music in its letters; there is sweetness in its sound; and it comes down to us from a shadowy past halloved by such an array of memories as cluster around no other name. And as if the great and good, and beautiful and humble of all ages and all times were not enough to bear this name, it has left the world of reality and furnished heroines for fiction and song that sport in our memories like real beings. May the descendants of the seven Marys, wherever located in this wide world, and however distant in time, cease never to be proud of those who laid the foundation of Louisville and defended it, until others came to build it up into a great city.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

INFANTRY STAMPEDE.

The most thrilling of all scenes that occur during war is a stampede. I was never in but one, and that will last in memory during life, and come up occasionally as vivid as if it had occurred yesterday instead of twenty years ago. General Joseph E. Johnston had moved us silently out of Jackson, Mississippi. We had crossed Pearl river and were moving cautiously along a sand road, ever and anon being warned of the dangerous torpedoes, said to be planted for the benefit of the following enemy. The night was tolerably pleasant, though not very light; but walking in the sand had its effect, and we fain would have stretched our weary selves on the ground and slept soundly.

On the retreat, of a still night, you have noticed what an ominous sound the clicking of the bayonet in the scabbard and the canteen makes. All other noises are hushed, and faces that usually wrinkle with smiles are calm and serious. The song and jest are absent, and uncertainty takes possession of us. We have been frequently ordered to hold our left hand in such a position as to stop the rattling of side arms, etc.

Speaking of retreating, I can not realize how it was that the Confederate soldiers, who were so constantly engaged in retrograding, kept their spirits so well. But we had heroes to command us, and the hope that we were only "changing position" and would surely turn somehow or other and rend the foe, buoyed us up and preserved us from utter despair.

On this occasion, as on all similar ones, our company was blessed with several real heroes, such as Devil Dick and Wild Bill, and a few more. We were the rear company of the Fourth Kentucky infantry, and the boys of the forward companies had gradually fallen back until the road was full; listening to anecdotes and jokes of Bill and Dick spoken in very low tones. The good those two men did toward maintaining the morale of the Western army can never be estimated. Their merriment was always contagious and spread rapidly up and down the line.

We had marched till about the "dark part of day," when a halt was made, and we immediately threw ourselves on the soft sand to take a nap while resting. In one minute the entire brigade was asleep, except, probably, a few field officers at the head of the column. The Fourth led the command, with Company A in front. When the order came to move forward, Adjutant Williams mounted his horse. His animal was a little unsteady and moved about in the road, when he, or some one near him, said, "look out!" "look out!" there being danger that in the darkness some slumbering one might be trampled upon. Those sleeping near the spot sprang to their feet, and like lightning the silent alarm flew toward the rear. In an instant the road was deserted, and our comrades crashing through the woods on either side suddenly appeared to be the enemy surrounding us. Then all was still for a few moments. The writer of this made the foregoing observations from his perch on a fence about thirty yards from the road. How he got there the Lord only knows. He was astride the fence, and his heart was rapping and tugging away at his left side as if it would free itself. Over in the field several of the fleetest footed lay spread on the ground. It required a wonderful

amount of ingenuity to open communication between us. Each thought the other was the enemy. Finally, after what seemed to be an age, we renewed our acquaintance with one another, and then, in low whisperings, such as "what is it?" "where are they?" "what's the matter?" we resolved to recapture the road we had so ingloriously deserted. We called out now, giving our names and commands, and when those in the woods had made similar discoveries we took peaceable possession of the highway. Then the hearty laugh and tough stories that were told on each other served to keep us from the lethargy which had been so rudely disturbed. When we returned to the road we found Devil Dick sound asleep where he had first laid down. But we all affected to believe that he had slipped back ahead of us, and was only pretending slumber.

FRED JOYCE.

A CHRISTMAS TURKEY TWENTY YEARS AGO.

It was the 20th day of December, 1863, and a party of children were gathered around a fire in the spacious dining-room of an old Virginia country-house. There were many evidences of comfort within, but from the window could only be seen demolished ruins; in some places not even "one stone left upon another," while here and there stood a monumental chimney to mark the spot where the Christmas before the "yule log" had blazed, and happy little hearts had watched for the mysterious descent of Santa Claus, toy-laden and bountiful.

"I'se so sorry, we can't have any Christmas this year," said a little fellow of about six years, in a mournful voice.

"I'd like to know why we can't," said an older brother, "I am going to have some Christmas in spite of the Yankees."

"Yes," said the other, "but they won't let us shoot anything or fire any crackers, and what's more, we haven't got any to fire anyhow."

"Old Santy can't get 'thro the lines' to bring anything—mamma said so," spoke the first voice, whose earnest faith in the actual existence of the Christmas Deity, could not be shaken.

"Well, I know we *will* have some fire-crackers; I just bet you 'our men' will be here by that time, and they will capture all those old sutlers' stores, and won't we just have jolly fun."

At this favorable aspect of affairs, the children all pressed closely around Harry, the eldest, thoroughly impressed with his view of the

case. The mother of the little group, sat apart—her thoughts were far away from the scene around her. Though she gazed earnestly into the fire before her, she saw far beyond, even “beyond the lines.” A manly form clad in a war-worn suit of grey was the vision she conjured from the leaping blazes. First, she would see him as he cheered his men on the field of battle, then around the camp fire, and again the dear form would be lying in the hospital ward, racked with pain. But from this picture she turned with sickening fear to the hopeful little group who were yet discussing the possibility of Santa Claus not getting through the lines.

She smiled sadly as she felt that their fears were but too well grounded. No tidings had come from the loved ones for many days, and the nearness of their deliverers could only be conjectured.

Mrs. Mason was not one, however, to mourn over a bad state of affairs without making a desperate fight to improve them. Her children’s conversation recalled her from her melancholy musings, and she set about contriving a way to get up some show of their usual Christmas dinner. She had providently secured some few delicacies from her former store with a view to this emergency—and they were even now safely reposing beneath a sly plank in the pantry floor, and now she bethought herself as to how she should secure a turkey to add to this stock. There was an “open sesame” which would at once have placed all these dainties, within easy reach, had she chosen to employ it.

In the town near by there was displayed in the sutler’s windows every delicacy to tempt even a surfeited appetite, much less the hungry mouths which had not even been satisfied with commonest food for so long; but the terms upon which they were alone obtainable—a “permit” from the military authorities to buy—was only to be gotten by subscribing to the “iron-clad oath” which not even these hungry children would have taken to satisfy all their earnest longings. At any rate, Mrs. Mason made up her mind to do her best to make up for the absent Santa Claus; so calling Harry, her oldest boy, into her counsel, she consulted with him as to the possibility of securing the much coveted bird. The market wagons of the country people, from which those things were usually obtained, had been, in most instances, notified to keep their supplies for the government, who paid them liberally in promissory notes.

There was one old fellow, however, Mr. Winkler by name, who had been industriously “carrying water on both shoulders” for so long, that he was allowed to pass through the close cordon of pickets,

with only an occasional search, inasmuch as he always paid for his passage with some item of the Confederate movements, which he generally contrived to have of an agreeable nature, without much regard for its truthfulness. Harry Mason and himself had been on friendly terms for a good while, as he would often allow him to ride on his wood wagon to and from the town. It was during these rides that Harry thought he discovered that his real sympathies were with the "rebels," and when his mother asked his assistance in procuring the Christmas turkey, Mr. Winkler immediately rose up before Harry's mind, as the convenient medium.

So he was instructed to watch for Mr. Winkler's next advent along the deserted turnpike road. Mounting the lonely gate-post next morning, from which the gate had been torn to kindle a camp-fire, a few days before, he sat swinging his legs to keep himself warm and thinking what a great general he would be when he got to be a man, and how he would sweep all the Yankees off the face of the earth and not allow them to interfere with the boys' Christmases the way they were doing with his. Just then, Mr. Winkler's little wagon, drawn by a feeble symptom of a former horse (it was dangerous to drive any other kind unless you were *very loyal*, and not altogether safe then) appeared around a turn in the road.

Harry brought him to a halt and told him to drive in, that his mother wished to speak with him. Upon reaching the house, he gave furtive glances in every direction, out of his one three-cornered eye. In fact, I think Mr. Winkler saw more out of his one queer little eye than most of us do with two. The grave turkey question was discussed with bated breath. After considering the matter in all its aspects, the old man promised to deliver the turkey. "If you are willing to pay me in Virginia money, marm, you shall certainly have your turkey." "But how will you get by the pickets, Mr. Winkler?" said Harry.

"Leave that to me, my son; I'll fetch the load of wood, and you pay for it. That will be all right; the turkey will be thar. So, so."

This commonplace bird was rapidly assuming the value of a golden eagle in the eyes of Mrs. Mason, as the difficulties in the way made the possession of one that much more desirable. Sure enough, on the following morning the little old man turned his wagon in at Mrs. Mason's gate, and driving suspiciously near the kitchen door, he threw off his little load of crooked wood. Harry watched in vain for a sight of anything like a turkey, but several stragglers from the neighboring camp stood by watching closely, as if a masked

battery might be disclosed at any moment. At last only one big log remained, one end of which seemed hollow; as Mr. Winkler lifted this carefully from the wagon, he stole the opportunity to give Harry a three-cornered glance, which put him on the alert. As soon as the wagon had gone, Harry immediately began carrying the wood to an inner chamber, as the scarcity of fuel (inasmuch as most of the fencing and out-buildings had been devoted to that purpose) made it unsafe to leave any outside.

After getting it all safely housed, a search through the hollow log revealed the much coveted bird snugly tucked away. Everything seemed propitious at last, and Mrs. Mason concluded to devote the remaining day before Christmas to making cake, etc. The noble bird was brought from its hiding-place and hung to air in a small cherry-tree just outside the kitchen door. An old, superannuated negro, too feeble or too wise to take advantage of her emancipation, remained as sentinel to guard the turkey, while Mrs. Mason busied herself in preparation of the different dishes. In an unwary moment she went into the house which stood a short distance off from the kitchen. Presently she was recalled by the screams of "Aunt Winnie:"

"Miss Ermelia! oh, Miss Ermelia! dey's done stole de turkey! Run, honey, run, for de Lord's sake."

Upon hearing this "Miss Ermelia" did run.

By this time the bird had almost become sacred in her eyes. She arrived just in time to see one of the "conquering heroes" in blue rushing in the opposite direction with her turkey under his arm. Roused to a full sense of the dastardly act, she called her dog and gave chase. Whether from a sense of shame or fear I don't know, but the thief soon stopped, and upon Mrs. Mason threatening to make her ferocious-looking dog make mince-meat of him unless he delivered up the turkey, he quietly surrendered it.

It would not have taken a very skillful dentist, though, to discover that not a molar remained in the mouth of the noble-looking dog which had wrought such terror to the culprit, and from which cause the animal had been reduced to a slop-diet for some time; but his size and warlike appearance, to say nothing of the military title of "Major," to which he answered, must have done the work, and Mrs. Mason was rewarded for her heroic action by the recovery of the turkey. Just as she got back to the kitchen, however, she saw that another thief had entered from the opposite side, and was making off with a pan of hot cakes which he had taken from the oven. Poor, old Aunt Winnie was

wringing her hands and begging him to leave the cakes, but all to no purpose. Mrs. Mason, maddened beyond reason, sprang toward him, and, grabbing him by the collar of his coat, shook him till he dropped pan and all and ran.

Thus, through much tribulation, she at last succeeded in getting her precious dinner prepared. Early on the following morning, though no fire-crackers were heard, nor any of the usual Christmas sounds which generally ushered in the happy morn, our little friends bore the privation heroically, and when later in the day an unusual activity pervaded the surrounding camps, it soon became apparent that great uneasiness existed. The excitement grew greater as the day advanced; tents were struck and wagons hitched up, and soon a general stampede ensued. Amid it all, this Christmas dinner was forgotten. The distant booming of cannon told of the approach of the Confederates, and before two more hours had passed the oft-contested field was abandoned, and the victorious Confederates took possession, finding a rich harvest of Christmas gifts in the arms, ammunition, and accouterments which had been thrown away in the hurried flight.

And we dined on that turkey under Confederate colors after all.

RE.

ANECDOTES OF GENERAL HARDEE.

No officer was more beloved by the soldiers than General Hardee, yet, he was, at times, austere and given to sudden bursts of uncontrollable anger. Upon one occasion he was riding aboard a train, when the conductor fell into an altercation with a sick soldier. The latter had no ticket, but offered Confederate money in pay for his fare. The conductor refused to take it, and started to put the soldier off the train. General Hardee at once interfered, and gave the conductor a terrible mauling, saying, at the conclusion of his remarks, "I have beaten you for two reasons: First, for mistreating a sick soldier; second, for refusing to take Confederate money."

Upon another occasion, there was great haste necessary for unloading a wagon. He called upon a captain standing by to help with the unloading. The captain indignantly refused, and expressed astonishment, that an officer so well versed in the prerogatives of rank should make such a request. General Hardee replied by giving the dignified captain a terrible beating.

Youths' Department.

THE BOLD GUERRILLA BOY.

We sat still on our horses, watching the party coming down the hill, fearing that they would be followed by a troop of soldiers. However, they seemed to be the only ones in the road; so we cocked our pistols in order to be ready for them. They came along slowly, and seemed to have no idea that an enemy was near. It seemed to be an age before they got opposite to us, and I was so eager to make a dash on them, that my heart thumped loudly against my ribs. Finally they arrived in front of us, and the captain gave a yell and dashed out of the pines, followed by us. The other fellows got rather the start of me, as my horse was not used to the business, and hence, I could not start him soon enough; however, I followed close in the rear.

Just as the captain started, he fired a shot at one of the horsemen and he dropped to the ground. The other clapped spurs to his horse, and went down the road as fast as he could, and the driver of the wagon followed him with his horses at a gallop. Down the road we went after them, I keeping close in the rear, for it seemed that my horse was not fast enough to run past them.

Knowing that it was the duty of a good soldier to take care of his rear, I every now and then cast my eyes over my shoulder, to see whether any more Yankees were coming on behind. The coast was clear, however, and I galloped along. Presently, I came up to the wagon, which had been overtaken, and was now guarded by two of our party. I pulled up my horse, and thinking the driver might get away yet, I let fly at him with my pistol, but the motion of my horse disturbed my aim so much, that I shot Bob Johnson's horse in the belly. Down he dropped and came near falling on Bob's leg. Bob rolled out of the way, however, and jumping up, wanted to know "what in the devil I was shooting at him for?" I explained the matter to him, but he said there was no use in my shooting, as there was no chance whatever of the man's getting away. However, I thought it best to be on the safe side; so I cocked my pistol, and told the man I would blow his brains out if he tried to get away. The cowardly

fellow look scared to death, and said he had no idea of trying to get away. Just then the captain and the rest of our party came back with the other Yankee whom they had overtaken, as well as the horse of the Yankee that had been killed. The captain gave this horse at once to Bob, who was so unreasonably mad with me.

In the meantime, some of the fellows had ridden back to the dead Yankee, and had taken his pistol, pocket-book, spurs, and pocket-knife. We then set out across the fields, keeping the Yankee cavalryman, and making the driver drive his wagon along between the two squads into which the captain divided our party. Thinking that the Yankee rider might attempt to break away, I kept with the front squad which had him among them. Picking up our vidette (as they called him) on our way back, we traveled pretty fast for about an hour, and then took our way more slowly back to Hart's shop. Before we got there, however, we halted and paroled the two Yankees and let them loose, as the captain said they would be nothing but a bother to us. Before letting the driver go, we searched his pockets and found a small pistol, a silver watch, a pocket-book, and a knife. We took these away from him, as well as a pocket-book and knife from the cavalryman.

When we arrived at Hart's shop, we examined the wagon and found it filled with sutler's stores. We divided these and the greenbacks among ourselves, and drew lots for the three horses. At first they wanted to rule me out for shooting Bob's horse, but as I told them that if I hadn't scared the driver by shooting at him, he might have showed fight with the pistol which we found in his pocket, they finally agreed to let me share with them. Each of us got fifteen dollars in greenbacks and a lot of coffee, sugar, candy, cakes, etc. On drawing lots, Jim Simpson, John Gilling, and Tom Stone each got a horse and a pistol. One of the knives fell to my lot, and a confounded good knife it is. It has in it a gimlet, a cork-screw, a pair of tweezers, and a thing to pull a stone out of a horse's hoof. We left the wagon at Hart's shop, to be sold to any neighbor who may want it. Jim and I set off for home as jolly as two pick-pockets. We got here late, got something to eat, and I am just going to bed.

January 16. I went down to breakfast this morning as gay as a lark. It certainly is a pleasant thought that I am doing my duty to my country. I risked my life in her cause yesterday, and I don't regret it. We hurt our enemies somewhat. There will be found three men less when they call the roll for a fight. And the horses, pistols, and greenbacks we got will be that much less from what they

have for carrying on the war. The guerrillas certainly do a great deal of good, and I'll fight with them till the war closes.

I had Miss Sallie's ribbon flying from my button-hole when I went into the breakfast-room. I did not tell her that I had put it into my pocket when we went into the fight, for fear that she would not understand my motives for doing so. Women take such quick notions about things, and then it is hard to get them to change. Miss Sallie congratulated me on my safe return, and looked much pleased when she saw her ribbon still in my button-hole. I told her that I had been in a fight and the excitement was glorious. That I thought first of my country and then of her just as we made the charge. She thanked me and said she knew I would make a good soldier. Jim rather tried to get up a laugh at me for shooting Bob Johnson's horse, but when they heard that I had aimed at a Yankee, and that I was not a very good shot with a pistol, they thought I was very excusable. Miss Sallie said that she would practice shooting at a mark with me, so that I might learn how to drop a Yankee at a hundred yards. So, after breakfast, we went out in the yard and practiced all the morning. The mark was a piece of white paper fastened on a large oak tree. Just before dinner I fired a shot that struck the tree, and, as Miss Sallie said, it would have been a death-shot if it had struck a Yankee, for it would have hit him just between the eyes.

After dinner I took a ride with Miss Sallie. We guerrillas live just like citizens when we are not on a raid. The officers don't have anything to do with us, and the Yankees don't come after us often. So Miss Sallie and I rode about three miles and back, calling to see one of her lady friends on the way. She talked very sweetly to me. I'll be hanged if she ain't a nice girl, and I am going to bed and dream about her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE TRUE RING.—Billy is an "Old Virginy" negro, proud of his State, and prouder of his manners. His silver locks show that he has reached, if not passed, the allotted term of three score and ten; but his form is still erect, and he tries hard to keep up his end of the log. "Well, Billy," said a gentleman, the other day, "you'll soon have to root with the hogs at the dump-pile for a living." "Nary time," said he, straightening up with indignation, "I come of too good a stock for that. My old master was a gentleman born and bred, and I can't go back on my *raising*."

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

TRAVELING THROUGH TENNESSEE.

Editor Bivouac: During August and September, 1862, I traversed the State of Tennessee, going southward from Clarksville.

It was not looked upon as a safe undertaking, and, consequently, I was advised to exercise great circumspection. Buell's army was retreating toward Kentucky along the very roads which were most convenient for me to travel. But worse than this, bushwhackers were plentiful and strangers could not possibly know whom to trust.

Under these circumstances, I endeavored to secure greater safety by employing as guides persons living in the country through which I passed. When one of these reached the limits of the territory he was engaged to pass me through, he would either deliver me to another guide or cautiously advise me to keep along the bank of some stream pointed out to me until I came to a certain carefully-described house; tell the people who I was, and remain until I was provided with another guide.

I made no mistakes, and was received by all those upon whom I was instructed to call with the utmost degree of kindness and hospitality.

While passing through one of the most dangerous places, under the charge of a quaint-looking old man, with a gaunt, tall frame, clad in loose-fitting homespun, we came suddenly to the bank of a small river. A narrow path led along the bank of the stream along which I followed in silence my silent, weird-looking guide. As we came opposite a rather deep-looking pool in the river, my guide checked his horse, and turning around in his saddle, began the following dialogue:

"Thar warn't but one Union man in this neighborhood when the State seceded, and he ain't here now."

"Joined the Union army?" I inquired.

"No; he didn't."

"Moved off North, then?"

"No; he didn't."

"Bushwhacking around here?"

"No; he ain't."

I now thought it was better policy to allow him to make the next suggestion, and remained silent. The old man, with imperturbable gravity, pointed to the middle of the stream and said:

"One day Bill Price was g'wine along here, and he seed some-

thing sticking up in this hole. He got a cunnoo and went out and cotch hold of it, and it was Jones' foot. He pulled him up and found a big rock tied around his neck. So we all thought he must have drowned hisself."

"Oh, certainly," said I, "there can scarcely be a doubt in the matter; 'he must have drowned hisself.'"

My guide and I resumed our silent march through thick forests, and occasionally throwing down a fence and passing through a farm, until, when the shades of evening approached, he told me to keep up the creek he halted me at for half a mile, until a branch came in on the left, and to keep up that branch for a quarter of a mile and stop at a weather-boarded log-house. Then, without waiting to accept either pay or thanks, he disappeared in the forest.

I approached the house with unavoidable feelings of distrust, as I saw six or eight horses, all accoutered and ready for their riders, hitched around the yard. An old man came out and cross-questioned me for a few minutes, when he cordially invited me to get down and go into the house.

As I dismounted he called out, "Come along boys, he's all right."

Six or eight young men, all armed, came around the corner of the house, and approached to shake hands with me without the least reserve.

"The boys are just going out to reconnoiter," the old man said, "but you come in; you are welcome. We'll feed your horse and give you something to eat and a bed to sleep in. I see your horse is a valuable one. Don't be alarmed at any noises you may hear to-night; if they are Yankees, there will be some shooting before they get here, and I have a negro who will take all the horses into the woods as soon as the shooting begins, and I will see that you are safe."

I spent three days at this house, during which time it was reported that four or five Union soldiers had been killed within two miles of the place.

B.

A GAIN OF FIFTY PER CENT.—A soldier who can get off a laugh over the loss of a limb must be of pretty good stuff:

A poor soldier, who had lost one of his limbs in battle, was slowly walking on his crutches. A friend meeting him cried,

"I say, Jim, how is it that you went away with two legs and came back with three?"

"Oh, bedad, I made fifty per cent. on it!" was the reply.

THE BOY SOLDIERS.

In the winter of 1863-4, the confederacy being hard up "for troops," several companies of young boys were organized and formed into a regiment of reserves, and called Sixty-third Alabama regiment. Without arms in camp at Montevallo and Selma, the youthful soldiers acquired such accomplishments as card playing, petty marauding, etc., until ordered to Mobile where, being furnished new Enfield rifles, the members of Company H of the sixty-third began to shoulder arms, and to look forward with anxious anticipation to the time when they would meet the "invaders." That time soon came, for the company was ordered to Blakely, and the boys were delighted to hear the occasional discharge of a picket gun; but when General Maury asked General Gibson to place one of his best regiments at the post held by us, and when General Gibson replied, "These *boys* will hold this," every member of Company H felt himself swell into the dimensions of a man, large enough to tackle at least five Federals. The afternoon came and with it a right smart shower of balls, and the twin diseases, bomb ague and nostalgia, seemed about to take hold of Company H, but the brave boys soon threw off the feeling, and the company went forward to establish and fortify some picket posts. The gallant little fellows crept in front of the breast-works and abattis when suddenly was seen a group of a dozen Federal soldiers standing around a little fire in a ravine about sixty yards distant; here was the opportunity at last and the click of rifles all along the line was followed by the captain's whispered order "don't fire." A moment later a volley at short range was poured into Company H, a voice cried "Boys, I'm killed," the captain shouted "steady men," but Company H had broke for the rear, the captain succeeding in rallying but four men out of sixty. The remainder being killed, wounded, and "scared," the greater part being among the last.

The Sixty-third was captured with the garrison at Blakely a few days afterward, sent to Ship Island as prisoners of war, afterward to Vicksburg for exchange, and reached Meridian in time to be surrendered and paroled with the army of General Dick Taylor.

WHEN the secession of South Carolina was announced, a Baltimore school-girl, who detested geography, exclaimed: "Well, I'm glad South Carolina has seceded! I shan't have to *bound* it any more."

THE SKIRMISH LINE.

"WHY," asked a visitor at a convalescent camp, "are there so many deaths here?" "You see, sir," responded a soldier, "the government has laid out a big graveyard, and soldiers *always* avail themselves of all government allowances. That's why they die so fast."

JOB DISCOUNTED.—The Captain drew himself up and said, "Deacon, you are a good deal of a Bible man, and probably acquainted with old Job. Now, I don't say but what he had a pretty hard time, and that they spread the *boils* on him mighty thick; but still you see he never commanded a company of Illinois volunteers."

A NUMBER of North Carolina's Confederate dead were disinterred at Arlington last month. The military companies of Norfolk and Portsmouth, Virginia, took part in the ceremonies. Minute guns were fired from the time the boat came in sight until the remains were transferred to the cars; the flags of the two cities were at "half mast;" the bells were tolled and hundreds of ex-Confederate soldiers were in the line of procession as escorts. The floral offerings were profuse.

WHO KILLED TECUMSEH.—"Colonel Skinner, of Texas," who was going it on "a high figure" before the right kind of audience, has settled a long-disputed fact in history and "elevated" himself.

"Feller-citizens," said he, with a very knowing wink, "I was at the battle where Tecumsey was killed—I was! I commanded a regiment there—I did! I'm not gwine to say who *did* kill Tecumsey—I won't! But this much I will say: Tecumsey was killed by one of *my* pistols; and, gentlemen, I leave it to your knowledge of human nature if a man would be very *apt* to lend out his pistol on an occasion of that sort."

THE OLD STRAGGLER.—He was dressed in a suit of linsey brown. Around his shoulders were swung two canteens; from one gallows hung by a leather strap a half-pint bottle. In one hand he carried a frying-pan, while the other grasped a well-worn staff. "Any chance to get a bite to eat here to-day?" said he to me, as he entered the front gate. Well, I knew him by the cut of his jib—a regular professional, he was. While he was eating I said, "What do you have two canteens for?" "Well," he said, whining, "one is for water, you know;

then, sometimes the ladies gives us some milk. I use the other for that." "What is that bottle for?" "What, that? O, I carry molasses and sich like in that!" "Were you ever in a battle?" "Ah, no, sir!" said he; "it goes agin the grain, and I am sickly; always was." "How do you keep out?" "Well, I, in general, manage to drap behind."

IN the summer of 1861, Henry Kraft and Henry Row, two young men from Louisville, not related to each other, enlisted together in Company I, Fourth Kentucky Infantry, C. S. A., at Nashville, Tenn. They messed and slept together during the entire war; were side by side in every battle in which their command participated; were discharged and returned home together at the close of the war, and have worked side by side in the same shop ever since—a period of over eighteen years. At the reunion of the old brigade at Lexington, on the 5th of September last, they marched arm in arm in the procession, the only representatives of their company save one. Can the annals of either army furnish a parallel?—*Bourbon News*.

AT Shelbyville, Pete Strong, a member of Company H, First Tennessee Regiment, had eaten too many mussels and parched corn, and they would not coalesce. It gave Pete the colic. Pete was grunting and groaning with the pain.

"Ugh! ugh!! ugh!!! Can't you do something for me, boys? Ugh! ugh!! ugh!!! Please heat something and put it on my stomach. Ugh! ugh!! ugh!!!"

"There is nothing here but the skillet-lid," said Fred. Dornin.

"Well, warm that just a little; it might do me some good. Ugh! ugh!! ugh!!!"

Dornin put the skillet-lid on the fire, and turned around and began talking politics, or telling about generalship or the rights of secession, or something of the kind, when Pete asked,

"Ain't that skillet-lid hot enough yet? ugh! ugh!! ugh!!!"

Dornin felt it and told Pete to get ready. He took hold of the cold part and laid the hot part on Pete's stomach—

"O-wa-wau-waugh!"

The part put upon Pete's stomach was red hot. You could have heard Pete squall for a mile and seven-eighths. It blistered Pete's stomach, and cured him of the colic. But Dornin had to be as scarce as hen's teeth around Pete for some time afterwards.

"COMPANY AYTCY."

Editorial.

THE election of Carlisle as Speaker of the Lower House of Congress is construed by many in the North as a revival of sectionalism. Is it not more appropriate to regard it as the burial of sectionalism, since it is the first time in twenty years that a Democrat living south of the Ohio has been raised to a high national position?

THE December number of the *Electra*, published in Louisville, has been received. It is just what it means to be, a monthly magazine devoted to the elevation of the youth by presenting in an attractive form literary gems, original and selected, which entertain while they improve. Publications of such a nature are so much needed that they should be more aggressive, to meet the assaults of those who seem to be trying to deprave the minds of the rising generation.

GEORGIA as usual takes the lead. She is the first to enact a law to provide with pensions, soldiers disabled in her service in the late war. Better late than never; though "never" it is with those who after a life of want and suffering have passed away. The debt due *them* it is not proposed to pay. It is earnestly hoped that other States will follow the example of Georgia. If they continue to utterly ignore the just claims of men, who were disabled in their service, the conclusion may be that their Legislatures are governed not by the men who fought, but by those who stayed at home and made money.

THE negro of to-day is very different from what he was twenty years ago. In many parts of the border States he is gradually disappearing. Statistics declare he is increasing at a greater rate than the whites, but whither the increase goes science does not say. There is no greater delusion than statistics. Nevertheless, we have the negro with us still, but he is changed. Bill and Samson are now well known by even white folks as Mr. Brown and Mr. Taylor. The children speak of their employer as "the boss" or "the man," but of the colored neighbor Harry, as Mr. Smith. There are no more uncles or grannies, but all the "niggers" are spoken of as ladies and

gentlemen. This is a sign of progress we are told. It may be so, but we would like a little retrograde movement now and then, for the sake of variety.

THE first copy of a new monthly entitled, *The Confederate Knapsack*, has been received. We rejoice to see that others are alive to the necessity of preserving the memory of our heroic period. The *Knapsack* is a spicy paper and deserves to succeed. Long may it wave.

GENERAL Gustavus W. Smith, now residing in New York, has been engaged for sometime in preparing a work to be entitled, "Confederate War Papers." They will, doubtless, shed much light upon the inside workings of the Confederate Government, as the General himself "was a considerable part" of some important chapters of Confederate history. All who wish to subscribe for the work, can send name and money to BIVOUAC, and they will be forwarded to proper address. It is necessary for him to get 500 subscribers for first edition to be able to purchase plates, and publish a large edition. Price, \$2.00.

How the Southern people managed to repair their fortunes after the war is a great mystery. In many instances, they not only kept the old homesteads, but added to them. If the truth was told, we would find that peace has greater heroes than war. To know the secret of success, which some could tell, if they chose, would be a great treasure to those who are still trying to be patient to the end. For alas! how many have fallen by the way-side, wrestling in the second greater conflict. Who knows but what the first four years struggle was but the school-master for the women of the South, to fit them for duties still more serious than those the war imposed.

Will not some one tell the story of a sweet home redeemed not only from want, but from repinings, and made bright anew with the triumphs of peaceful industry?

WE intend, hereafter, to make it a feature of the BIVOUAC to publish in each issue a picture and sketch of some distinguished soldier of the South, officer or private, whose deeds and character stand out as illustrations of the heroism of the olden days. In our next we will take up General Pat Cleburne, whose gallantry was conspicuous even in the Army of the Tennessee, but about whom so little has

been written or published, and we would be glad for any of our readers, who can do so, to furnish us at once incidents of his life, and, above all, let us know where we can obtain a good photograph of him, taken during the war. We would also be glad to have the address of any member of his family; and in this same connection we will be glad to have suggestions from our readers as to suitable persons to put in our "Gallery of Heroes."

AMONG our exchanges none has a more hearty welcome than the *Philadelphia Times*. Its "Annals of the War" are written by those who were actors in the scenes they describe, and, therefore, have a vividness in detail and narration which make them valuable contributions to history. Many of its annals are written by ex-Confederate soldiers, who have thus an opportunity to tell to Northern readers their side of the question.

MRS. FANNIE A. BEERS, of 242 Josephine Street, New Orleans, La., is the authorized agent of the BIVOUAC in that city, and is alone authorized to receive and receipt for subscriptions. It will not be for sale at any of the book stores, and all applications for the magazine or for advertisements in it must be made to her.

ALL subscriptions to Volume I. of the BIVOUAC expired September 1, 1883, and all who have not paid since that time owe for Volume II., and we hope that all now in arrears will promptly remit.

MISS ELLA HUTCHINSON is the authorized agent of the BIVOUAC in Frankfort, Kentucky, and we bespeak for her the kind assistance of our friends.

FROM the accounts of some of our agents, it is amazing what great pains not a few people are taking to forget the war. It is easily seen why a man, who was busy in heaping up riches in questionable ways during the war, or if he was a deserter, an habitual shirk, or a professional refugee, should wish that part of the past wiped out. But why men who, while in the discharge of duty, as they say, during the war were constantly giving impulse to great events of history; who furnished the brains to many distinguished generals, and who broke down their constitutions leading "forlorn hopes" on the battle-field should want the war forgotten, "passeth all understanding."

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Those, who in '61 and '65 were called boys, are growing old, and they owe to their children, dead comrades, their country, and themselves that these things which made the substance and spirit of war life should not die with them. They should aid this enterprise by their subscriptions and contributions to its columns, which are open to all, especially to old soldiers. And last, but not least, they should preserve the noble deeds of the daughters of the South, who were the "power behind the throne," the unseen force that not only nursed the sick and wounded, but clothed and fed the soldiers, drove the skulks back to camp, and inspired the brave with more than Spartan courage.

Its contents will include, besides the papers of historic interest read before the association, short stories of the war, sketches of soldiers distinguished in battle, poetry, notices of individual heroism on either side, and a select miscellany of other articles, making it interesting to the old soldier, instructive and entertaining to those growing up around him.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

We have a special department for the young, in which real heroes are substituted for the imaginary ones found in most of the literature of the present day.

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WILLIAM N. McDONALD, Editor.
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Major 11th Va. Cavalry.

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LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER.

THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

VOL. II.

FEBRUARY, 1884.

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SKETCH OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER.

Fortune is sometimes as capricious in the gift of renown as in the decision of a battle. It not seldom happens that a petty partisan fills a larger space in the popular mind than a distinguished subordinate general, the luster of whose achievements is eclipsed by the glory of the army to which he is attached. Just as an active, fearless privateer of one gun is often more talked about than a fifty-gun giant of the royal fleet.

A case in point is that of General Joseph Wheeler, of Alabama, long the cavalry chief of the army of Tennessee. So seldom was he on detached service, so constantly engaged in looking after the interests of the main body, and in executing the orders of his chief, that he was hardly ever separated, in the popular mind, from the army to which he was attached. And as both in the East and West, the cavalry arm rarely participated in the pitched battles, so it has come to pass that it and its leaders have little share in the glory of the victories. If we but rightly appreciate the duties of the cavalry, the necessity of constant vigilance on their part, and the fortitude, pluck, and daring which a proper performance of their duties requires, we can not hesitate to award them their just meed of praise. General Wheeler is a representative of the class referred to. No one can read the official reports of Johnston and Bragg without discovering how large a part he performed in the labors of the Army of Tennessee, and how much of the successes gained were due to his matchless direction of the cavalry force under him.

Lieutenant-General Joseph Wheeler was born in Augusta, Ga., September 10, 1836. In July, 1859, he graduated at West Point and was attached to the dragoons. In 1860, he was transferred to the mounted riflemen and promoted to a first-lieutenancy. This rank he held till April 22, 1861, when he resigned to take service in the Confederate army. From a first-lieutenant he was promoted to the

command of the Nineteenth Alabama Regiment. His brilliant career began at the battle of Shiloh, where his gallantry and soldiery skill attracted the attention of his superiors. A few months after this he accompanied Bragg into Kentucky, in command of a brigade of cavalry, and was an important factor in many of the important events of that campaign. Some time in December, 1863, after Bragg's return from Kentucky, Wheeler was made his cavalry chief, and Forrest was ordered to report to him and assist in an expedition intended for the recapture of Fort Donelson. The story goes that Forrest was much dissatisfied with Wheeler's promotion. The new chief was small in stature, and being about twenty-four years old then, and youthful-looking, presented quite a contrast to the tall and careworn Forrest. It is said (and whether true or false it matters little), that Forrest told General Bragg, with an oath, that no man who wore number five boots could command him. The two co operated but once, we believe, and failed in the undertaking. The brilliant but eccentric methods of Forrest strongly contrasted with the "bookish theoretic" of the gifted West Pointer. Each returned to his respective post, for which nature and education best fitted him; the one to be the cavalry chief of a great army, to aid in the execution of the strategic plans of his commanding-general with uniform success, the other to grow from a brilliant partisan into a general of surpassing genius.

Without following the subject of this brief sketch through his whole military career, we will simply select, for the purpose of illustrating his great merit as a cavalry chief, perhaps the most trying period of his life. It is from the 5th to the 31st of May, 1864, when he, in a great measure, shared the honor of Johnston's masterly retreat from Dalton to the south bank of the Etowah.

On the 5th of May, *the whole cavalry force of the Army of Tennessee did not exceed 2,300, while that of Sherman's army amounted to about 17,000 men. About the 11th, Martin's division reported, and about the 18th, Jackson's division arrived. From Johnston's narrative, Wheeler appears to have been always intrusted with discovering the designs of the enemy, and on many occasions to have inflicted considerable loss upon him. Indeed considering his laconic style, except when vindicating a strategic move or showing up the errors of the administration, it is quite a compliment to be mentioned at all and much more so, to be mentioned in terms of approval. Yet Wheeler is frequently mentioned, and favorably, too.

"On the 5th day of May,* fighting began with the Confederate ad-

* Johnston's Narrative, page 304.

vance guard. On the 7th, the Federal army moved forward annoyed and delayed in its advance by dismounted Confederate cavalry. On the 9th, Wheeler* with Dibrell's and Allen's brigades, encountered 5,000 Federal cavalry at Varnell's station, defeated them, and captured a hundred prisoners and a standard. On the 11th, Wheeler was sent with his available cavalry, about 2,200 men, to go around the north end of Rocky Face Ridge, and learn in which direction the Federals were moving.

"The task was performed in spite of the great number of Federal cavalry looking after Sherman's flanks. On the way Stoneman's division was met and beaten with a loss of 150 prisoners, and several hundred wagons destroyed. Upon the information furnished by Wheeler, that Sherman was moving towards his (Johnston's) left, the Confederate general now evacuated Dalton. On the 13th, Wheeler brought up the rear and facing the Federal 4th corps, forced it to halt at Tilton, till General Hood could dispose his corps and make preparations to hold his ground. On the 14th, Wheeler was directed to ascertain the position and formation of the enemy's left.† 'The performance of this service involved him in much desultory fighting.' It was successfully executed and Johnston in consequence, furiously assaulted the Federal left. On the 15th, the enemy's cavalry, having made a raid on Hood's rear, were driven off by Wheeler and pursued two miles, the victor capturing two standards and forty prisoners. On the 16th, Johnston was again forced, by Sherman crossing the Oostenaula, to abandon his new line and cross the river, keeping off the pursuing Federals with his cavalry. On the 18th, Wheeler, supported by Cheatham, succeeded in keeping the head of the Federal column at a convenient distance.

"On the 20th, the Etowah was crossed, and the infantry rested, but Wheeler was kept busy. On the 22d, he was ordered to recross the Etowah, and to ascertain in what direction the Federals were moving. This he soon accomplished and on the 24th, after defeating the troops guarding a large supply train near Cassville, he brought off seventy loaded wagons and teams, 300 equipped horses and mules, and 182 prisoners, having burned more wagons than he brought away.

"In the fight near the New Hope Church, on the 27th, Wheeler with two brigades met the Federal infantry column and drove back the leading brigade, taking about forty prisoners."

This brief enumeration, taken from Johnston's narrative, of the work done by General Wheeler in the month of May, 1864, illus-

* Johnston's Narrative, page 314.

† Johnston's Narrative, page 310.

trates the arduous duties of the cavalry and shows to some extent the genius possessed by Wheeler for using most effectively the cavalry arm of the service. We see, from the foregoing, that he was almost constantly in the saddle, and that his duties were, not only to find out the intentions of the enemy, but to annoy his trains and connections and to cover the withdrawal of Johnston's infantry. If it be thought that, notwithstanding all this, the ordinary perils of infantry life were avoided, and that the cavalry were merely mounted policemen, and rarely exposed to the dangers of a deadly conflict, a reply is furnished by Johnston's list of killed and wounded. Upon examination, it appears that the per cent. of loss in the infantry, during the month of May, notwithstanding the fact that there were several bloody engagements, did not exceed fourteen per cent., while in Wheeler's division the loss was more than eighteen per cent.

It is not proposed to follow further in detail the career of Wheeler as the cavalry chief of the Army of the Tennessee. Through the months of June and July, until Johnston was superseded, he is frequently mentioned as achieving important successes. Every movement made by Johnston, in that masterly retreat, was apparently in consequence of information obtained by Wheeler, who seems, indeed, never to have been deceived, and so implicit was the confidence placed by Johnston in his ability, that, just before he was removed, he laid all his plans for attacking the enemy as he crossed Peach Tree creek, "trusting to General Wheeler's vigilance for the necessary information." After the abandonment of Atlanta by Hood, Wheeler did not accompany him to Nashville, but remained south.

Recruiting his command by organizing the scattered bands of Confederates in Georgia, he did all that lay in his power to contract the desolating course of Sherman's scourge. Foraging parties were set upon and the black swarms of savage bummers driven towards the main line of march.

The cavalry on the flanks were resisted and often when supported by infantry were driven back with slaughter by Wheeler. When nothing else could be done, he hung obstinately upon their rear and flanks, giving them rest neither by day or by night. To judge from Sherman's and Kilpatrick's reports, *Wheeler only was "the enemy."*

In February, 1865, we find Wheeler playing a conspicuous part in the last campaign of the Western army.

Lee still held Grant at bay, but Sherman was marching through the Carolinas, getting perilously near his rear. The Army of the Tennessee had been all broken up by Hood's disastrous campaign.

When ordered to take command of the troops of the department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, and the remnant of the Army of Tennessee, Johnston could muster but 14,000 men in all. His old command had dwindled to about 5,000, but there were some of the old heroes who were an army in themselves. There were Stewart, and Cheatham, and Hardee. The gallant Cleburne, with others, had fallen. Wheeler had avoided the destructive campaign of Hood, and, in spite of his arduous duties since, while hanging on Sherman's rear, the old division had greatly increased in numbers. His care, and management, and reputation enabled him now to muster 3,000 men under his old commander—more than one-fifth of the army.

As in the retreat from Dalton Wheeler was always at the breach, so in the last days of the Confederacy he was not wanting.

If it was praiseworthy to watch and dare when there was hope of final victory, what was it now, when despair had seized the masses? In spite of almost certain defeat, he, with other gallant leaders, still girded for the fray, and inspired the soldiers by example. On his last retreat, Johnston says: "My only object in continuing the war was to obtain fair terms of peace." How true were the hearts that did not falter then?

Though outnumbered ten to one, Johnston maneuvered and fought as if he was sure to win. He seized every advantage and struck his adversary at every exposed point.

The troops responded with alacrity, and among them all none more cheerfully than Wheeler's division. Upon all occasions it was called upon and never failed to repel the foe. But one action will be mentioned to show how to the last it responded to the voice of its gifted leader. At Bentonville, after inflicting a serious punishment upon the pursuing Federals, Johnston retired across Mill creek. Wheeler was ordered to hold the bridge to cover the retreat. "The Federals," says Johnston, "made repeated efforts to force the passage but failed in all, after brave efforts in which three color-bearers fell within fifty feet of the Confederate rear guard."

The resistance was continued till the news of Lee's surrender arrived, when there was a suspension of hostilities.

At the close of the war Wheeler accepted the situation and with all the energy of his nature pursued the avocations of peace. He settled at Wheeler, Alabama, where he has a delightful home. He represented his district in the last Congress, and was as untiring as when in command of a division. He wields the pen as readily as

the sword, and his public addresses and speeches are models of fine composition. He has published a volume of "*Cavalry Tactics*," and is now engaged upon a comparative history of the battles of the late war.

[Written for the BIVOUC.]

THE "FIGHTING" FORTY-EIGHTH TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

Among all the commands of the war, there is not one that attained more honor and distinction than the old brigade of General Patrick R. Cleburne. The names of Stonewall Jackson, N. Bedford Forrest, and Patrick R. Cleburne will be ever limned on the brightest pages of history. While much glory and honor will gather around their illustrious names, it is but just that those brave and unhonored soldiers, who, in some degree, contributed to their greatness, shall not be forgotten.

Who were the men that made Stonewall Jackson great? Virginians! Who were these men that made the name of Forrest the pride of his friends, and the terror of his foes? Tennesseans! What troops fought under Cleburne and contributed to form the wreath of ivy and laurel that will ever cluster around his name? General Cleburne himself was from Helena, Arkansas. But what troops first composed his old brigade, and did so much to assure the future greatness of their commander? For the benefit of history we want to speak of one "*little*" regiment that followed the fortunes of that grand and chivalrous general, until their banner was furled to be no more unfurled forever at Greensboro, N. C.

General Cleburne's first and original brigade was composed of the following troops: The Second Tennessee, commanded by Colonel William B. Bate, now our honored and loved Governor of Tennessee, the Twenty-third, Twenty-fourth, and Thirty-fifth Tennessee, Sixth Mississippi, and Fifteenth Arkansas. After the battle of Shiloh, the fighting Forty-eighth, commanded by Colonel G. H. Nixon, was attached to Cleburne's brigade. There were two Forty-eighth Tennessee Regiments. One was commanded by Colonel W. M. Voorhies, and was surrendered at Fort Donelson under General Buckner. The fighting Forty-eighth was composed of that portion of the Forty-eighth and Fifty-fourth Tennessee Regiments that "*cut their way out*," as did Floyd, Pillow, and Forrest.

Now, it is of this same little Forty-eighth Tennessee Regiment, who were brave and gallant men and whose blood made rich the soil of

nearly every battle field of the war, and who contributed so much to the honor and glory and just renown of General Patrick R. Cleburne, that this imperfect sketch is written.

After the battle of Shiloh, General Cleburne was promoted to Major General, and General Lucius J. Polk took command of Cleburne's old brigade. It was formed of the following regiments: Second Tennessee (Bates), commanded by Colonel Butler; Third and Fifth Confederate Tennessee, Colonel J. A. Smith; Thirty-fifth Tennessee, Colonel B. J. Hill; the fighting Forty-eighth Tennessee, Colonel G. H. Nixon; and First Arkansas, Colonel J. W. Colquit. These were the troops called the old Cleburne brigade. And like the men of the old Stonewall brigade, are always proud to have had such distinguished honor conferred upon them.

The "fighting" or little Forty-eighth Tennessee Regiment was organized at Corinth, April, 1862, with the following officers: Colonel G. H. Nixon, Lieutenant-Colonel T. R. Hughes, Major J. T. Younger.

It was in the battle of Plum Orchard, in which Colonel Ben. J. Hill's Thirty-fifth Tennessee Regiment lost so heavily. Captain H. G. Evans commanded a company of forty sharpshooters, and Lieutenant King, the next in command, was mortally wounded. The "fighting" Forty-eighth Tennessee was identified with the army on the retreat to Corinth and at Tupelo until Bragg's army made the movement into Kentucky.

When Bragg commenced his march into Kentucky they were at Knoxville, Tenn. Leaving Knoxville about the 12th of August, and marching through Powers' Gap and flanking Cumberland Gap, they struck the Yankee line of connection at Barboursville, capturing a wagon train, about two hundred mules, harness, wagons, and provisions, and capturing Colonel T. M. Swan with whom Colonel Evans lived in Louisville at the close of the war.

The night before the battle of Richmond, Ky., Metcalfe's Yankee Cavalry attacked the "fighting" Forty-eighth in camp. The sharpshooters, commanded by Captain Evans, were quickly thrown forward and ordered to attack with vigor. They raised the "*rebel yell*," charged and captured fifty prisoners and horses. Remaining in position until daylight the next morning, they then moved forward and passed over the big hill, about three miles; then commenced the battle of Richmond, in which the "fighting" Forty-eighth Tennessee captured the Ninety-fifth Ohio Regiment, all armed with Springfield muskets, which were brand new and had never been fired; so they quickly exchanged their old *buck and ball* for these.

The Forty-eighth was on the right of Cleburne's brigade, passing through a meadow and driving the enemy through a graveyard. This is where the hard fighting of Cleburne's brigade was done. Here Colonel G. H. Nixon was wounded and General Cleburne was struck by a minie ball right in the middle of his mouth, the ball glancing, tearing out by the roots every tooth on that side. Also, General Lucius J. Polk was struck in the middle of the forehead the ball ranging upward, tearing his scalp; which scar marks his head to-day. Also, here is where the gallant boy-soldier, Colonel Butler, of the Second Tennessee, was killed—at that time the youngest colonel in the Confederate army, being only twenty years old. Cleburne's brigade consisted of the Fifteenth Arkansas, Forty-eighth, Thirty-fifth, and Second Tennessee Regiments.

The "boy" colonel of the Second was in advance, and by his side was his brave and fiery adjutant, afterwards Colonel William Hale. Cleburne's brigade moved in solid column across this meadow, that drank the blood of the bravest of the brave. Colonel Ben. Hill's horse was killed and he wounded in several places, but not sufficient to make him quit the field. His loud voice booming like a cannon, ordering the men to charge and bayonet the blue-coated rascals, etc.

At the battle of Richmond the "fighting" Forty-eighth lost seventy-eight killed and wounded. The Yankees were routed and driven from their position and the Forty-eighth followed them to Paris and Cynthiana and then back to Lexington, where they inaugurated a Governor of Kentucky.

Cleburne's brigade was in charge of Lexington when Morgan's men came in—when there was such a "*ringing of bells as had never been heard before.*" Church-bells, town-bells, dinner-bells, sheep-bells, cow-bells, blacksmiths' anvils, and triangles, and old clevises—everything that had a ring to it was rung in honor of Kentucky's brave cavalrymen.

The citizens gave each of the boys a nice suit of clothes, and filled their haversacks with all the good things they wanted. But the best thing a soldier could ever think of was plenty of buttermilk.

The Forty-eighth was in the advance when they went to Florence, Ky. It went within two miles of Covington, and could have taken Cincinnati. But the boys had not enjoyed city life for some time, and the luxuries connected therewith, so they just tipped their hats to Cincinnati and left. Passing through Williamstown one young lady was waving a Confederate flag, and saying: "Go it my *brave*

Southern boys; I'm for you, if you are skedaddling!" From there the Forty-eighth marched through Barbour county, and when a soldier would ask for buttermilk the old citizens would fill their canteens with Bourbon whisky. They thought buttermilk meant Bourbon whisky.

Leaving those good old towns and citizens of Cynthiana, Frankfort, and Lexington, and marching rapidly, they came to Harrodsburg on the night of the 7th of October. From here they marched to Perryville, October 8th, where one of the hardest and bloodiest battles of the war was fought. The Forty-eighth was ordered into action near the burning barn, where General Cleburne was again wounded in the leg, and his horse killed, and General Lucius J. Polk was wounded in the arm. The next day they fell back to Camp Dick Robinson, and destroyed enough provisions and property to have made a "corner" on pickled pork on Wall street, New York.

The Forty-eighth was not in the battle of Murfreesboro, being on post-duty at Shelbyville at the time, but took part in the skirmish near Tullahoma, where General Stearnes was killed.

While Bragg's army was at Chattanooga, the fighting Forty-eighth was detailed to guard the Tennessee river, and was on guard until a few days before the battle of Chickamauga. At Chickamauga it was Cleburne's old brigade, then commanded by General Lucius J. Polk, that made the first breach in the enemy's line, from which commenced the route of Rosecrans' army, the Forty-eighth and Second Tennessee making the last charge and rush that broke the Federal lines.

After the battle of Chickamauga, Colonel Ben Hill's fighting Thirty-fifth, and the fighting Forty-eighth Tennessee were consolidated, when the little fighting Forty-eighth was detailed as a battalion of sharpshooters, commanded by Captain, afterward Colonel Henry G. Evans, of the fighting Forty-eighth, and Colonel W. M. Voorhies' Forty-eighth Tennessee Regiment.

Below find the order severing connection with Polk's brigade and Cleburne's division.

This is what General Cleburne thought of that gallant little band who had never faltered in battle, or shrunk from any duty, it mattered not how arduous or unpleasant it may have been. And while General Cleburne's name will be ever cherished and loved by the old soldiers, and the whole people of the South, yet the little Forty-eighth which contributed so much to his success should not be forgotten.

The following order will speak for itself. It is a genuine order,

with Cleburne's own signature, now in the hands of Colonel Henry G. Evans :

[Special Order.]

HEADQUARTERS CLEBURNE'S DIVISION, } No. —
In the field, July 15, 1864. }

I. By direction of General Johnston, the Forty-eighth Tennessee Regiment is relieved from duty with this division, and will report to Brigadier-General Quarles, for incorporation with Colonel Voorhies' Forty-eighth Tennessee. In severing his connection with this small, but noble remnant of this regiment, justice, as well as feeling, prompts General Cleburne to express his admiration of the gallant and soldierly conduct its members have ever manifested while under his command. Richmond, Ky., Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Ringgold, Ga., have been inscribed upon its colors, and the names of the victories of the present trying campaign may justly be placed there. As a battalion of sharpshooters, its courage, skill, and endurance have been tested and proven in innumerable bloody skirmishes. The handful to which it is reduced attests how conspicuous a part it must have borne in building up the glorious reputation of the brigade and division, which it is about to be separated from. General Cleburne bids you a soldier's farewell, and trusts that he may deserve and retain through life the good will and kind feeling which he bears to each surviving member of the Forty-eighth Tennessee.

By command of Major-General Cleburne.

J. A. BUCK, *A. A. General.*

FOR CAPTAIN HENRY G. EVANS,

Commanding Forty-eighth Tennessee.

HEADQUARTERS CLEBURNE'S DIVISION, }
July 15, 1864. }

Captain H. G. Evans, Forty eighth Tennessee Regiment, having been ordered to appear before the Board for promotion, I take pleasure in stating that he has been under my immediate command since soon after the battle of Shiloh, a portion of which time he has been in command of his regiment and proved himself competent for the position for which he is to be examined. He is brave and intelligent in action and a good disciplinarian in camp, and I have no hesitation in recommending his case for the favorable consideration of the Board.

P. R. CLEBURNE, *Major-General.*

The little Forty-eighth was then consolidated with Voorhies' Forty-eighth Tennessee, and was in all the engagements of the Hood campaign. The regiment had one little picnic worthy of mention; General P. H. Reynolds, of Arkansas, of our Walthall's division, was ordered to report to General W. H. Jackson, and one of his regiments being on picket, General Quarles was requested to furnish a regiment, and the compliment fell on the consolidated Forty-eighth Tennessee Regiments, Colonel Evans in command. We had a quick ride by rail to Lovejoy station, and there we were attacked by a detachment of Federals which we gallantly defeated. Found

they had burned Beer creek bridge, and we had to return to Johnstown; there we found General Kilpatrick's cavalry command, about four thousand. We skirmished with them that night, the 19th of August, and the next morning our engineer reported that we must get water for our engine. We returned to Lovejoy station for that purpose, and just as we pulled into Lovejoy, we, for the first time, found General Jackson in front of Kilpatrick, and he informed General Reynolds that he was the right man, time, and place. We just had time to form as the enemy made a gallant charge upon us. We repulsed them in a few minutes, running them over General Ross' Texas brigade. They killed a great many of them as they rushed pell-mell to the rear. We lost about fifteen men killed and wounded, and killed, wounded, and captured about two hundred of the enemy. This was a great relief to the boys to get out of the breastworks and air themselves. After this picnic we returned to our brigade and took part in the battle Lick Skillet Road, July 28, and were there detailed to support a battery, which was the post of honor on that field. We were in the rear guard under General Walthall, commanded by General Forrest and surrendered at Greensboro, N. C.; were in the battle of Goldsboro and Bentonville, N. C.

ADVENTURES OF A CONFEDERATE.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

In the meanwhile, let us go back to the men who had the horses in charge. After the company entered the sawgrass, the corporal commanding the relief guard in charge of the horses concluded that the best and most eligible site for him to choose to await conclusions would be on the north side of the swamp, whither he at once repaired. The report of the guns from the battle on the island could easily be heard from the position they occupied, but it was hardly possible to tell how the contest was going. The guard awaited results with intense suspense. They had every faith in the courage and capacity of their officers and the bravery of their companions, but they had no idea of the strength of the enemy or of their situation. Their numbers might be so great as to utterly overwhelm the troop. If so, their own fate was sealed. Their ignorance of the situation, the vast solitude by which they were surrounded, their enforced inaction, gave active exercise to their excited imaginations, until the suspense became terrible. Thus it ever is, the most diffi-

cult task in life is to bear with patience; the most unbearable situation is waiting for the unknown; the most agonizing and terrible condition is to be bound hand and foot, awaiting in impotent suspense the happening of some event which may exalt or crush us. By-and-by the sounds of the conflict ceased, but which side was victorious the guard did not know. But a short while after their attention was attracted by the sudden firing of the sawgrass by the Indians. They did not see the Indians, but they saw the fire and saw with what rapidity it gained ground. They saw its great, fiery tongues leaping out, like the tongues of the serpent, licking up the grass fifty and a hundred feet ahead of the main volume, which rolled onward like a giant ocean wave.

It was the grandest sight any of them had ever seen, and their undivided attention was riveted upon the movements of the fire. Their own position, so far as the fire was concerned, was one of comparatively no danger, as the wind was blowing from them, and the short grass of the prairie was not likely to burn much in the face of an adverse wind. The rapid spread of the fire, however, in the sawgrass, rendered it impossible to communicate with the island, even could a horse traverse the soft, muddy ground of the intervening everglade. They were, therefore, compelled to remain passive on-lookers, and await results, no matter what shape they might assume. They had little fear, so far as they themselves were personally concerned, of being attacked just then, by the Indians. It was fully a quarter of a mile from the everglade in front of them where the fire was raging, and more than that distance from the swamp to the south. While to the north and north-east it must have been at least four or five miles to the nearest wooded island. The whole surrounding space being the open prairie as they fully believed. They could, therefore, rest in security, as no one could approach within a quarter of a mile without being at once discovered. So, with the caution to the men to keep a lookout, the corporal devoted his entire attention to the progress of the fire, and with the full intention of obeying the corporal and keeping a lookout, the men, too, with one accord gave their attention to the fire. And so grand and varied were its movements, and so intense the desire to know the fate of their comrades on the island and the effect the fire would have upon that fate, that they forgot the caution commanded by the corporal—forgot all else but the raging war of the elements, and their companions upon the island. From this condition of absorption and suspense, they were rudely awakened by the sudden sound of the Indian's rifles, and the

horrible warwhoop of the savages immediately behind them. The onset of their relentless and wily foe was too unexpected to give time for concerted resistance. It was momentarily as wild a scene of confusion as can be conceived. The horses reared and plunged and broke loose from those holding them, the majority being seized by the Indians before they could effect their escape. Five of the men were slain outright, together with quite a number of the horses. A rambling fire was returned by the residue of the guard, but ineffectively, their principal object being to get off with as many horses as possible. There was no time to count noses, or exchange courtesies. Every man shifted for himself. With great good luck the corporal and the remainder of his guard, shook themselves clear of their foes, but without securing any of the cattle, except those they were on; luckily these were among the best in the troop. The number of Indians who had attacked them did not exceed twenty-five, and had the men been as watchful as their situation required, they could have beaten the enemy off or at the least have kept out of their reach. But their carelessness was criminal. What little they had seen of the Indians so far, should have taught them a better lesson. The whole fault of the surprise, lay with the corporal in charge; for in war, as in every other relation of life, what the leader is, the men will be. Men are like children, they imitate the worst faults of their superiors, and are more forcibly impressed by example than by precept.

Our corporal felt that the responsibility of this awful accident rested upon his shoulders, and, as he was an intelligent, conscientious fellow, a man of much sensibility, this feeling of responsibility weighed heavily upon his heart. He saw the slaughter of his companions, and the knowledge, that to his carelessness they owed their death, crushed his soul with a bitterness of remorse far surpassing that of any previous action of his life. He felt that he could not live and face his captain and companions again. He could not live and tell the Widow Clifton that, because of his negligence, her bright-eyed boy, Johnnie, came to his death. The thought was like a sharp thorn to his aroused conscience—it pricked him on to desperate action. By this time, those who escaped were moving with speed across the prairie, with the foe in hot pursuit; but they had not gone far before they came to a gully, hitherto unperceived and unknown. It ran from the everglade across the prairie, in a roundabout way toward the neighboring swamp, and was, in reality, the same creek passed by the rangers going to the island, and could not be seen until you stood right upon its banks. A shallow creek of water

coursed along its sandy bottom. It was by this gully the Indians had come upon their rear with such murderous effect. As soon as our corporal saw this gully, he made up his mind. He urged the men to cross, and, wheeling his horse, he turned upon the enemy. There was a wild and deadly light in his eyes—desperate resolution was stamped upon his brow, and his clenched jaws told of the intent to effect the escape of his comrades, if it cost his own life. His turn astonished the on-coming savages, and they in turn half-halted, half-wheeled to the right. But the corporal did not hesitate; he dashed with the spirit of madness upon his foe. Taking aim with his carbine at the leading savage, he fired with deadly certainty. The Indian, with a yell, leaped from his saddle and fell to the earth a corpse. Drawing his pistols, our corporal fired again and again, with what effect it was difficult to tell, so far as the injury inflicted upon the enemy was concerned, but his action had the effect of stopping the advance of the enemy, and of enabling the guard to cross the gulch in safety. Seeing this, the officer wheeled his horse as though to follow them, but whether such was his intent or not will never be ascertained, for a bullet from a gun of one of the savages entered his brain, and the spirit of the gallant fellow passed from earth. Here, where he had fallen in as grand an effort to redeem his fault as man could exhibit, his body was afterwards found by Captain Ross and given burial. It would be a harsh thing to say of the residue of the guard, that they deserted their corporal, and offered him no aid in his peril, nor could such be truthfully said of them. The fact was, that in obedience to his command, they hurried down the steep bank of the gully and across its water-bed, which was shallow, and some fifty or more feet in width. Nor did they, in the rapidity and confusion of their passage, notice the absence of their officer. They heard, as a matter of course, the sound of the shots, but supposed they emanated from the Indians, and had no realization of the true state of the case until they reached the top of the bank on the opposite side, when, for the first time, learning of the absence of the corporal, they looked back just in time to see him fall from his horse, shot through the brain. It was too late to render him aid, but even then, George Rawson, as brave a youngster as ever bestrode a horse, called for volunteers to bring off his dead body. But more prudent counsels prevailed, and the small band resumed its flight. The diversion made by the corporal had given them a considerable start, and owing to the hesitation and confusion of their pursuers they were enabled greatly to widen the distance between them.

The moving objects to the north-east, seen by Captain Ross' party, when they reached the first scene of action, were the remnant of the guard, followed by the Indians mounted on the rangers' horses, vanishing in the distance among the palmetto islands, which lay grouped thereaway. On they went, pursuers and pursued, with a distance of about a quarter of a mile between them. The pursued were gaining ground slowly, and their ultimate safety was a mere question of animal endurance. The Indians had early recognized the fact that the soldiers were mounted upon the fleetest horses, but the difference in speed was not so great as to shut off all hopes of a final capture. Both sides saw that success or failure would depend on the relative powers of lasting of the two sets of horses. There was otherwise no chance of escape. Although the islands they were threading were numerous, they were too small to hide so many men and horses. Were the party smaller, then, indeed, it might be different. The main hope of the soldiers was that the horses might last until they met the wagons and re-enforcements ordered by the captain the night before. Their calculation was that these had "struck camp," and were now on their way to rejoin the command. If this calculation was correct, the train would be upon the "old military road" leading from Fort Kissimee to Fort Bassinger, and probably two-thirds of the way upon their route. With this idea in their mind, the pursued took a north-easterly course, hoping to reach the road and obtain shelter with the wagon train, of whose coming the Indians knew nothing. The sole purpose and intent of the Indians was to run their enemy down before they could reach their camp at Fort Kissimee. Both sides husbanded the strength of their horses as much as possible, the savages relying upon their superior knowledge of the country for obtaining such advantages as would enable them to succeed in their undertaking. At last the boys "struck" the old military trail, and, buoyed up with fresh spirits by their luck in so doing, they let their horses go a shade faster. They had just rounded one of the largest islands they had yet passed when a few hundred yards in front they saw a company of mounted men coming along the road in a sharp trot. They at once recognized them as fellow-soldiers, and setting spurs to their own animals, were soon alongside. In a few words the situation was made known to the officer in charge, Captain Abner Johnston, a gallant Floridian who had been an old Indian fighter, and was up to all the stratagems of border warfare. None quicker to grasp a situation than he, and no one capable of seizing and utilizing all the advantages of position

and circumstances, he at once formed his plan of action, which was to ambush the savages in the edge of the neighboring island, alongside of which the road ran. This was instantly done. There was ample time to get in position, as the pursued had increased their distance since reaching the road to very near a half mile.

It was arranged that the pursued, as soon as the Indians came in view, would resume their flight, but in such a way as to make the savages believe their horses had let down. Everything happened as expected. The Indians turned to the head of the island; they beheld their prey almost within their grasp, apparently belaboring their tired horses with might and main. With wild yells they dashed onward. Closer and closer they came. The next moment they were opposite the ambush; the next, a volley of carbines poured their deadly contents into the ranks of the thoroughly-surprised Indians. Every saddle was emptied, but not all of them by the death of the rider. Those who were not killed or badly wounded jumped off their horses and struck into the wooded island. The horses were all re-captured, and then Captain Johnston set about catching those of the red devils who had escaped into the island. In this he was perfectly successful, not one getting away, except the negro chief, Abram, who was in command of the Indians, but who managed to secrete himself in some hole or corner where he could not be found. It was not, however, known that he was with the Indians, or closer search would most certainly have been made. The affair took most of the afternoon, and by the time Captain Johnston got ready to start again the evening was so far advanced that he concluded to camp on the spot for the night. Before, however, going into camp he sent out a detail of men and horses to look for Captain Ross. About bedtime the detail returned with the captain and his wearied and worn-out men. In the bed of the gully Captain Ross had found a number of his horses feeding quietly near the spot where he had discovered and buried the gallant corporal. The boys slept that night without rocking. A more fatigued set could hardly have been found.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MR. SPARROWGRASS says that during the war he belonged to the "Yonkers Home Guard," and that one of the rules of the company was that it should not leave Yonkers except in case of invasion.

[Written for the BIVOUC.]

IMPRESSIONS IN 1786—THE SEIZURE OF A COW.

In the year 1786, a military expedition, under the command of General George Rogers Clark, was organized at Louisville, for the purpose of chastising the Wabash Indians, in the Illinois Territory. Most of the soldiers called into service were the militia of the country, and had to be equipped and supplied. In former expeditions the militia had assembled at the point designated, armed and supplied; but in this instance there was an ominous want of the things necessary for the success of the enterprise. When the people were called upon to furnish the little army with the articles needed, they answered that they had nothing to spare; and to the applications of persons acting as quartermasters and contractors, they gave an emphatic "no!" In this refusal to supply the needs of the soldiers, there was a foreshadowing of the result of the expedition, if it had been wisely interpreted. The heart of the people was not in the movement, and the same repugnance which at first refused the supplies, in the end broke out in insubordination, which clothed the army with disgrace instead of crowning it with glory.

Colonel Alexander Scott Bullitt, afterwards a member of the convention which formed Kentucky's first Constitution, and president of that which made the second, was then county lieutenant of Jefferson, and it became necessary for him to issue an order for the impressment of such articles as were needed for the expedition. Colonel Bullitt was more of a civilian than soldier, and being, moreover, a kind-hearted man, did not like to give the authority required for forcibly taking the property of his fellow-citizens for military uses. But the soldiers were in the field, the supplies needed, and there was no escape from the necessity. The order was, therefore, issued, and impressors went to work to seize horses, cattle, provisions, guns, ammunition, etc., wherever found.

In the possession of the writer is a long list of articles appraised by Kennor Seaton and James Astergus for the company of Captain George Pomeroy in the expedition. It is dated September 8th, 1786, and, but for its length, would be here inserted for the information it imparts as to the citizens then dwelling here, the kind of articles needed for an Indian campaign, and their value at the time. The first article seized was a cow belonging to Richard Chenoweth, and the consequences of this seizure were so comical that they may be given here as a morsel of the domestic history of the times.

When Captain Pomeroy received from Colonel Bullitt his authority for impressing the articles needed for his company, he selected his appraisers and went direct to the house of Richard Chenoweth, one of the founders of Louisville, landed on Corn island by General Clark, May 27, 1778. Chenoweth had left Louisville early in 1782, and gone on his farm in the county where he had opened a fine plantation; and for protection against the Indians had erected a stone house over his spring, which stands to this day near Williamson's station on the Shelbyville railroad—the oldest building in Jefferson county. There was no love between Chenoweth and Captain Pomeroy. Two years before, in 1784, Walker Daniel, the commonwealth's attorney, had Pomeroy arrested at Louisville, as a divulger of false news and fined 2,000 pounds of tobacco. Chenoweth had taken sides with the prosecution and Pomeroy had not forgotten it. When, therefore, Captain Pomeroy rode up with his appraisers and made known his business, it occurred to Chenoweth that Pomeroy would be pleased to take from him that on which he set most store, if he could find out what it was. Hence Chenoweth set to work to thwart any such design that Pomeroy might have. They went to the pasture to enable the captain to select a fat beef for the army. Now, there was one cow, the finest-looking and fattest animal in the herd, that had such bad qualities as to have caused much trouble in the Chenoweth family. Chenoweth resolved to put that cow off on Pomeroy if possible, and thus be damaged the least by the impressment. He, therefore, said to Pomeroy that he feared none of his cattle were in good condition for beef except a favorite cow, which could by no means be spared on account of the rich and abundant milk she furnished to the family. If he would only leave *Parfait*—that was the name of the cow he wanted to get rid of if he had to part with any—he would utter no complaint against the necessity of taking any of them. Captain Pomeroy had some knowledge of French, and hearing the name *Parfait*, which meant perfect, he concluded that the cow which bore it must be a prodigy, and that, while doing a government duty, he might punish an old enemy by seizing her. Captain Pomeroy, therefore, said that he was sorry to have to deprive a neighbor of a favorite cow, but his demands were urgent and as this cow was the only one fat enough for beef, he should have to take her. Having selected old *Parfait*, the appraisers, James Astergus and Kennor Seaton were directed to put the price upon her. They appraised old *Parfait* at £6, for which a voucher was given, and the cow driven from the Chenoweth place.

It happened that in driving the cow to the Falls the house of John McManus, another of the original founders of Louisville, who had landed on Corn island in May, 1778, was passed. McManus was poor and really had nothing that ought to have been impressed; but he had a pair of steers that he had yoked as oxen that were now fat. He had no further use for the steers and was much in need of a cow. Captain Pomeroy proposed to exchange the Chenoweth cow for one of the steers. McManus being impressed with the fine appearance of the cow, and not knowing her bad qualities, accepted the offer on condition that Pomeroy would take the other steer at appraised value and give him a voucher therefor. This proposition suited Captain Pomeroy still better and he at once gave the Chenoweth cow for one of the steers and a voucher for the other, appraised at £4 10s.

It happened, however, that old *Parfait* was not as well pleased with the original taking and subsequent exchange as those who made them. She was a cow that could open gates, throw down or leap fences, and kick over dairy-maids or milk-pails at will. There was not a bucket on the premises of Chenoweth that had not been battered, nor a woman that had not been bruised by her feet, nor was there a gate she had not opened, nor a fence she had not pulled down or leaped. The first evening she was at McManus' she gave them an exemplification of her qualities when milking-time arrived. Mrs. McManus, with a joyous heart, went out to milk the fine-looking, new cow, and at first all went well enough, but when the vessel was about filled from the well-distended udders, old *Parfait* looked at it, raised her hind leg, swept it around, and over went Mrs. McManus and the milk-pail. The McManuses began to think the cow they had gotten was no better for milk than the steers they had parted with. They hoped, however, that old *Parfait* had thus acted because she was being milked by strangers. They did not beat her for the damage she had done, but shut her up in the stable, gave her plenty to eat and drink, and rested under the belief that all would be right in the morning. When they went out in the morning, however, to milk her, they found she had opened the stable gate with her horns, thrown down the yard fence, leaped the fence around the farm, and gone they knew not whither.

The McManuses suspected that old *Parfait* had gone back to Chenoweth's, but knowing that she had been forcibly taken from him they did not like to go at once to make the inquiry. They feared that Chenoweth might think it unneighborly for his cow to be

thus forcibly taken from him by an army officer and turned over to a neighbor. Sure enough, old *Parfait* went straight from the stable of McManus to the pasture of her old master, and in so doing treated the fences and gates of Chenoweth just as she had served those of McManus. Things thus stood well enough with Chenoweth for he had a government voucher for his cow, appraised at £6, and the cow besides. Not so well, however, stood things with McManus, whose steer was gone and who had neither cow nor voucher in lieu thereof. Mrs. McManus complained to her husband that all they had for their fine steer was her bruised side and battered milk-pail, and that if he should make many more such trades as the steer for the cow they would soon be out of house and farm.

But what was McManus to do? He began thinking about the matter, and the more he thought the more he was puzzled to understand how Captain Pomeroy could take a cow from Chenoweth without his consent, and then give him a good title thereto by exchanging her for a steer. The more he thought of it the worse his title to the cow appeared, and he was afraid to approach Chenoweth on the subject. He wanted much to see Captain Pomeroy and ask his advice as to what should be done, but the captain was with the army and could not be seen.

While thus in trouble McManus met with Tom, a negro belonging to the estate of Colonel William Lynn, who was killed by the Indians in 1781. Tom had resided at Lynn's Station with his master, where the justices of the peace frequently held their courts in early times, and where he had picked up a good deal of the law as then administered by attending trials. He had a way of his own, however, in judging of the result of a trial. If the day was dark he predicted that the litigant having the darkest complexion would win; but if the day was bright, then the party of the lighter color would win. In addition to this simple rule of foretelling from the character of the day and the complexion of the litigants, he was also influenced by numbers in making his predictions. He would single out and number the reasons why either litigant should win, and then give judgment for the party whose number of reasons was greatest. Strange as it may seem, Tom, by these singular rules, predicted the results of more trials than all the lawyers combined. He became a kind of authority in the land, and was consulted on many occasions. Even those who had no faith in his mode of judging consulted him for the fun of hearing his queer conceits; and when an important citizen was thus found drawing his opinions from him it led, of course, to his becoming authority among the common people.

A trial had recently occurred, however, which had puzzled Tom no little. Two neighbors had been at law for a long time about a steer and a cow, the very animals involved in the case of McManus. These neighbors had well nigh exhausted themselves in court, when a third neighbor came in on a cross-bill and took both the cow and steer, leaving the original litigants to divide the costs between them. This cross-bill had made a deep impression upon Tom, and although he had no conception of what a cross-bill in Chancery was, he was decidedly of the opinion that it was the perfection of litigation. Tom had, unfortunately, prophesied wrongly about this case, but he consoled himself with the fact that the day of the trial was so changeable between clouds and sunshine, that no one could justly call it either a bright or dark day. It was either, or both, or neither, and hence he had made a mistake in not foretelling the decree in favor of the party who had come into the case on cross-petition and won the suit.

McManus stated his case to Tom, who listened attentively, until the facts were all pretty well lodged in his head. It was a puzzling case for Tom, because his rule for foretelling results by the character of the day and the complexion of the litigants could not be applied. He was to give an opinion before the day of trial, and could only depend on his conjuration by numbers. Tom was too proud, however, not to seem equal to the occasion, and hesitated not to give his opinion. His use of English was remarkably free from the lingo of the negroes of his day, and if he had not tried to use big words, the meaning as well as the form of which he frequently got wrong, his speech would have appeared but little open to criticism. After taking a quid of tobacco and looking as wise as possible, he seated himself on the ground like a Turk and proceeded somewhat as follows to give his views of the case:

“In the first place, the cow was distracted from Mr. Chenoweth without his consent. Capting Pomeroy bargained for her unanimsly, by himself alone. It might be that the government, which stood at his backside, agreed to the seizure, but the cow and Mr. Chenoweth were both oppositioned to it. For this impression of the cow, therefore, were Capting Pomeroy and the government, making two in its favor, and the cow and Mr. Chenoweth, making two opposed to it.” Here Tom, with his cane, made two marks on the ground to his right, to represent the elements in favor of the transaction, and two on his left for those opposed. “In the second place, Capting Pomeroy swapped the cow with Mr. McManus for the steer. To this conversion of a cow into a steer, both Capting Pomeroy and

Mr. McManus universally agreed. On the other hand, the cow and the steer were bull-headedly opposed to the conversion. Therefore, we have, in this secondary transaction, two affirmativeants and two denyants." Here, again, Tom made two other marks on his right and two on his left. "In the third place, the cow, with her own volitional legs, left Mr. McManus and went back to Mr. Chenoweth. It may be that Mr. Chenoweth took a consentious view of this; but Mr. McManus was overflowingly opposed. In fact, Mr. McManus was no more consulted about it than Mr. Chenoweth. The cow made the change unanumersly by herself individually alone, just as Capting Pomeroy made the bargain in the first instance. And, therefore, we have, in this last act, the cow and Mr. Chenoweth for it, and Mr. McManus opposed." Here Tom made two more marks to his right and one to his left. "This was the unkindest numerication of all—two to one against Mr. McManus, when it ought to have been two for him to one against him. Then, again, if all the numbers on each side be additioned together, they will show six to five against Mr. McManus, when they ought to be six for him to five against him. But it can't be helped. Figures won't lie. The case is against Mr. McManus, any way we count it. If we sue Mr. Chenoweth for the cow, he will say the cow went from him without his consent, and came back in the same way; and therefore, nevertheless, peradventure, besides, howsomever, there is nothing to sue him for. Then, if we sue Capting Pomeroy for the steer, he will say the soldiers ate the steer, and it would be unpossible to give it up to please anybody. The case has a bad appearance, looked at from any corner that Mr. McManus can take. There is but one hope, and that is to win it on a cross-bill. Straight law must lose, but cross law will win."

Here was an exposition of the law and facts that McManus did not understand any better than the expounder, but McManus had full faith in Tom. So soon, therefore, as Captain Pomeroy returned from the expedition, he went to him and laid his grievances before him. Pomeroy was pleased with the shape things had taken. He told McManus that all he had to do was to bring an action of trover and conversion against Chenoweth to secure his cow. McManus did not give his reasons therefor, but plainly indicated to Captain Pomeroy that he would prefer the appraised value of the cow to the cow herself. In fact, McManus had enough of that cow in what he had experienced of her opening gates, leaping fences, and kicking over women and milk-pails. He, however, put the case in Captain

Pomeroy's hands, with full authority for him to handle it as he thought to the best advantage.

With this authority Captain Pomeroy at once brought suit in the county court in the name of McManus against Chenoweth for the cow. When the summons was served upon Chenoweth, he sent for McManus and demanded what it meant. McManus, after taking a bumper or two of Chenoweth's tafia, said he knew nothing about the suit, and gave Chenoweth a writing in which he stated that it was brought without his authority. With this paper in his hands, Chenoweth rested easy, and, intending to make matters go as hard as possible against Pomeroy, let judgment go against himself for twenty-five dollars, in favor of McManus.

Chenoweth then employed Stephen Ormsby as his attorney, who got out an injunction against the collection of the execution which issued on the judgment, and made Captain Pomeroy a party to the defense. He filed with his bill the paper McManus had given him, and charged that Captain Pomeroy was the promoter of the suit against the knowledge or authority of McManus.

When the injunction was served on Pomeroy he, in turn, sent for McManus and demanded an explanation. McManus, after trying a little of the tafia of Pomeroy, and finding it quite as good as Chenoweth's, acknowledged that he had given Chenoweth the paper, and gave Pomeroy another paper declaring the first one untrue, and stating that he had authorized Captain Pomeroy to bring the suit, and that it had been properly brought and conducted in his name.

Here then was a difficulty for the court to settle—which of these diametrically opposing papers given by McManus was true? Captain Pomeroy came in as a witness and introduced corroborative testimony until the court was satisfied that the paper given by McManus to Chenoweth was under the influence of a little too much tafia, and the counter-writing he had given to Pomeroy was the one that conformed to the facts. The injunction was, therefore, dissolved, and the sheriff left to collect the execution that issued on the original judgment in favor of McManus against Chenoweth.

So soon as Tom heard of the result of the suit he went to see McManus to congratulate him on his success. Tom claimed that the suit had been won on a cross-bill in chancery, just as he had predicted. He said the paper first given to Chenoweth denying all knowledge or connection with the suit was the bill, and the second paper given to Captain Pomeroy acknowledging that he knew all about the suit and had authorized it, was the cross-bill; and that the suit had

been won on this cross-bill. The successful work of the cross-bill was perfectly clear to Tom, and it was equally clear to McManus after Tom's explanation. Whenever Tom was afterward consulted about a knotty case, whether it was before a justice of the peace, or in the county court, or circuit, and involved common, admiralty, or criminal law, he simply advised a cross-bill in chancery as the sure way to success.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

BUNNY.

One bright morning I sat in the matron's room of the "Buckner Hospital," then located at Newnan, Georgia. Shall I describe to you this room? or my *suite* of rooms? Indeed, I fear you will be disappointed, dear young readers, for perhaps the word "*hospital*" conveys to your mind the idea of a handsome and lofty building containing every convenience for nursing the sick, and for the comfort of attendants. Alas! during the war, hospital arrangements were of the roughest. Frequent changes of location were *imperative*, and transportation was difficult. So it became a "military necessity" to seize upon such buildings as were suitable in the towns where it was intended to establish a "*post*." Court-houses, halls, stores, hotels, and even *churches* had to be used—the pews being removed and replaced by the rough hospital beds. The "Buckner Hospital" was expected to accommodate nearly 1,000 sick and wounded, and embraced every building for two solid squares. Near the center, a small stove had been appropriated to the matron's use during the day. Here all business relating to the comfort of the sick and wounded was transacted. The store as it stood, shelves, counters, and all became "the *linen* room," and was piled from floor to ceiling with bedding and clean clothing. The back "shed room" was the matron's own. A rough table planed only on the top, stood in the center. With the exception of one large rocking-chair kindly donated by a lady of Ringgold, Ga., boxes served for chairs. A couch made of boxes and piled with comforts and pillows, stood in one corner. This served not only as an occasional resting-place for the matron, but with the arm-chair was frequently occupied by soldiers who, in the early stages of convalescence, having made a pilgrimage to my room were too weak to return at once, and so rested awhile.

Here I sat on the morning in question looking over some "diet lists," when I heard a slight noise at the door, and soon a little girl

edged her way into the room. Her dress was plain and faded, but when she pushed back the calico sun-bonnet a sweet, bright face appeared.

She came forward as shyly as a little bird, and stood at my side. As I put out my hand to draw her closer she cried, "*Don't*, you'll scare him!" And then I perceived that she held close to her breast, wrapped in her check apron, something that moved and trembled. Carefully the little girl removed a corner of the apron, disclosing the gray head and frightened eyes of a squirrel. Said she: "It's Bunny; he's mine; I raised him, and I want to give him to the sick soldiers! *Daddy's a soldier!*" And as she stated this last fact the sweet face took on a look of pride.

"What is your name, and how did you get here?" I said.

"My name is *Ca-line*. Uncle Jack, he brung in a load of *truck*, an' mammy let me come along, an' I didn't have nothin' to fetch to the poor soldiers but Bunny. He's mine," she repeated, as she tenderly covered again the trembling little creature. I soon found that she desired to give the squirrel away with her own hands, and did not, by any means, consider *me* a "sick soldier." That she should visit the fever-wards was out of the question, so I decided to go with her to a ward where were some wounded men, most of whom were convalescent. My own eyes, alas! were so accustomed to the sight of the pale, suffering faces, empty sleeves, and dreadful scars, that I did not dream of the effect it would have upon the child. As we entered she dropped my hand and clung convulsively to my dress. Addressing the soldiers, I said: "Boys, little *Ca-line* has brought you her pet squirrel; her father is a soldier, she says." But here the poor child broke down utterly; from her pale lips came a cry which brought tears to the eyes of the brave men who surrounded her.

"O, daddy, daddy; I don't *want* you to be a soldier! O, lady, *will* they do my daddy like this?"

I hastily retreated, leading the tortured child to my room, where at last she recovered herself. I gave her lunch, and fed Bunny with some corn-bread, which he ate sitting on the table by his little mistress, his bright eyes fixed warily upon me. A knock at the door startled us, and the child quickly snatched up her pet and hid him in her apron. The visitor proved to be "Uncle Jack," a white-headed old negro, who had come for "little Missy."

Tears came to my eyes as I watched the struggle which at once began in that brave little heart. Her streaming eyes and heaving breast showed how hard it was to give up Bunny. Uncle Jack was

impatient, however, and at last "Missy" thrust the squirrel into my hands saying, sobbingly, "Thar *you* keep him to show to 'em, but don't let nothin' hurt him." I arose and placed Bunny in the deep pocket of an army overcoat that hung by the window, and there he cuddled down contentedly. *Ca-line* passed out with a lagging step, but in a few moments ran back and drawing a box under the window, climbed upon it and peeped into the pocket at her pet who ungratefully growled at being disturbed. She then ran out without a word to me and I saw her no more.

Bunny soon attached himself to me. Creeping into my pocket, he would always accompany me in my rounds through the wards, and the sick and wounded took the greatest delight in his visits. As soon as I entered the door the squirrel would run up on my shoulder, and from thence jumping upon the beds would proceed to search for the treasures which nearly every patient had saved and hidden for him. His capers were a source of unceasing amusement to his soldier friends. I can not describe to you *how* great. The story of little *Ca-line's* self-sacrifice went the rounds among them, and all admired and truly appreciated her heroism and her love for "the poor, sick soldiers."

Bunny lived happily for a long time. One day, however, as I was passing along the street, he began as usual to run from out my pocket to my shoulder and back again to nestle in his hiding-place. Just then a large dog came by and the frightened squirrel made a vain attempt to reach a tree by the roadside. Failing, he was at once seized and instantly killed. My regret was shared by all the soldiers, who long remembered and talked of poor Bunny.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

THE TRACK OF SHERMAN.

Though Sherman justly deserves renown for some of his warlike achievements, he has to lament the fact, that the one which brought him most fame, the march to the sea from Atlanta, was the poorest of all. When the enemy had disappeared from his front and there was little else to do but to keep step to the sound of martial music and to gather the spoils of war, it was hardly a hero's part to let loose robber bands upon unoffending non-combatants. "It is glorious to have a giant's strength, but it is brutal to use it like a giant."

The following is from an eye-witness who marched in Sherman's track from Atlanta to Charleston:

It is not my wish to call up unpleasant scenes of incendiarism and devastation, but Sherman's grand march to the sea, "*While all the world looked on and wondered,*" was but the "march of fire."

When we got back to Atlanta, that once beautiful city, with its blackened and charred walls and solitary chimneys, told the tale. Every house, church, convent, school-house, dwelling, store, mill, barn, etc., *was burned*. All the way from Atlanta to Augusta, Columbia, and Charleston, we were hardly ever out of sight of masses of ashes and cinders and blackened walls. Occasionally we saw the poor people, women, children, and old men, passing about with sorrowful and tearful faces. Their homes burned, their fields laid waste by burning their fence rails, their substance destroyed.

We could see pigeons flying about their old homes—their homes too, being burned up and destroyed. Sherman's army had taken all the chickens and milk cows, hogs and sheep and horses, and then set fire to and destroyed the country as they passed.

We passed by the ruins of an old house, and there sat an old man in the door of what had once been his cottage home. It had been robbed of every piece of furniture and picture and everything that he had. He was leaning tremblingly on his stick, glaring at us as we passed. A beautiful little girl of ten or twelve years of age sat beside him on his doorstep. Whether he saw us or not I do not know, but his furrowed brow and stony eyes spoke of despair. How many years of labor and patient economy and suffering had he passed to make sure a quiet old age. Now all was crushed and ruined. The child and he had no longer a roof to cover their heads. On every side there were ruins.

There was a party of cut-throats and roughs that went through the country called "*bummers*," that stole everything and robbed every house without regard to "sex, color, or previous condition." They found out that many old negroes, who were faithful to their masters to the very last, were frequently intrusted with silver spoons and forks, and sometimes watches and diamonds. When these bums would come to a negro cabin they would set fire to the poor old negroes' bedclothes after robbing them of everything, and then set fire to the cabin. They did much in a spirit of pure demonism, they delighted in doing acts of malicious cruelty. To burn a mill where poor people had to grind their little turn of corn was a special pleasure. They burst in the heads of sorghum barrels and poured out

their contents on the ground, and would spit tobacco-juice in jugs of molasses and jars of milk, and insulted people in every way that could be thought of. People were ordered out of their comfortable homes, not being allowed to carry a change of clothing, and then their houses were set on fire.

One bummer went to an old man's house, who had nothing on earth left him but an old gray horse, and he took his pocket-knife and deliberately cut the horse's hamstrings. Others would go to old citizens' houses and demand their gold and silver, carrying with them instruments of torture by which they forced citizens to deliver up their money and other valuables.

But tell it not in Gath, nor proclaim it not in Askelon, Sherman's greatest achievement was his grand *march to the sea when all the world looked on at him marching and wondered*. All the obstacles that he ever encountered were but just so many miles a day. His march to the sea was but a march, that was all. Where does the glory come in; I would like to know. Sherman's grand march to the sea is like Hooker's battle above the clouds. Co. AYTC.

[Written for the Bivouac.]

THE IRISHMEN OF COMPANY D, FOURTH KENTUCKY INFANTRY.

MESSRS. EDITORS: You have invited contributions to your pages set apart to heroic deeds, and I trust you will allow me to have space enough to give a brief account of the Irishmen of Company D, Fourth Kentucky Infantry. I wish I were able to pay them a tribute more nearly in accordance with their worth, for they were all heroes without exception, and some of them died with heroic utterances on their lips.

John Cahill was very old and sometimes quite feeble, but always ready for duty and fortunately escaped uninjured.

Jeffrey Fanning never missed a battle that his company was in, and received his death wound at Chickamauga during the morning charge on the 20th of September, 1863.

John Gillen stood on the muster-roll as from Louisville, and was quite young. He was handsome and manly in his bearing, and in his first and last battle (Shiloh) he greatly distinguished himself. On the evening of the first day, while we were awaiting orders very near the river, a shell struck in the company killing three men. Gillen

had a leg torn entirely away and was removed to a small ravine in the rear. Against all of our kindly offices he stoutly protested, realizing that in a short time he would be dead, and urged us to go back to the line, saying repeatedly: "There is many a better man than myself that has died here to-day." These were the last words ever heard by his comrades, for when the order was given to fall back we could not move him.

Daniel McGuinness was one of the many that went down at Murrensboro, and when last seen was far in advance of the line. He was also young and straight, though not very tall, and had won a splendid reputation in battles hitherto.

James O'Donnell was in all the actions with his company and was a brave, good soldier. He was transferred to the Navy, and I have never heard from him since.

Hugh McVey, a real veteran of Waterloo, was over seventy years of age, but was always in trim and ready for battle. I have often heard him crooning songs of other days, and generally concerning Waterloo. His hair and close-cropped beard were snowy white. At the battle of Shiloh Uncle Hugh was in his element. The first day he was struck with a bullet, and could have easily gone to the rear, but he refused to go. On the second day, while a squad of us were sitting under a very large tree, a solid shot *ricochetted* and struck about five feet above our heads. A fragment of rock or wood struck him in the temple, and produced quite a painful wound, from which the blood ran freely down over and through his white beard. His captain and comrades urged him to go to the rear, as this wound, added to his injuries of the day before, and his old age, had almost rendered him helpless; but he set his head steadfastly against it, and swore he intended to "die on the field." In a few minutes we were marched, in double-quick, to a new position where the enemy got us in short range of their muskets. Uncle Hugh went briskly to work, loading and firing and encouraging those near him. In this deathly place he was instantly killed. Our loss was very heavy; but no truer or braver spirit was released that day than Hugh McVey's.

The Irishmen of Company D made a glorious record, though they fill unknown graves. Fighting for the country of their adoption, they entered into the contest with all the finer feelings of patriotism, and loved our little battle-flag as devotedly as any Southron.

FRED JOYCE.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

COLONEL HICKS—CAPTAIN BAGWELL.

The late civil war between the States developed many heroes from among the citizen soldiers of the country. If the "poet is born, not made," so is the soldier. Scores of officers could be enumerated who never saw West Point—perhaps never heard of it—and who retired from the army at the close of the late war, the equal in military ability of any West Point graduate who ever buckled on a sword.

Such a soldier was Stephen G. Hicks, long a citizen of Jefferson county, Illinois. He was born February 22, 1809, and was the son of John Hicks, one of the seven men killed in the battle of New Orleans—hence, was the son of a soldier. He was a sergeant in the Black Hawk war, and was then but twenty-five years old; was captain of company H of the Third Regiment of Illinois volunteers, during the first year of the Mexican war, and lieutenant-colonel of the Second Regiment (as reorganized), during the second year; and colonel of the Fortieth Illinois Volunteer Infantry in the late civil war. He was brave, even to rashness, indeed, was foolhardy; knew not fear, and was wholly indifferent to danger. During the first year of the Mexican war, bad blood sprang up between him and Major Marshall, of the same regiment. Hicks proposed to go down on the river bank and fight it out, which proposition Marshall accepted on the spot. The lieutenant-colonel got wind of the matter just in time to put a stop to it. When he appeared upon the scene, Hicks and Marshall were stripped, and stationed, with pistols in their hands and blood in their eyes, but he was in time to prevent bloodshed.

Another instance occurred during his service in Mexico, in which Colonel Hicks' bravery was tested. He had a difference with John Bagwell, a lieutenant in his own company. Bagwell, it seems, taunted him with cowardice—a taunt Hicks would have most bitterly resented but for the interference of friends. But a few days after their quarrel occurred the battle of Cerro Gordo, one of the bloodiest fought during the entire war. In the hottest of the fight, amid a perfect hailstorm of bullets, Hicks raised his hand above his head, and called out, "Lieutenant Bagwell, show your hand, and we will see who is the bravest now." Both men held their hands aloft without a tremor, with bullets flying around them as thick as hail. Bagwell was just as brave, just as rash, and just as foolhardy as Hicks. He lived in Mount Vernon, and was afterward sheriff of Jefferson county.

The course of these two men widely diverged in later years. Captain Bagwell recruited a company of brave men in Southern Illinois, led them safely through to Dixie, and joined the Confederate army. He fell in the battle of Shiloh bravely leading his men in the thickest of the fight. "After his last battle he sleeps well." Hicks became colonel of the Fortieth Illinois Infantry (Federal), and was badly wounded at Shiloh. He was leading his regiment in a charge, and turning in his saddle to cheer them on, was shot below the shoulder-blade with a minie ball, and fell from his horse. His regiment swept on to avenge his fall, and Hicks, with that bull-dog tenacity for which he was characterized, crawled a half mile on his hands and knees to a brook, and washed the blood from his wound with his own hands.

Colonel Hicks was afterward placed in command of the post of Paducah, remaining there and at Columbus, Ky., until the close of the war. While in command at Paducah, the place was attacked by the Confederate General Forrest, and defended by Hicks in a manner that has made it historical. Colonel Hicks died a few years ago at Salem, Illinois.

LA PIERRE.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

CAPTURE OF THE CONFEDERATE SCOUT.

In 1862, Harwood, of Lee's Rangers, was detailed to enter the Federal lines and observe their movements in and around Harrison's Landing, Va. Provided with a good horse, uniformed as a Federal soldier, tutored as to his part as a member of the Eighth Illinois, he started on the perilous duty, with the belief that success would earn his promotion, but detection by the enemy would be certain death. General J. E. B. Stuart's command was about seven miles from Harrison's Landing, and his outer pickets when the scout passed through were stationed on the Hopewell Church road parallel to the river road, and about two miles north of it. He was successful on his scout and on his return to camp, stopped for supper at the house of a loyalist named Taylor, from whom he obtained some valuable information, some eatables to fill his haversack, and a supply of fodder which he placed on the pommel of his saddle. Proceeding campward and finding no pickets where he had left them, he concluded that they had been driven in or captured, and not using the usual precautions he rode right on and saw a cavalryman coming toward him from the direction of the enemy. He thought the man one of Stuart's pickets, halted him, saw that the sign was all right, and with

a light heart advanced and reprimanded the supposed picket for leaving his post. The man now began *his* questioning, asking what command he belonged to, and he was then satisfied that the supposed picket was a Federal, and remembering his blue uniform he answered that he belonged to the Eighth Illinois, and determined to make the best of it, he carelessly remarked that he must be going, started to ride away when a pistol was leveled at his head, and he was told he was a prisoner and ordered to give up his arms, he complied with the demand coming as it did in broken English, there being so many Germans in the Federal army it gave him the assurance that he was in the hands of the enemy, and that he would in all probability be hung in the morning as a spy. Harwood resolved to attempt an escape in the underbrush, when he reached a swamp, and so try the risk of being shot, rather than meet the certainty of hanging on the morrow, but before putting his plans into execution, Harwood asked his captor to what command *he* belonged, and was informed that he was on General Stuart's staff, to which the captive responded that it was not true because, General Stuart had no *Dutchman* on his staff and that remark made him mad. He then asked the scout if there were any more behind and being told that he was not understood, he again placed the muzzle of his pistol at the scout's temple, saying, that if he thought the prisoner was lying he would blow his brains out. Just as captor and prisoner reached the place where the scout was to attempt his escape, they reached the rear of a column which the prisoner joyfully recognized as the Ninth Virginia Confederate cavalry. Riding to the head of the column, the prisoner scout saluted General Lee just as the German said, "General Lee, I have a prisoner." Every head was turned at this and all asked "where is he, captain?" When the scout was pointed out, the cry went out "What! Harwood!" followed by great laughter during which the gallant captor handed his Eighth Illinois prisoner his carbine, and rode away, and the Confederate Scout, Harwood, the late prisoner of the Confederate Captain Van Banch, was glad that all these misunderstandings had been for him so happily explained in the fact that General Stuart had in his absence moved to the James river and that in the meantime, the gallant Prussian, Captain Van Banch had been appointed on the staff of General Stuart. Van Banch did excellent service for the Confederacy, was wounded near Richmond, sent to England on a mission by the Confederate authorities, afterward wrote a history of the cavalry campaigns of West Virginia, for the *London Times*, and was killed in the Franco-Prussian war while leading a successful charge.

THE LAST CONFEDERATE CHRISTMAS.

For some time previous I had been revolving in my mind various plans for the celebration of Christmas, by making some addition to the diet of the sick and wounded soldiers then under my charge. But, plan as I would, the stubborn *facts* in the case rose up to confront me, and I failed to see just how to accomplish my wishes. We were then located at Lauderdale Springs, Miss. I, with my servant, Tempe, occupied one room of a small, double house, built of rough-hewn logs, and raised a few feet from the ground; a sort of hall, open at both ends, separated my room from one on the opposite side occupied by Dr. — and his wife. All around, as far as one could see, amid the white snow and with lofty pine trees towering above them, extended the hospital tents, and in these lay the sick, the wounded, the dying. Hospital supplies were scarce, our rations of the plainest. Articles which, during the first years of the war, were considered absolute necessities had become priceless luxuries. Eggs, butter, chickens, came in such small quantities that they *must* be reserved for the very sick. The cheerfulness, self-denial, and fellow-feeling shown by those who were even *partly* convalescent, seemed to me to be scarcely less admirable than the bravery which had distinguished them on the battle-field. But this is a digression; let me hasten to relate how I was helped to a decision as to Christmas “goodies.”

One morning, going early to visit some wounded soldiers, who had come in during the night, I found in one tent a new-comer, lying in one of the bunks, his head and face bandaged and bloody. By his side sat his comrade—wounded also, but less severely—trying to soften for the other some corn-bread which he was soaking and beating with a stick in a tin cup of cold water. He explained that the soldier with the bandaged head had been shot in the mouth, and could take only soft food. I said, “Don’t give him *that*. I will bring him some mush and milk, or some chicken-soup.” He set down the cup, looked at me with queer, half-shut eyes, then remarked, “Yer ga-assin’ now, ain’t ye?”

Having finally convinced him that I was not, I retired for a moment to send the nurse for some food. When it came, and while I was slowly putting spoonfuls of broth into the poor, shattered mouth of his friend, he stood, looking on complacently, though with his lip quivering. I said to him, “Now, what would *you* like?” After a

moment's hesitation, he replied, "Well, lady, I've been sort of hankerin' after a sweet potato pone, but I s'pose ye couldn't *no* ways get *that*?" "*There*," thought I; "that's just what I *will* get, and give them all for Christmas dinner."

Hastening to interview the surgeon in charge, I easily obtained permission to go on the next day among the farmers to collect materials for my feast, and an ambulance was placed at my disposal.

My foraging expedition was tolerably successful, and I returned next evening with a quantity of sweet potatoes, several dozen eggs, and some country butter. Driving directly to the door of my cabin, I had my treasures securely placed within, for although holding my soldier friends in high estimation, I agreed with the driver of the ambulance, "*them tatars has to be taken in out of the cold*." My neighbor's wife, Mrs. Dr. —, entered heartily into my plans for the morrow, and promised her assistance. My night round of visits to the sick having been completed, I was soon seated by my own fireside, watching the operation of making and baking a corn hoe-cake, which, with some smoked beef of my own preparation and a cup of *corn* coffee, made my supper on this Christmas eve. It was so bitterly cold that I did not undress, but wrapping a blanket around me, lay down on my bunk. Tempe also rolled herself up and lay down before the fire. In order to explain what followed, I must here say that the boards of my floor were only laid, not fastened, as nails were not to be had. I was awakened from "the first sweet sleep of night," by an unearthly yell from Tempe, who sprang unceremoniously upon my bunk, grasping me tightly and crying: "O Lord, Miss —, *yearthquate* dun cum!" Sitting up I was horrified to see the boards of the floor rising and falling with a terrible noise. A moment later I realized the situation. A party of hogs had organized a raid, having for its object my precious potatoes. A sure enough "*yearthquate*" would have been less appalling to me, as I have always been mortally afraid of hogs. Just then one of the invaders managed to knock aside a board and get his head in full view. I shivered with terror, but Tempe now grasped the state of the case, and being "to the manner born," leaped forward to execute dire vengeance on the unfortunate hog. Seizing a burning stick from the fire she rushed upon the intruder, who had gotten wedged so that advance or retreat was alike impossible. Her angry cries and the piercing squeals of the hog roused all in the vicinity. Help soon came; our enemies were routed and quiet was restored. My pones were a great success. All who were allowed by their surgeons partook of them. I had two

immense panfuls brought to my cabin, where those who were able brought their plates and cups, receiving a generous quantity of the pone and a cup of sweet milk.

VIOLETTA.

A STAGE RIDE UP THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA IN 1861.

FROM THE "DIARY OF A REFUGEE."

We left Winchester in the stage for Strasburg at ten o'clock at night, on the 24th of December. The weather was bitter cold, and we congratulated ourselves that the stage was not crowded. Mr. ——— and the girls were on the back seat, a Methodist clergyman, a soldier, and myself on the middle, and two soldiers and our maid, Betsy, on the front seat. We started by starlight, with every prospect for a pleasant drive of eighteen miles. As we were leaving the suburbs of the town, the driver drew up before a small house, from which issued two women with a baby, two baskets, several bundles, and a box. The passengers began to shout: "Go on, driver; what do you mean? there's no room for another; go on!" The driver made no answer, but the women came to the stage door, and began to put in their bundles; the gentlemen protested that they could not get in—there was no room. The woman with the baby said she *would* get in; she was "a gwine to Strasburg to spend Christmas with her relations, whar she was born and raised, and whar she had not been for ten year, and nobody had a better right to the stage than she had, and she was a gwine, and Kitty Grim was a gwine, too—she's my sister-in-law; and so is baby, 'cause baby never did see her relations in Strasburg in her life. So, Uncle Ben!" she exclaimed to the driver, "take my bag, basket, and box by you, and me and Kitty and baby and the bundles and the little basket will go inside." All this was said amid violent protestations from the men within: "You can't get in; driver, go on." But suiting the action to the word, she opened the door, calling "Come Kitty," got on the step and thrust her head in, saying: "If these gentlemen is gentlemen, and has got any politeness, they will git out and set with Uncle Ben, and let ladies set inside." A pause ensued. At last a subdued tone from the soldier on the middle seat was heard to say: "Madam, if you will get off the step, I will get out." "Very well, sir; and why didn't you do that at first? and now," said she, looking at a man on the front seat, "there is another seat by Uncle Ben; 'sposen you git out and let Kitty Grim have your seat; she's *bound* to go." The poor man quietly got out, without saying a word, but the very

expression of his back, as he got out of the stage, was subdued. "Now, Kitty, git in, and bring the little basket and them two bundles; they won't pester the lady much." The door was closed, and then, the scene being over, the passengers shouted with laughter.

Our heroine remained perfectly passive until we got to the picket-post, a mile from town. The driver stopped; a soldier came up for the passports. She was thunderstruck: "Passes! Passes for white folks? I never heard of such a thing! I ain't got no pass; nuther is Kitty Grim!" I suggested to her to keep quiet, as the best policy. Just at that time a Tennessee soldier had to confess that he had forgotten to get a passport. "You can't go on," said the official, and the soldier got out. Presently the woman's turn came: "Madam, your passport, if you please?" "I ain't got none; nuther is Kitty Grim (that's my sister-in-law); we ain't a gwine to git out nuther, 'cause we's a gwine to Strasburg to spend Christmas with my relations, and I ain't been thar for ten year, and I never heard of white folks having passes!" "But, madam," began the official—"You needn't to but, madam, me, 'cause I ain't gwine to git out, and I'd like to see the man what would put me out. This is a free country, and I's a gwine to Strasburg this night; so you might just as well take your lantern out of my face!" "But, madam, my orders," began the picket—"Don't tell me nuthin' 'bout orders; I don't care nuthin' 'bout orders, and you needn't think because the Tennessee man got out, that I'se a gwine to git out; 'cause I ain't. Ain't I got three sons in the army, great sight bigger than you is? and they fit at Manassas, and they ain't no cowards, nuther is ther mother; and I ain't a gwine to git out o' this stage this night, but I am a gwine to Strasburg, whar I was born and raised!"

The poor man looked nonplused, but yet another effort. He began: "My dear madam"—"I ain't none o' your dear madam, I'se just a free white woman, and so is Kitty Grim, and we ain't no niggers to git passes, and I'se gwine along this pike to Strasburg. Now I'se done talking."

With this she settled herself on the seat and leaned back with a most determined air. The discomfited man shut the door amid peals of laughter from within and without. In a few minutes we were quiet again, and all began to settle themselves for sleep, when the silence was again broken by our heroine: "Kitty, is you sick?" "No," said Kitty. "Well, it's a wonder! Gentlemen, can't one of you take Kitty's seat and give her yourn? She gits monstrous sick when she's a riding with her back to the horses!"

There was a death-like silence, and my curiosity was aroused to know how she would manage that point. After a few minutes, she began again: "Kitty, is you sick?" "No," says Kitty, "not yit." "Well, I do wish one of you gentlemen would give Kitty his seat." Still no reply.

Presently she raised her voice again: "Kitty Grim, *is* you sick?" "Yes," said Kitty, "just a little." "I knowed it! I knowed she was sick; and when Kitty Grim gits sick she most *in jeneral flings up*." The effect was electric. "My dear madam," exclaimed both gentlemen, "take my seat; by all means take my seat." The Methodist clergyman, being nearest, gave up his seat and took hers. The change was effected amidst the most uproarious laughter—all feeling that they were fairly out-generaled the third time. From that time till we reached Strasburg, at two o'clock, she kept up a stream of talk, addressed to the baby, never interrupted except once, when the quiet-looking soldier on the front seat ventured to say, "Madam, do you never sleep?" "Never when I'm a-traveling," was the curt reply, and she talked on to the baby: "Look at all them mules; what a sight of fodder they must eat! The Yankees come down to fight us 'cause we got niggers, and they ain't got none. I wish there warn't no niggers. I hate Yankees, and I hate niggers, too," etc., until we got to Strasburg.

She then called to "Uncle Ben" not to carry her to the depot—she was "a gwine to her uncle's." "Whar's that?" cried Uncle Ben. "I don't know; but monstrous nigh a tailor's." One of the passengers suggested that we might be left by the cars, and had better go on to the depot. But she objected, and we had become a singularly non-resisting crowd, and allowed her to take—what we knew she would have—her own way.

FOR HIS OWN SIDE.—Phil. Lee once said before the war that he was for the Union; if the Union was dissolved, he was for Kentucky; if Kentucky was dissolved, he was for Bullitt county; if Bullitt county was dissolved, he was for Shepherdsville, and if Shepherdsville was dissolved, he was for his side of the street.

An old German, in the days of militia trainings, commanded the "Corn-stalk Rangers." On review-day he was drilling his men near a creek, and had marched them in line nearly to the bank of the stream. In his excitement he forgot the proper command, and called out, "Wo-o-oh! shtop!"

Youths' Department.

THE BOLD GUERRILLA BOY.

January 18. I have just returned from another raid. Captain Jumper sent us word yesterday to meet him at day-break to-day at Hart's shop. Accordingly, Jim Simpson and I saddled up early and were at Hart's shop in full time. There we met the captain and about twenty-five men of the company. Off we started in the direction of the Yankee army, and soon had gotten near the place where we supposed some of their pickets were stationed; we then turned off the road and took to the woods.

I soon found out from the fellows, that we were going to try and capture the picket at Taylor's mill. After traveling some time from one wood to another, we got inside their picket line and struck the road to the mill, between the picket and the reserve; I didn't feel so very well when I found myself on a road with Yankees in front of me and behind me at the same time. I untied the ribbon which Miss Sallie had put in my buttonhole and put it inside my pocket so as to prevent *our party* being noticed at a distance.

As I had been told that soldiers ought to be very watchful in presence of the enemy, and that the "cavalry were the eyes and ears of the army," I thought it my duty to watch all around our party, and also, to listen my best. So, every few seconds, I would look down the road towards the picket, and then up the road towards the reserve keeping my ears well cocked all the time. I had gotten a place about the center of our party, so that I could help either front or rear if we were attacked. I took a good look also at all the gates and bars that we passed, so that I could guide our men out of the road if we were hard pressed. I kept my pistol in my hand all the time, for I didn't know when the infernal Yankees might break in on us. I thought we had gotten ourselves in a thundering tight place, and that we were risking too much just to catch a few pickets. However, as a soldier's first duty is to obey orders, I kept with the party, determined to follow them wherever they went.

Just before we got in sight of the mill, the captain sent, about one hundred yards in front of our party, two of the men who had on blue

Yankee overcoats, so that the pickets might take us for the reserve, or scouting party.

On we rode at a quiet walk. Presently we came in full sight of the mill, and there we saw four horses tied to the fence, three Yankees sitting by a fire made of fence-rails, and about fifty yards farther on, a Yankee sitting on his horse with his back to us. The Yankees looked up when they heard the sound of our horses' feet, but seeing the blue coats in advance, they seemed to think all was right as they turned to the fire again.

When we got within about one hundred yards of them the captain gave us the order to charge, and off he dashed, followed by us as hard as we could stave our horses. I was so anxious to be among the first to reach the Yankees that, in my excitement, I rammed my spurs *under* my horse instead of *into* his side. So, before I could get him into a full gallop, the rest of our party had passed me. However, I followed close up, and when I got to the fire I found the three Yankees had surrendered, and the captain and two of our men were close upon the mounted Yankee. They fired one shot at him. As soon as he turned and saw our men, he threw up his hands and called out, "I surrender."

Just at this moment, the fifth Yankee (sergeant in command of the picket), who was in the mill when we came up, fired a shot at us from the door. The ball passed within two inches of my head, I do believe, and so frightened my horse (he was not yet used to fire-arms) that he ran away with me in spite of all my pulling, and clattered down the road after the captain. As I came up to him, thinking the Yankee vedette might be encouraged to show fight by hearing the shot fired by his sergeant, I let fly at him, struck him on the leg, and the fellow rolled off his horse as if a clap of thunder had hit him on the back of the head. I jerked up my horse and was about to give him another taste of lead, when the captain stopped me and told me the fellow had surrendered.

The captain then ordered me to take charge of the Yankee, while he and his two men went back to see what was the matter. As soon as he left I made the Yankee give me his pistol and helped him upon his horse. As I thought it best to make sure of him, for fear the relief would come up, I made him ride on in front of me towards home. I kept on at first at a slow gait, thinking the others would soon come up, but as I heard nothing of them, as soon as I got over the hill, I made the Yankee put his horse out into a slow trot. I had gone on in this way for about half a mile, when seeing and hear-

ing nothing of our party I feared that the relief had come up and captured them and would soon be up the road after me. So, being determined to save my prisoner at any rate, I increased our gait a little.

Presently, on turning around, I saw a body of cavalry-men coming behind me. I thought these might be our men, and then again they *might* be Yankees. So, knowing that if they were our men, I could do no harm by going ahead of them, and if they were Yankees, they might release my prisoner, I made him take up a brisk gallop. So up the road we went at a pretty stiff rate. Looking around from the next hill, I saw one man some distance ahead of the party in rear, coming at a full run. I had never tried my horse in running, and hence, knowing that the Yankees had good horses that were kept well-fed at all times, and feeling sure that these were Yankees pursuing me, as this fellow was coming so fast, I concluded that it would be madness for me to stop and fight this whole party by myself. Moreover, I had already wounded this Yankee and disarmed him, and it would be useless to try and bring him out at the risk of being captured. Hence, I opened the next gate I came to, hollered to the Yankee to consider himself paroled until exchanged, and then galloped very fast across the fields to the woods that were near.

I kept on through them, passed another field, into and through another woods and out on a cross-road. I felt sure the Yankees would pursue me, and in fact I thought I saw them once or twice in the rear, so I kept on for about three miles at a pretty stiff gallop; then, seeing no signs of pursuit, I pulled up my horse and went along more slowly. Inquiring my way at the next house I came to, I found I was about six miles from Hart's shop. I kept on, and finally reached the neighborhood of the shop about dark.

When I got within a hundred yards of the shop, I heard the sound of voices and feared that the Yankees had come on here after capturing the captain and his party. So I pulled down the fence and rode into the field, and came up near the shop on the opposite side from where I had heard the voices. Stopping my horse, I then listened and was surprised and glad to hear the sound of Jim Simpson's voice. I rode up at once and came out into the road.

I found the whole party there with all the five Yankees. They wanted to know why in the world I had left the road. I at once explained to them that I took them for the Yankee relief, and soon set matters all right. I then found out that they had surrounded the mill, and that the Yankee sergeant had come out and surrendered when he saw his case was hopeless. They had then come up the road after me, and sent a man ahead to stop me and my prisoner.

After chatting awhile, we divided the plunder, and paroled the prisoners and set out for home. I didn't like the idea of being run by our own men, and though I knew that it was perfectly right in me to do as I had done, still I begged Jim not to tell Miss Sallie about it as she might not understand it. Jim understood my feelings and promised to say nothing about the race.

January 19. This morning we gave an account at the breakfast table of our raid yesterday. Miss Sallie gave me a pleasant smile when I told her I had wounded a Yankee, and had brought him off prisoner. Jim kept his word and said nothing about the race, which was all right, as she might have thought I had run from fear. Women won't reason and won't listen to an explanation.

January 25. Miss Sallie and I practised again with a pistol to-day. She is a pretty good shot and looked beautiful. While she was shooting, I stood behind her, so as not to disturb her aim. I could not help telling her she looked pretty. She blushed and said, "Mr. Buster, you ought not to flatter me; I am sure you have said just the same thing to many girls where you live." "Indeed, I have not," said I, "for I never saw a girl that I liked much, before I met with you." I was loading the pistol while I was saying this, and would have said more, but hang it, I couldn't think of anything to say. When I am talking to that girl, it seems to me I can't half express myself. She looks very pretty and sweet, but she takes everything I say so calmly that I get nervous and can't talk freely. I really believe I am falling in love with her. Nearly every fellow in our company is in love with her, and I don't wonder at it, she looks so pretty and sweet. However, it's of no use thinking about the matter, so I will go to bed.

February 15. I strained my horse's right fore leg so much at our attack on the picket at Taylor's mill, that I thought I would rest him awhile. So I have stayed pretty close at home, giving my horse's leg a good rubbing every day. I have been enjoying Miss Sallie's company very much. I am desperately in love with her, she talks so sweet, and her eyes shine so bright! I play backgammon and seven-up with her nearly every day. Somehow or other she seems to beat me nearly every game, but I cuss my luck and play on.

I have been practising with my pistol pretty often, and I think I can bring a Yankee down every pop at fifty yards, if he ain't shooting at me. I have been trying my pistol around my horse too, so as to get him used to the sound. I don't want him to drop me in the road right in the midst of the Yankees.

The captain has sent for me several times but I told him my horse wasn't well, and he has excused me from going on raids. Miss Sallie, however, said yesterday that she thought my horse was well enough now to try, and whatever she says I'm going to agree to, she talks so sweet and her eyes shine so bright! So, as Captain Jumper has ordered a meeting for a raid to-morrow, I am going along, and am going to show them what I have learned in the pistol-shooting line.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SKIRMISH LINE.

WOULD NOT STOP.—A raw captain of a rural company marched his men into the long, narrow mess-booth for the first time. After dinner, feeling anxious to bring them out in military order, and thinking it wrong to have the left in front under any circumstances, he ordered the separate ranks to countermarch where there was not room to execute the movement. The result, of course, was great confusion. The captain raved, swore, and commanded impossible things. Result, still greater confusion. At last the men poured out of the doors pell-mell like sheep. The disgusted captain, placing his back against a tree, shouted the only command they could obey, thus: "*Any way you please, hang you — MARCH.*"

Another captain (lately a railroad conductor) was drilling a squad, and while marching them by flank turned to speak to a friend for a moment. On looking again toward his squad he saw they were in the act of "butting up" against a fence. In his hurry to halt them he cried out, "*Down brakes! down brakes!*"

Still another one wanted yesterday to leave the squad he was drilling for a moment, and brought them to the "rest" in this style: "Squad, break ranks! *but if any of you leave your places till I come back, I will have you put in the guard-house!*"

THE following oath was administered to the members of a volunteer (Federal) company during the late war:

"You solemnly swear to obey, fight for, and maintain the laws of the Federal Government and Constitution, and support John W. Dean for captain of this company." Upon inquiry, it was learned that the reason the last clause was inserted was because he had been quite active in getting up a company before, and when they elected their officers, he was left out; so this time he was determined to make it sure.

HOSPITAL SORE EYES.—A tall, fine-looking fellow, the picture of health, went to the doctor for an excuse for the day. When his turn came the surgeon looked at him in surprise, and said:

“Well, sir, what’s the matter with you?”

“Well, doctor,” said he, putting on a most woe-begone look, and rubbing his eyes, “my eyes are sore, and it *hurts me to dress to the right!*”

“He didn’t get his excuse *that* day.”

ONE of the quiet boroughs of Pennsylvania was suddenly thrown into a state of excitement by a report, afterward ascertained as false, that Stuart’s rebel cavalry were within a few miles of town. During this excitement the burgess, a very ignorant and illiterate man, issued a proclamation, of which the following is a copy:

“fellows cidens: I order yous to take up armes to defend our borow so I order yous to take up armes amedly and so do not delay

“by order of the Burgess,

“PETER VAN BRUNT, *Burgess.*”

A LITTLE friend of mine went to see a drill of the new company of Highlanders. Highly pleased with which exhibition, he asked his mother to make him a suit of “soger clothes,” but she would not consent. After begging a long while, he desisted. At length, suddenly rolling up his inexpressibles above his knees, and jumping up on a stool, he cried out: “*Who can’t be a Scotchman?*”

OLD Jubal Early is a character in Virginia. He is drawn up into a hard knot with rheumatism, and has a face like a hickory-nut. His voice is pitched on a very high key, and he is a compound of shrewdness and sarcasm in equal parts. He was strongly opposed to secession at the beginning of the war, although he fought valiantly when fighting was inevitable. In the Virginia convention of 1861, he attacked the conduct of South Carolina bitterly. After the war had actually begun, he had in his brigade a South Carolina regiment. It was observed that old Jubal was always sure to put that regiment in the most ticklish place when the brigade was under fire. During one of the battles around Richmond, Early’s brigade was ordered to the front, and, as usual, Early made the South Carolina fellows head the column, squeaking out at the top of his voice as he rode up to them: “Yes, I’ll send you to the front, and I’ll keep you there, too! You got us into this fix, and d—n you, you’ve got to get us out.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Editorial.

A BRIEF conversation with the average Southern youth discloses the fact that he is much more familiar with the exploits of Jay Gould, or Jesse James, or, if college-bred, of Heliogabalus, or Attila, than he is with those of the heroes of the last war. The current of Southern sentiment is so strong toward a continental nationality, that there seems to be a sort of treason to our section in admiring the leaders of the "lost cause." This is unnatural and absurd. Is every generous thought to be suppressed to conciliate fanatics, to bring capital and foreigners into the Southland? The same spirit, to some extent, exists in the North. To get Southern trade and custom, many would bury the war clear out of sight. If war memories revived the bitterness of strife, then there would be some apology for such haste in turning our backs on the past; but, with the majority, such is not the case. Besides, when we remember that we live in an age when money is the ultimate object of public as well as private effort, it is well, indeed, for our youth to carry them back to the days when there were giants, and when the times brought forth exemplars as noble and heroic as ever adorned the historic page, or lived in song or story.

FROM the Winchester *Times*, of Virginia, it appears that the ladies of that city are about to rebel against the oppression of servantalism. Let no hasty steps be taken, lest disaster follow. Fire, pestilence, and bankruptcy are bad enough, but not to be compared to an exodus of Africans from a Virginia town. The latest plan in Kentucky for getting even with kitchen queens is to have a defective boiler which, at the first cold snap, is sure to blow them up.

THE last cold snap was a first-class advertisement of the "Sunny South." The nipping air of the frozen North makes the snow-bound farmer long for the balmy breezes of a more blessed land. Perhaps all classes of workmen of the ice-belt are now softening the rigors of the climate by talking of going South—except the stony-hearted plumber; like the polar bear, and other birds of prey, he loves to dwell "mid regions of thick-ribbed ice."

THE *Maury Democrat*, published in Columbia, Tennessee, is a welcome visitor. It is chuck-full of interesting items, and indicates a spirit of enterprise that seeks every excellence. It is a fair exponent of a beautiful land which, for the deeds of its sons, will long be celebrated in the annals of the war.

Now is the time for the South to look after immigrants. Much is said about Northern industry as the cause of Northern growth. Industry has had a great deal to do with it; but it is the industry of the foreigner. Go to Kansas and Dakota, and you seldom find a native-bred American with his hands to the plow. He manages while the foreigners do the heavy work. Such has been the case for years. Immigration furnished the labor that built the towns and cities of the North. Until the current turns this way, we must expect our material development to be slow.

GENERAL BUTLER has again come to the front in the character of a public censor. The power of virtue in that man is incredible. The older he gets the more relentlessly does he track a villain down. If he were elected to the presidency of the United States, the exodus of rascals would almost, if not quite, depopulate the country and ruin the stock market.

THE CONFEDERATE WAR PAPERS.—By General Gustavus W. Smith, of New York. When the future historian attempts to trace and assign causes for the deplorable failure of the South to achieve her political independence in the late sectional war, he will find much matter in this book worthy of being well weighed. He will find it replete with facts carefully collated, and forcibly and lucidly stated, touching upon the war policy pursued by the Confederate administration, the defense and evacuation of New Orleans, and the Peninsula campaign terminating in the well-nigh disastrous battle at Seven Pines. The author has the pen of a ready writer, writes with great precision and judgment, and with the ability of a man who has grievances. His strictures upon the statements and inferences made by Mr. Davis in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," are very severe, but are so ably made that it is to be hoped they may provoke a reply. No student of history can afford to be without this book in his library.

COMPANY D. of Eleventh Virginia Cavalry, was raised by Captain E. H. McDonald, of Hampshire county. At first it was a part of the

Seventeenth Battalion of the Ashby Cavalry, afterwards incorporated in the Eleventh Virginia Regiment. It was raised in Hampshire, the northernmost county of the Southern Confederacy, though many of the men were from Maryland, and a few from Pennsylvania.

The following roll of Company "D" is the most complete we have received, and still it is not perfect. Will not the friends of the BIVOUAC send similar lists with more extended accounts of those who fell in action?

Captain—E. H. McDonald.

Lieutenants—William Taylor, 1st; John Blues, 2d; Isaac Parsons, 3d.

Sergeants—Joseph Sherrard, 1st; Amos Robinson, 2d; R. B. Kidd, 3d; Sam'l Bane, Quartermaster Sergeant; Conrad Umstret, Commissary Sergeant.

Corporals—Uriah Lease, James Ream, Lem. Nixon, George Hott.

Privates—John Adams, Fred Abbee, Phil Abbee, Isaac T. Brady, Mathias Brill, Frank Brown, Richard Brown, Frank Barnett, John Brown, John W. Bowers, J. W. Bobo, — Carter, Fred Carder, John Carroll, Jea Carroll, Rob Cresap, — Chapman, Chas. Clayton, Chas. Conrad, Holmes Conrad, John Casler, James Davie, Benjamin Dailey, George Duvall, John Davie, Maurice Davis, John Dailey, Randolph Davis, Samuel Freddle, S. Feshel, J. Groves, Henry Hudleson, Healy Hudleson, S. Harnas, E. Herriott, G. Holt, I. V. Inskeep, J. Kelly, W. Lease, C. S. Lovett, Ed. Light, W. N. McDonald, W. Morehead, Robert Morehead, F. Murphy, F. H. Myers, Jos. A. Pancake, S. Pancake, John S. Pancake, John D. Parsons, James D. Parsons, John W. Poland, Amos Poland, Jasper Pownell, Joel Robinson, Simon Rudolf, John Rudolf, John M. Reese, Chas. Riley, Herman Senoff, John Sivell, Luke Spurling, Ed. Swartz, John N. Seymour, Daniel Seymour, Abe Shingleton, Elisha Shingleton, J. Shelly, James Smith, Charley Seibert, John Stewart, John Starns, Dudley Taylor, John Taylor, Enos Taylor, D. K. Taylor, John Urton, Isaac Wolfe, Thomas White, H. M. Watkins, Chas. Watkins.

LIST OF KILLED OF COMPANY D.

Robert Cresap was from Kingwood, Preston county, West Virginia. His father lived in a community of Unionists, but encouraged his boy to go into the Confederate army. Cresap was square-built, strong in body, and bold in action; would never carry anything but a double-barrelled shotgun, and always did great execution. He was brave, generous, and tender; was greatly beloved by his companions. He was killed at Moorfield, November, 1862.

James Davie was a delicate, pale-faced lad. He was killed in Hampshire county.

Fred Abbee was captured at Moorfield and died at Cairo, of small-pox. He was buried by his captain, a fellow-prisoner. He was the best swordsman in the company—while at Camp Chase he often gave exhibitions of his skill for the entertainment of Federal officers.

Matthias Brill, very young, was killed at Darksville, W. Va., in his first fight.

George Duvall, eighteen years old, from Baltimore county, Md., was as gallant a youth as ever lived. He was killed the day he joined the company, at Brandy Station, June 9, 1863. A squadron of the enemy had bravely charged through the regimental line and wheeled to charge Co. D in the rear. The company wheeled to and met charge with charge. Duvall had nothing but a flint-lock gun. He had gone into the fight, declaring that he would capture a full equipment. As the Federal company charged, he dashed at the color-bearer, and was shot down.

Jimmy Ream. A full account of his death can be found in the November number of the BIVOUAC, under "The Boy Preacher."

John Groves resembled an Indian in appearance; was taciturn and solitary in his ways. He was very adventurous, but fought more for plunder than glory. He generally captured more prisoners and horses than any man in the company. He was killed in the Wilderness, May 2, 1863, being, when slain, far in advance of his company.

H. M. Watkins died defending the flag he carried (see BIVOUAC, October, 1882), at Hagerstown, Md.

Henry Hudleson—modest, brave, and affectionate—came from Preston county with Cresap. He was killed in the Wilderness, 1863.

George Hott was killed at the Forks of Capon. He was from Hampshire county and a faithful soldier.

Edward Light; tall, fair-faced, light-haired, and about thirty years old. He was from Berkley county, W. Va., and was killed near Richmond. He was modest, brave, and efficient; much beloved by his comrades.

Herman Senoff, from Hampshire, was an orphan of quiet demeanor, and as gentle as a girl, in camp and on the march. In action he was fearless and skillful, following his leader, to the *cannon's mouth, if need be*.

John Carrol, from Hampshire, killed at Hanover Junction.

Dan Seymour, from Maryland, killed at Petersburg, Hardy county.

Abe Shingleton, a red-headed and rosy-cheeked youth, was a genuine mountaineer. He was a splendid soldier, and especially efficient on the skirmish line. As a sharpshooter, he was not only skillful, but aggressive. In a charge he was bold, yet discreet. He was killed at Brandy Station, June 9, in a charge upon the railroad station. The regiment had just driven the enemy from a hill and taken a battery. They made a desperate rally at the station. In this same charge James Shelley, from Hampshire, was killed—a brave and noble fellow. Likewise Isaac Wolfe, another gallant youth from Hampshire.

The following—all gallant and true—died in service:

Frank Myers, from Hampshire; captured at Darksville; died at Vicksburg, after being exchanged.

John Rudolph, of Hampshire, died in hospital, at Charlottesville, Va.

James Stewart; died at Camp Chase.

Enos Taylor, a prisoner, died on his way to be exchanged.

PRESS NOTICES.

THE October number of the SOUTHERN BIVOUC is on our table, much improved in appearance and general make-up. The contents include, "The Battle of Missionary Ridge," "The Capture of the Forts of New Creek," "The Southern Dead," with many short stories of the war. Its Youth's Department, among other stories of interest, contains a "Bear Story," the scene of which is located in this city, and transpired nearly one hundred years ago. The Southern account of the battle of Missionary Ridge has not before appeared, except in official reports, and then but briefly told. In the November number it is promised that a fuller account will be given.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

WE have received the October number of the SOUTHERN BIVOUC, a large, handsome, readable, monthly magazine, published at Louisville, Ky. It contains history, personal reminiscences, and humorous and pathetic stories of the war, and is calculated to entertain the old soldier and his children especially, and the public generally. Price, \$1.50 per year. The number before us contains an interesting account of the capture of New Creek, by the Confederates, in the fall of 1864. We shall probably give our readers a synopsis of the "rout" next week.—*Keyser (W. Va.) Tribune*.

WE have received a copy of the "SOUTHERN BIVOUC" published under the auspices of the Southern Historical Society, of Louisville, Kentucky, and it is intended to "preserve in book form such history and reminiscences of the war as those only who took part in it can furnish." The number before us contains an account of the "Capture of the Forts at New Creek Station," that will be read with interest. Such a publication deserves a liberal, generous support from the Southern people.—*Moorefield (W. Va.) Examiner*.

THE TRACK GETTING TOO FRESH.—Captain J. raising a company of Wisconsin volunteers rushed towards the front, but resigned just before reaching the "perilous edge;" on his return home he was accosted by Colonel T., who very coolly inquired of him "if the track was getting too fresh?" The captain not understanding what was meant, the colonel told him his military career reminded him of a California hunter, who started out with his gun in the morning upon the track of a *grizzly*, and pursued it hard all day. When it became evident he had nearly overtaken his game, he turned aside into a miner's shanty, very much excited. The miner inquired what was the matter, as he looked agitated and alarmed. The hunter replied that he had been pursuing a *grizzly* all day, but the *track was getting too fresh*, and he didn't think it safe to follow it any farther!

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Those, who in '61 and '65 were called boys, are growing old, and they owe to their children, dead comrades, their country, and themselves that these things which made the substance and spirit of war life should not die with them. They should aid this enterprise by their subscriptions and contributions to its columns, which are open to all, especially to old soldiers. And last, but not least, they should preserve the noble deeds of the daughters of the South, who were the "power behind the throne," the unseen force that not only nursed the sick and wounded, but clothed and fed the soldiers, drove the skulks back to camp, and inspired the brave with more than Spartan courage.

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Major 11th Va. Cavalry.

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THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

VOL. II.

MARCH, 1884.

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SKETCH OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL N. B. FORREST.

NUMBER ONE.

The life of any man, who owing nothing to fortune or to circumstance, but in spite of both, rose to fame, interests us much more if, in his career, we meet with romantic features that lift us to ideal planes. The part taken in the late war by Forrest, though not a leading one, so abounds in incident, personal action, and brilliant achievement, that, in some respects, it is unequalled. It illustrates every phase of the Confederate struggle and exemplifies, in the epitome of a single life, the varied triumphs and disappointments of a great people. The most distant lands can not be indifferent to his martial deeds, and what shall we say then, of those for whom he toiled and fought?

Nathan Bedford Forrest was born July 13, 1821, at Chapel Hill, Tennessee. He was one of twins, who were the first born of a large family. His parents, William Forrest and Marian Beck, were of British descent, the Scotch, Irish, and English elements blending in both lines. In 1834, his father, with the hopes of bettering his fortune, moved to the neighborhood of Salem, Tippah county, North Mississippi, a territory just opened to settlers by purchase from the Chickasaw Indians. Three years after this change of residence the family suffered the loss of its bread winner and the widow and ten children were left to struggle with poverty. Nathan, then sixteen years old, had to take his father's place in the management of the farm. Owing to the limited means of the family he had received but little education, but it was finished now and henceforth he had to study in the school of experience. Nathan did not shrink from the responsibility. His strength increased under the weight of care and his manful fight enlarged his resources, while it brought him the victory. In four or five years, by the help of his brothers, fortune smiled and his mother rested in comparative prosperity.

Having come off conqueror in life's first battle, Nathan approached manhood, strong in spirit, forceful, and aspiring. In 1841, just be-

fore he had reached man's estate, full of martial ardor and sympathizing with Texas in her struggle for independence, he joined a company of volunteers, and with them left for the distant field of war.

At New Orleans, for some reason, the company disbanded and many retraced their steps, but Forrest with a few others kept straight on with faces like flint. At Houston, upon finding out that their services were not needed, those who had the means returned to their homes. Forrest was penniless, but with characteristic energy engaged as a common hand and split rails on a plantation until he had earned enough money to pay his way back to Mississippi.

The following year he formed a partnership with an uncle at Hernando, Miss. It was here, about 1845, that in a street brawl, was first revealed his iron nerve under fire and his ready and efficient use of deadly weapons in mortal combat.

Some difference between him and a Mr. Matlock having arisen over a business matter, a fight followed. Forrest was attacked on the street by Matlock, who was ably assisted by his two brothers and a man by the name of Bean. It was one against four, but Forrest often afterwards had to face greater odds on the battle-field. The engagement was spirited and bloody, and one in which the knife as well as the pistol was used. Forrest was wounded, but not severely, while all the Matlocks were hurt and their ally, Bean, was forced to abandon the field. As may be readily supposed, Forrest while residing here participated in other deadly encounters. In Hernando, at this period, they seem to have been unavoidable by a man diligent in business and somewhat positive in character.

On account of reverses which wrecked his fortune Forrest left Hernando, in 1852, and settled in Memphis. He now became a real estate broker and a dealer in slaves. In six years he amassed a considerable property and turned his attention chiefly to raising cotton.

By judicious investments he continued to add to his fortune till the breaking out of the war. At one time he was elected a member of the city council, and he won the rare distinction of coming out of office higher in the esteem of his fellow-citizens than when he went in. We can not refrain from relating one other event of his civil career, because it reveals, in a flash, the bold outlines of his character, and shows his sincere zeal in the cause of law and order:

A young man by the name of Able, in a personal encounter, unintentionally killed his antagonist, named Everson. The slayer was a common gambler, and of ill repute. The public, taking his guilt for granted, and fearing that he would escape the penalties of the

law, thought he ought to be lynched. At an appointed hour more than a thousand men went to the jail, and by threats prevailed upon the warden to give up the keys. Able was found and dragged forth with a rope around his neck. The angry mob followed the leaders who hustled him, with violence, to the Navy-yard, where it was intended to hang him. The victim was under the fatal beam, and the rope adjusted. His mother and sister, with uplifted hands, standing on the scaffold, appealed in vain. Suddenly the tall form of Forrest is seen by the side of the executioner. With a sweep of his knife he cuts the rope, and seizes the captive in the name of the law. A few others kept near and co-operated with him. With this small support Forrest, fighting his way, hurried Able through the crowd, and actually took him back to prison. In a short time the enraged multitude gathered around the jail and demanded the prisoner. Forrest again defied them. Standing on the prison's front steps, pistol in hand, he declared he would kill the first man who attempted violence. His boldness had the desired effect. The leaders, intimidated, hung back, and the crowd gradually dispersed.

At the breaking out of the war Forrest was rich, being the owner of several plantations, and of considerable personal property. In politics he was conservative, though a pronounced States'-rights Democrat. In the heated canvass for the election of members of the State Convention he lent his influence to the Unionists. It was not until after the war proclamation of Mr. Lincoln that he, like many others, became an advocate for secession, as a last resort. When the rupture came, he foresaw that it would be more than a sixty days' affair, and before putting on the harness of war he set his house in order.

June 14, 1861, he enlisted as a private in the Tennessee (mounted) Rifles, and served in that capacity for nearly a month. But a man so widely known for energy, boldness, and determination could not remain in a private station. About July 14th, he was sent for by Governor Isham Harris and induced to undertake the raising of a regiment of cavalry. He set about the work at once. He visited several places in Tennessee and Kentucky to start enlistments, and, to secure arms, went to Louisville. Here, with his own money, he bought and paid for five hundred pistols and one hundred cavalry equipments. To get them out of Louisville was a serious task. The object of his visit was suspected and he was watched. One day, while riding in the cars, he heard Colonel Crittenden say: "Forrest ought to be arrested!" In the meantime, hearing that the Boone

Rangers, under Captain Frank Overton, were ready to enlist, he went to Brandenburg and mustered them in, ordering a detachment to move to the vicinity of Louisville and await orders. By the help of two friends, one of whom was Colonel R. C. Wintersmith, the pistols were carried, under linen dusters, to a livery stable, and hauled into the country as vegetables. The saddles were invoiced "leather," and sent to a suburban tannery. The material of war safe outside, Forrest withdrew to a certain place and met, by chance, a detachment of the Boone Rangers. The ordnance stores were found and loaded in wagons and taken away. At Brandenburg the Rangers were equipped and armed; and, hoisting the Confederate flag, Forrest turned the head of the column toward the Southern border. Upon reaching Memphis he found, awaiting his return, a company under Captain May. With these two as a nucleus, he soon collected a battalion of eight companies, of which he was elected Lieutenant-colonel.

Some time in November he was in camp at Princeton, Kentucky. Hearing that the gunboat, *Conestoga*, was on its way up the Cumberland, to seize some Confederate stores at Canton, he at once gave the command to "saddle-up," and marched all night to anticipate the foe. He got there first, but had not long to wait before the smokestacks of the hostile stranger came in sight. At that time, gunboats were looked upon by the ignorant as death-dealing monsters that roamed at will, in invulnerable armor. In many places they went steaming and snorting up the Southern rivers, causing a nameless terror among the country people. It was dangerous to irritate them, by sharpshooting, from the banks, for they could sweep the land with their long guns. It was a growing impression that nothing but heavy artillery could avail against them, and that, without this, it was the height of folly for troops to do anything but to keep out of range of their cannon.

In Forrest, judgment and daring harmonized. He was not of the kind to give any weight to imaginary dangers, and indeed liked much better to "rouse a lion than start a hare." That which appalled others fascinated him. He entered what seemed a foolish contest with the eagerness of genius, confident in its own unaided powers. Hiding most of his men along the bank, he placed a few in full view with the hope of enticing the crew ashore. The gunboat came near, took a survey, anchored, and prepared for action. Being ready, she advanced with open ports, resolved to beat the brush with iron and lead before she landed any troops. As she ap-

proached from under cover along the shore, the crack of the rifle greeted her. In vain were the banks swept with canister and grape. The deadly missiles still poured through the open ports and after a combat of six hours the Conestoga withdrew and left Forrest the master of the field.

After this affair, which rumor greatly exaggerated, Forrest was engaged in several reconnoitering expeditions. It was not till he reached the neighborhood of Greenville that he had his first cavalry fight. He came up with the enemy, December 28, 1861, near the village of Sacramento, Ky. The opposing forces were about of equal strength, four hundred each. The Federals, when discovered, were at a halt, looking back anxiously at the new-comers. Forrest at once dispelled all doubt as to his intention by seizing a carbine and discharging it at the column. The Federals retreated to the next hill and formed for battle. Forrest adopting then a plan of attack, that he afterwards nearly always followed, sent detachments to assault the flanks, while he pressed the center with his main column. Soon the enemy gave way and fled in great disorder. Among the fugitives dashed the Confederates in hot pursuit, Forrest in the lead. Carried away by the excitement of battle he ventured too far. He was attacked by a private and two officers at the same time. Shooting the trooper, whose well-aimed ball had pierced his coat collar, he dodged the sabers of the officers as he passed by and then suddenly halted and wheeled. He shot one officer and badly wounded the other with his saber as he approached him.

Says Major Kelly, his next officer in command: "It was the first time I had seen the colonel in the face of the enemy, and when he rode up to me in the thick of the action, I could scarcely believe him to be the man I had known for several months. His face flushed till it bore a striking resemblance to a painted Indian warrior, and his eyes, usually mild in their expression, were blazing with the intense glare of a panther springing upon its prey."

The victory was complete and added greatly to Forrest's reputation. Shortly afterwards, he was ordered to Fort Donelson, where preparations were being made to resist the expected attack of General Grant.

In all the hard fighting around Fort Donelson, Forrest bore a conspicuous part. On the morning of the 15th of February, when the Federals had nearly completed their lines of circumvallation, a desperate effort was made to open the way to Nashville. Forrest co-operated with the infantry. His first achievement was to charge a bat-

tery of six pieces and take it. After constant fighting during the day, towards evening he was met by Pillow, who, pointing to a battery that was fearlessly vexing our advanced lines, said, "Can you take that battery?" "I can try," was Forrest's answer, and he at once gave the order to form squadrons. Colonel Hanson, commanding the Second Kentucky Infantry, at Forrest's request, prepared to support him.

The hostile battery was planted on the crest of a hill across a valley, rough and full of heavy brush. On its right, for support, were two regiments of infantry.

The Kentuckians crossed the valley and formed about one hundred yards from the crest of the hill, being protected from the fire of the Federals by the contour of the ground. Forrest halted near by.

Presently Hanson advanced, himself on horseback, leading the charge. Without firing a shot the Kentuckians dashed over the summit upon the enemy and drove them down the face of the ridge. Forrest about the same time charged the battery on the right. Into the advancing column poured grape and canister thick and fast. But the fiery horsemen never stopped till the guns were reached and a desperate hand-to-hand conflict was waged for their possession. The ground around the pieces ran with blood, which froze in puddles, and fifty Federal dead lying near showed how gallant a defense had been made. Forrest's horse was killed, and though he himself was unhurt, his clothes had been pierced in many places. Mounting another horse he led his men in the pursuit. In a short time the second horse was torn by a solid shot. On foot he returned to the captured battery and was rejoined by some of his own men.

The following summary of the work done that day by Forrest's regiment is taken from his own report nearly verbatim:

"In the early gray of the morning I moved to the attack. The first gun from the enemy killed a horse in my regiment. * * * I here passed our line of infantry with my command in moving to the center. I charged the enemy's battery of six guns, which had kept several of our regiments in check for several hours. I captured the battery, killing most of the men and horses. * * I then moved on the flank of the enemy, obstinately maintaining their position. * * General Pillow coming up ordered me to charge the enemy in a ravine. I charged by squadrons. * * We completely routed the enemy, leaving some two hundred dead in the hollow. Seeing the enemy's battery to our right about to turn on us, I now ordered a charge on this battery, from which we drove the enemy, capturing

two guns, and following down the ravine captured the third. * * * We were employed the remainder of the evening in gathering up the arms and assisting in getting off the wounded."

About midnight Forrest was called to a council of the generals. Under the impression that the enemy, heavily re-enforced, had after dark reinvested the place and would make a desperate attack in the morning, Floyd and Buckner advised a surrender. Pillow opposed it but acquiesced. Forrest disbelieved the report of the scouts of the return of the enemy. He went to his quarters and sent out scouts of his own. They reported no enemy to be seen on the battle-field of the day. Forrest so told the generals, but a surrender being determined on, Forrest swore he would go out if only one man followed him. And he did go out and with him five hundred men, not over the battle-field, but up the bank of the river, where the land was overflowed with water which reached to the sides of the horses.

Forrest's romantic escape from Fort Donelson made him famous. His name was on the lips of all, and wherever he went he was hailed as a hero.

On the 10th of March, 1862, the tenth company was added, making his regiment complete. At the election of officers, Forrest was elected colonel, the gallant Major Kelly lieutenant-colonel, and Private R. M. Balch major of the regiment. Soon the battle of Shiloh occurred, in which Forrest's men were no idle spectators. In the retreat after the battle, Forrest, being next to the foe, was betrayed into a charge that nearly cost him his life. With about three hundred and sixty men, consisting of a Texas company, a part of his own regiment, and some Kentuckians, under Captain John Morgan, he had made a stand. The enemy greatly outnumbered him, and advanced with confidence. Forrest, taking advantage of some confusion in their ranks, ordered a charge, and dashed upon them. The Federal cavalry gave way, and, running over the infantry, involved them in a hopeless rout. Carried away by the exultation of triumph, Forrest kept penetrating deeper and deeper into the huddling masses of the foe. All at once he beheld in front the main body drawn up in solid ranks. Checking his horse he looked around and saw that his own men were already retiring with their prisoners, and that the enemy, observing his position, were in the act of firing upon him. The cries of "Kill him!" "Shoot him!" "Stick him!" mingled with the reports of the guns fired at short range. His horse, though mortally shot, still carried his rider bravely on. Forrest himself received a dangerous wound in the side, and rode with one leg hang-

ing lifeless in the stirrup. Still, with pistol in hand, he fought his way back and rejoined his regiment. His wound gave him a furlough of sixty days, but, in less than thirty, though suffering much, he was back in the saddle, at the head of his troopers.

About the 10th of June, he was promoted to the command of a brigade of cavalry operating near Chattanooga, under General Kirby Smith. With the increase of opportunity, his energy redoubled. By the 6th of July, he had crossed the Tennessee, and with a force of 1,300 men he entered Middle Tennessee, then occupied and possessed by the Federals, and began one of his characteristic campaigns. He captured the garrison at Murfreesboro, drove in pickets around Nashville, and attacked in succession outlying detachments. Though hotly pursued, he safely recrossed the Tennessee after having killed and wounded three hundred and fifty of the enemy, and captured 2,000 prisoners, with immense stores. Not very long after this Forrest, with his brigade, accompanied Bragg into Kentucky. At Bardstown, he received orders from Bragg to go to Middle Tennessee, for the purpose of consolidating the new as well as old levies in that region, with the promise that they should all be under his command. Forrest, without complaining, obeyed orders, and went diligently to work to form into regiments, and unite under one command, the fragments of companies and battalions he found there. It was a task that required a skillful hand, and was performed with a tact that reflected great credit upon Forrest. His talent for molding raw troops into steady fighters, and of implanting an *esprit de corps*, even before companionship under fire had furnished the "tie which binds," was seldom surpassed. His power, in this respect, was soon illustrated by the behavior of the new brigade in Western Tennessee, whither he was sent by Bragg, 10th of December, 1862. With about 1,800 men he crossed the Tennessee on the 15th of December. He was gone about two weeks, and marched, on an average, twenty miles a day. Though constantly pursued, and forced to turn and fight nearly every day, he kept gathering recruits, horses, and cattle, and capturing outlying detachments of Federals. Sometimes he doubled like a fox, and sometimes, when almost surrounded, he would march, apparently, into the very jaws of destruction, for the purpose of throwing the enemy off his trail. Upon approaching Jackson, Tennessee, he heard that it was held by 15,000 infantry, with thirty pieces of artillery. Of course, it was proper to give this city a wide berth, but it would not do to show timidity; besides, he might pick up something in the neighborhood. To deceive the

enemy as to his strength he resolved to make a feint upon the town. Disposing his forces so as to magnify their numbers, he drove in the pickets and threatened an assault all day. In the meantime, he sent out detachments to capture the nearest stations, with their garrisons, and to stop approaching trains. This was done, and nearly two hundred prisoners brought in. After dark, to keep up the delusion, a wagon load of kettle-drums were utilized. Being judiciously distributed in the neighboring woods, their continuous rattle conveyed the impression that a large force of infantry was near by.

The echoes of the martial music had hardly died away, before Forrest, with his gallant troops, had gone.

On the 20th, with three hundred men, he boldly assaulted the fortified depot at Trenton, garrisoned with four hundred soldiers, and Colonel Fry, the Federal commander, upon handing Forrest his sword, expressed some regret at the hardness of his lot. "Take back your sword!" said Forrest, "as it is a family relic, but I hope, when next worn, it will be in a better cause than that of attempting the subjugation of your countrymen!"

On the 21st, he learned that fully 10,000 men were in pursuit, moving in various directions, to intercept him. He heeded them not, but kept right on, northward, never turning his face homeward until the 23d, pushing on with his trains, taking stockades and towns, and enlisting men. At last he was so hemmed in that the loss of his train and cattle seemed inevitable. But Forrest, like David, was always ready to run any risk to save the "stuff." Nothing better showed his self-confidence than the tenacity with which he clung to his cattle and trains. He abandoned nothing—but to deceive, cut his way out in one direction and sent his *impedimenta* in another. To elude the foe, he resolved to cross the Obion over an old, rickety bridge, by roads almost impassable. The head of the train reached the river after dark, in the midst of a freezing rain. The prospect was gloomy, indeed, yet, in less than an hour, timbers were cut and planted to support the bridge, which, though now made firm, was slippery with ice. The teamsters were appalled. Forrest mounted the saddle-horse and drove the first team across. Those that followed floundered and stalled. The ice, the darkness, and the mud made all but Forrest despair. By his orders the men dismounted, and in organized gangs took hold of wagons and artillery and brought them safely over the bridge. Thence he moved toward Lexington. Near this point he was attacked by a superior force, and compelled to halt and fight. After a stubborn contest he drove off the foe and pro-

ceeded with his flocks, trains, and stores toward the Tennessee river, which he crossed in the face of the enemy on the 30th. During his raid of two weeks he had fought three battles, destroyed fifty railroad bridges, and so much of the trestle-work of the Mobile & Ohio Railroad as to render it useless for the rest of the war, captured or killed more than 2,000 of the enemy, and returned with all his men fully armed and equipped, and his command stronger in numbers.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

MANEY'S BRIGADE AT MISSIONARY RIDGE.

The morning of the 25th of November, 1863, the day of the battle of Missionary Ridge, dawned beautifully clear, crisp, and cool. The night before, the moon had filled and had given us the comparative rarity of a complete eclipse. Cheatham's division, comprised entirely of Tennesseans and embracing four brigades, had, a day or two before the battle, been dismembered and Maney's brigade was assigned to Walker's division. This was done by order of the War Department, for these reasons: Being composed of troops from but one State, the brunt of a heavy battle falling upon them, might cause a disproportionate loss to that State. Another reason was, that, by dividing it, and assigning the different brigades to commands composed of troops from the various States, an inspiring influence of State pride, would produce an emulation to greater courage and discipline. These reasons certainly seem sound, but they were, nevertheless, regarded with some dissatisfaction by the men. And this arose from three overwhelming facts, which the successor of General Bragg (General Johnston) afterward fully recognized. These reasons were, first, they had every confidence in their division commander, General Cheatham; second, they had every confidence in the brigades with which they were associated, and with whom they had fought in numerous battles and skirmishes; and third, they had a bountiful amount of self-respect, State pride, and national pride. They knew the men on either side of them, and they believed and felt that no undue portion of the hardship and fighting would be borne by any one brigade, but that all of them would not only do their full share, but insist on the privilege of doing it. Well might a commander feel complimented, when some month or so later, upon the order being given, making Cheatham's division to consist of the old four brigades which had so long been associated together under

one of the best and most provident of major-generals, to find the men—the private soldiers—demanding the privilege of marching to army headquarters to thank the general for his consideration.

The January number of the *SOUTHERN BIVOUAC* contains a well written article on the battle of Missionary Ridge, and the writer of this acknowledges the general truth and accuracy thereof. But he wishes to supplement this admirable statement in order to show, as nearly as recollection will permit, the operations of Maney's brigade on this particular day. Daylight found it a short distance to the right of Bragg's headquarters. It was understood among the men that Walker's division, to which we had been attached, upon the dismemberment of Cheatham's was to occupy the position of a reserve, and our experience had proved that this position means simply this: When the line in front of you breaks, and disorganization becomes visible by the sight of men retreating in confusion right over your lines, the reserve is expected to do still harder fighting, and to succeed where other gallant men have failed. This had been the case with us at Murfreesboro. There Maney's brigade, having been held in observation for some days before the battle, and being placed in the reserve, found themselves called upon to fill up a gap in the Confederate line, within not more than ten minutes from the time the battle fairly commenced. It was thus at Missionary Ridge. Just after daylight, the Federal army of nearly 70,000 men became exposed to full view as the fog arose. They were drawn up in three double lines, at intervals of some three hundred yards as nearly as the eye can guess. Suddenly are seen three steamers pushing out from Chattanooga, up the Tennessee. General Bragg rides up behind us, and with field glass in hand, watches the proceedings. Pretty soon the steamers stop. They are now five or six miles above Chattanooga. They go back and forth across the river as ferry-boats, and later, for all this took time, we see regiment after regiment filing into line. General Hardee rides up and orders a battery to open. The steep nature of the ground prevents the men from getting one of the guns into proper position. He shouts for a spade and presently some artillerist brings one. He snatches it himself, and hastily plugs out a hole in which the trail of the gun can rest. The cannon open. We can see the shells burst directly in front of the forming columns. We can see the men fall who are killed or wounded. Ambulances drive up hastily and get the wounded, but leave the dead. We can almost count the number, killed or wounded by each discharge. The infantry, standing as we were behind the guns with muskets stacked

in line, collect in groups and watch the effect of each shot. It is not shooting birds, but men. There is a silence and reserve on every face. We look around us and see our own single line, and in front, three lines stretching for miles to the left, and know that it is a question of one to three. The infantry talk quietly, almost in whispers. Seldom has the eye of man rested on a grander sight. But there is no sign of wavering; it is solicitude. The enemy can see us as well as we can see them. After awhile we are moved behind the ridge, and are slowly marched toward the right. The private soldiers are thinking, but there is little talk. The signs are unmistakable that there will be bloodshed before night. There is a dreadful suspense. We are looking every moment for an announcement of attack, by the sound of musketry. We know the sound and have been in it. At length we reach the tunnel over the East Tennessee & Virginia railroad. There is a line in front of us, but it is hidden from view, being just over the crest of the ridge. Looking around at this point we see in the support of the front line, the single brigade of General Maney. As nearly as I can recollect, it was then composed of the First and Twenty-seventh Tennessee Regiments (consolidated); the Sixth and Ninth (consolidated); Colonel Suggs' Tennessee Regiment (the Fifty-fourth, I believe); a small battalion of some four companies, and the remnant of McMurray's Fourth Confederate Tennessee. Turner's battery was attached to the brigade. It was armed with four twelve-pounder Napoleon guns, captured at Perryville by the First Tennessee Infantry. By act of the Confederate Congress, and under the orders of General Bragg, they had been engraved with the names of several gallant members of Maney's brigade who fell there. We crossed the tunnel referred to and came to a halt. It must have been about midday. Shells were coming over, and bursting set fire to the woods. The infantry lean on their guns, and know that musketry will soon displace artillery. A man rides down the hill. He is dressed in citizen's clothes, and with no insignia of rank, but every one knows who he is. It is General Pat Cleburne. He hurriedly dismounts. General Maney meets him and he is off his horse in an instant. There was a road used by country people for hauling wood, which ran just above the tunnel on the north-east side of the ridge. The company of which I was a member ("Rock City Guards") was at that time, immediately left, of the left center company, and corresponded to what in the old organization would have been Company G. In the regiment it was never known, or called, by any other name than "Rock City

Guards." We were about one hundred yards north of the tunnel and facing toward the west. The generals mentioned above, when they dismounted were within ten feet of the writer, and he heard every word. General Cleburne rapidly explained to General Maney the nature of his lines, which was that of a semicircle, and which covered the front of but one brigade, as I believe, that of General Govan, and one of the finest in the army. General Cleburne drew with his finger in the sand of the road, an outline of his line, and added that the enemy had possession of a hill immediately in his front, and were preparing to attack. This hill was about five hundred yards from the crest of the line occupied by the one brigade of Cleburne's division. The writer had, about a month before the battle, been all over both hills, and had stood picket in their neighborhood. At that time the First Tennessee Infantry of Cheatham's division, formed the extreme right of the Confederate line, and its picket duty further on to the right, was supplemented by details from a cavalry regiment. I am certain, that on the day of the battle, not more than one small brigade of Cleburne's division was on the line of Missionary Ridge, north of the tunnel. General Cleburne hurriedly said to General Maney, "When I send for re-enforcements, send me the best regiment you have," and instantly started to the front. Judging by my recollection, not five minutes elapsed before heavy musketry firing took place immediately in our front, and not more than ten minutes had passed before a courier dashed down the hill with summons for assistance. The First and Twenty-seventh Tennessee Regiments (consolidated) were ordered forward instantly, and Colonel Suggs' regiment was also sent.

General Maney, a few days ago, stated to the writer that it being a new addition to his brigade, he was anxious to train it in the methods of the other regiments while under fire. Its gallant commander lost his life, and his regiment did splendid service. But when the order was given to the First and Twenty-seventh Tennessee Regiment to advance, they rushed forward, and reaching the crest of the hill were greeted with a shower of bullets which came "as though they were sifted." The semicircular nature of the line, which was protected by a number of trees, felled and piled one upon another, threw a converging fire upon the right and the left two center companies of the regiment, while the left three companies were, from the nature of the ground, placed in a position which caused them to face toward the railroad cut from which point no attack could possibly be made. The Tennessee regiments merged themselves into the line

in front, which enabled Govan's brigade to press its line still further to the right, and to gallantly and successfully resist every attempt to turn his flank. The writer scrambled as best he could, over the forms of the brigade in front, and found himself hugging the earth underneath a piece of artillery, with one other gun, some twenty paces to the right.

These were the only pieces to the right of the tunnel so far as my observation extended. The enemy, in three columns, had, in the meantime, pressed forward to within fifteen paces of our line. Our battery, double-shotted with canister, was completely silenced, for it was instant death to expose any vital part of the body. The bullets were riddling the spokes of the carriages, and numbers were flattened on the tires and muzzles of the guns. Stones were thrown into our lines, and we threw them into the lines of the enemy, at a distance so short that they had an effect. A man immediately on the right of the writer, raising himself up to fire, received a bullet in his cheek before he could pull the trigger. A hat raised above the logs, on the point of a bayonet, was riddled in less time than it takes to write it, and the writer distinctly remembers brushing fragments of bark from his own hat which were clipped off the logs in front by bullets. This dreadful fire could not long continue. There was no sign of yielding on either side. But the Confederates were trained soldiers, as well as the enemy. There was no order given to charge. The men knew that the only hope of ending the conflict was to charge. We had the advantage of position, and this we well knew. The order to advance came from no general officer. It came from the men themselves. It meant death to many, but perhaps safety to the majority. The first men to jump over the works were the left three companies of the First and Twenty-seventh Tennessee Regiment. These companies were commanded respectively: Company K, Captain Lawler; Company I, "Railroad Boys," by Lieutenant Smith; Company H, Captain Beasley. Up to this time these companies had been unable to participate effectively in the fight. They principally faced toward the railroad cut, full twenty feet in depth, and a foe in front could not reach them. Between the extreme right of the Federal attacking column and this railroad cut there was sufficient space for them to deploy. The men, as well as officers, saw that by jumping over the logs and wheeling to the right they could take the enemy in the flank. This they gallantly did. The effect on the Confederates was instantly perceptible. There was an almost universal cry of "Charge them!" Every man with an unloaded gun

was hurriedly sending a cartridge home. Seeing what was certain to take place, the artillerists sprang to their guns, shouting, "Wait till we can give you a good send-off," and hastily turning them slightly to the right, and, at the same time depressing the muzzle until they seemed almost to the ground, at the short distance of not more than fifteen paces, fired them off with terrific effect. At the sound of the discharge the whole line of the Tennessee regiments and Govan's brigade, leaped over the works, and in less than two seconds found themselves in the very midst of the Federals. The enemy had not calculated on the Confederates abandoning their works to meet them in the open field. But the truth is, that the opposing lines had been so close that the works protected the enemy as much as ourselves. It was like shooting at each other across logs. The issue of the conflict at this point was not, for an instant, doubtful. Numbers of the Federals dropped their guns, and, with hands over head, rushed through our lines to surrender. In this change of position, hats were hurriedly exchanged, without the slightest ceremony, and without regard to the equality of the trade. The Confederates were, in all cases, the gainers. The great bulk of the enemy withdrew down the hill in confusion. Those who manfully stood their ground were, for an instant, unable to fire, for fear of shooting their own men, who had rushed forward in surrender. Their color-bearers, in many instances, bravely stood up, and their colors were torn from their hands. Joseph Carney, of Company C, Rock City Guards, seized a flag, while another Confederate grasped the staff. The colors were literally torn in two between them. Lieutenant House, of the "Railroad Boys," informed the writer that one of his men had a difficulty on the field with a member of Govan's brigade, as to which of them was entitled to another stand that had been seized by both at the same instant. Colonel Field, of the First Tennessee, is reported to have knocked down a Federal color-bearer with a stone, and seized them as he fell. Certain it is, that the conflict partook largely of the nature of a hand-to-hand fight, but the enemy were driven down the hill with great slaughter, the lines being so intermingled that the supporting Federal batteries could not fire for fear of killing as many of their own men as of us. It was not until the foot of the hill was reached, that the lines of the two armies became disengaged. The Federals were clambering up the opposite hill to reach their reserve. The Confederates slowly returned to their own works, stopping every now and then to deliver a musket shot at long, but still practicable range. No sooner, however, had

the Confederates started back to their works, than the Federal batteries re-opened fire with great fury. A Confederate battery to the left of the tunnel took up the fight and drew a large share of attention from the batteries which were firing at us. When the Confederates reached their breastworks of logs, they had several hundred prisoners, and a number of stands of Federal colors. The original line of Cleburne was exactly where it was when the attack was brought on, and the supporting Tennessee regiments, of Maney's brigade, were quietly withdrawn, under a terrific artillery fire, to the shelter behind the ridge. Here guns were stacked. The fragments of the captured Federal colors were cut up, and portions distributed to every man who wanted any, so that nearly every one in the regiment had a strip of red, white, or blue in his hat-band. The prisoners were sent back to the rear. The men drew out their rations and proceeded to eat their dinner. Noon had long since passed, and still the private soldier on the right knew nothing of disaster, and thought that a victory had been gained. These thoughts were speedily dispelled. The order was given to fall in. The line was formed. But this time it is to the left of the tunnel, and facing toward the south-west.

It was now plainly to be seen that disaster had overtaken the left of the Confederate line, and that, in all probability, more fighting, and of a desperate nature, might be apprehended. Several lines were drawn up in our front. But it seems that the enemy had, at length, been checked in that quarter, and I believe that General Bragg, in his official report, gave great and well-deserved credit for this result to Bates' brigade. So far as Maney's brigade was concerned, the operations of the day were closed.

Returning to the proceedings of the early morning, it seems certain, from conversations held by the writer with members of the Second Tennessee Infantry, at that time a part of Lucius Polk's brigade, of Cleburne's division, that this brigade, on the starting out of the steamers from Chattanooga, had been ordered to the right bank of Chickamauga creek, where it empties into the Tennessee river, and, upon finding that the Federals on the opposite side of the river had landed further down, it was ordered back to guard the railroad bridges across the Chickamauga, which were situated about half a mile to our rear. One of these, on the East Tennessee & Virginia Railroad, was of stone; the other, on the Western & Atlantic Railroad, was of wood. The latter had been floored with plank, and, at nightfall, the Confederate army began crossing it. We

found, when Maney's brigade crossed, after dark, that preparations had been made to fire it, and, marching some two miles further, we halted for the night near Chickamauga Station.

PRIVATE SOLDIER.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

• "PELHAM, OF ALABAMA."

Up to the forefront, spoke never a breath,
Up to the battle, the cannons and death,
Up by the fierce guns over the ford,
Rode young John Pelham, his hat on his sword.
Out spoke bold Stuart, our cavalry lord,
"Back to your guns, lad;" never a word
Uttered the gunner as onward he spurred,
On with the cavalry; no business there;
Backward the wind blew his bright yellow hair,
Black blew the battle smoke from the red fire,
Up rose the battle dust higher and higher;
Out rang the silver notes clear as a bell,
Heard above the bursting of shrapnel and shell;
Out rang the orders from Fitz Lee, the brave,—
"Charge the left battery." "God! 'tis his grave,"
On by the crashing balls, hissing balls, then—
Sabers and pistols and horses and men
Over the hill went, over the dead,
Fitz Lee and cavalry, Pelham ahead!
Down by the sulphur smoke to the red plain,
On the left battery Pelham is slain.

"Gently now comrades, take up the bier,
Bear it back quickly, the battle is near,"
Re n'own the charger, muffle the tread,
"Weep, Light Artillery," Pelham is dead.

Soft, let me look at the white, white face,
Fair, as of woman, all womanly grace;
Closed are the eyes that flashed on the field,
Broken the falchion that never would yield.
Still is the heart that beat for his land,
Hushed is the voice, and cold is the hand;
Never to ride with the ringing brigade;
Never to lead with the glittering blade;
Never to charge with the Red Cross again—

"Weep, Light Artillery!" Pelham is slain.

"Peace, Light Artillery!" 'Tis the hero we bear;
Brush back the threads of his bright, sunny hair.
"All hail ye, his comrades!" Stifle your grief!
"Look!" 'Tis the face of your beautiful chief;
"Droop, Red Cross banner!" "Pitiless gun!"
"Peace!" 'Tis the ashes of Chivalry's son!

"Weep, Alabama!" another of thine
Hath pillowed his soul at the ultimate shrine.
He passed from your midst to the valley of tears,
And left you the foot-prints of glorious years!
"Droop, Red Cross banner!" the gallant and brave
Slumbers but now, for the echoless grave.
Rein down the charger! Muffle the tread!
"Weep, Alabama!" John Pelham is dead.

[Written for the BIVOUC.]

THE FIRST DUEL IN KENTUCKY.

Previous to the separation of Kentucky from Virginia, there were hostile meetings between her citizens, but the combatants were usually plain pioneers who, knowing little and caring less about the code, settled their difficulties with the weapons with which nature had armed them. They battered and bruised with fists and feet, gouged out eyes with their thumbs, and bit off ears and noses with their teeth, and thus inflicted injuries which the chivalry of a later day pronounced worse than the effects of the fatal steel and deadly lead.

The first duel *a la mode* in the State of Kentucky, was arranged at Louisville in 1792, and, luckily for all concerned, had a comic instead of a tragic termination. The principals and seconds were among the most prominent citizens of that period, whose descendants are yet in our midst occupying the highest social positions. John Thruston, a son of the celebrated fighting parson of Virginia, who, at the beginning of the war of independence, laid aside his sacerdotal gown, put on the uniform of the rebellion, raised a company and led it against the British, was the challenging party. John Harrison, a member of that distinguished family which gave a governor to Virginia and a President to the United States, who went into the revolutionary war a private and by brave deeds came out a major, was the challenged party. Robert Breckinridge, a member of the convention which framed our first constitution and sat as the first speaker of our House of Representatives, was the second of

Thruston, and Jacobus Sullivan, a fearless pioneer who would at any time avoid a good dinner for what he called a good fight, was the second of Harrison.

In those early days the best citizens of each county were commissioned by the Governors as justices of the peace. Thruston and Harrison had both held this office under Governor Randolph, of Virginia, and so soon as Governor Shelby was seated in the gubernatorial chair of Kentucky, he recommissioned them for Jefferson county.

It was not long after 'Squire Thruston opened his office in the new State before he was called upon to try an issue between two of his neighbors. It was Thruston's first case under his new commission, and he saw in it the elements of a family quarrel which indicated that no matter what judgment he might render, one of his neighbors would be dissatisfied. He, therefore, issued the warrant and made it returnable before 'Squire Harrison for trial. Harrison, in trying the case, discovered that it was based on family differences that ought to be adjusted, and as it was his first case also, in the new State, he took particular pains to reconcile the parties. He succeeded in bringing the parties to a better understanding, rendered a judgment satisfactory to both, and, being pleased with his own work, charged no fees.

Soon after the trial was over Thruston called on Harrison for the twelve and a half cents allowed him by law for issuing the original warrant in the case. Harrison told him he had charged no fees in the case and had not collected the twelve and a half cents. Thruston replied that while it was Harrison's unquestioned right to charge nothing for his own services, yet that right did not extend to the remission of the fees of another for services rendered. Harrison admitted that this was true, but said that if he were to pay the twelve and a half cents it would have to come out of his own pocket, and this he did not intend should be done. One word brought on another until a quarrel ensued, and epithets were exchanged that were easier spoken than borne. They separated full of wrath with mutual assurances that each might expect to hear further from the other.

Thruston hurried from the scene, sent for his friend Breckinridge, detailed the occurrences at Harrison's office, and, without asking the advice of his friend as to what should be done, handed him a peremptory challenge with a request that he bear it immediately to Harrison. Breckinridge did not like the lightning speed with which things were starting off, but in a kind of mechanical mode bore

away the hostile note, and before the sun of that same day was set handed it to Harrison. What Harrison might have done, if a little more time had been allowed does not appear, but it is possible if he had not received a challenge he would have sent one. So soon as Harrison received Thruston's note he accepted its terms and named rifles at sixty yards as the weapons and distance. Then summoning his friend Sullivan to his aid, he directed him, without delay, to arrange with Breckinridge the time and place of meeting. Here Sullivan, like Breckinridge, was hurried along with a rapidity he did not fancy, but knew not how to avoid.

The seconds got together the night of the same day of the difficulty, and arranged for the hostile meeting the next afternoon at a small opening in the woods back of the present Broadway. When the place of meeting was reached, at the appointed time, sixty yards were stepped off by the seconds and the positions of the principals designated. The rifles were then loaded by the seconds—Breckinridge loading one and handing it to Sullivan for Harrison and Sullivan loading the other and handing it to Breckinridge for Thruston. Everything was conducted with the scrupulous courtesy indicative of the ball-room, rather than the duelling-field; and no one would have inferred from the countenances of Thruston and Harrison that anything involving life was in contemplation. The principals having been placed in position and their rifles handed them, the seconds tossed a dollar for the word. Breckinridge won; but instead of turning at once to the principals and giving the word, he asked Sullivan what he thought of this affair anyhow? Sullivan answered that the movements had been so rapid that he had had no time to think at all, and in turn asked Breckinridge what he thought? Breckinridge replied that he did not like the appearance of things, and feared that the world might misinterpret the facts and assume that two prominent citizens had been hurried into a duel about twelve and a half cents. Sullivan admitted that such might be public opinion, and added that if the duel should prove fatal it would be too bad for the world to say two such citizens had slain one another for a ninepence. The seconds, therefore, agreed to call the principals together and try to reconcile them.

When they got together, Breckinridge, in an earnest and feeling manner, stated that he and Sullivan had just talked the matter over, and were agreed that the meeting had been unwisely hurried too far without the advice of friends, chosen for the purpose, having been either asked or given; that the fact of the difficulty having arisen

out of the twelve and a half cents allowed a magistrate for issuing a warrant, would lead many to say, no matter how unjustly, that the duel was fought for that paltry sum, and that such a reputation would be intolerable for men in their positions. He reminded them that they were both heads of families, and civil officers, with other claims than their own upon their lives and reputations; that although the affair had been too rapidly conducted to allow hot blood to cool, there was yet time for reason to resume her sway over passion; and then besought them, as old friends, with but a single jar in a life of unusual smoothness, to forgive and forget a single offense, and act toward one another as if nothing to ruffle their former feelings had occurred.

If there was any hesitation in the minds of the principals, as to the propriety of a reconciliation, after these manly words of Breckinridge, it was not increased by the unexpected speech and queer proposition of Sullivan, which followed. So soon as Breckinridge had ceased, Sullivan, without waiting to hear what Harrison or Thruston might say, spoke as follows:

"Feller-citizens, them's my sentiments! It won't do for this fight to go on! The Bargrass people, whar 'Squire Thruston lives, will swar he fit for twelve an' a half cents; and them bad town boys, where 'Squire Harrison lives, when he runs them out of his water-million patch, will call him 'old fightin' ninepence.' I like a good fight better than a hot toddy of a cold night, but I hate a bad fight worse than a nest of yaller-jackets. There ain't no good in this fight, nohow. I don't like the weepens, nuther. Rifles is all right fer Injuns and bars, but they are awful things turned agin friends. If you had painted yer eyes black with yer fists, or even doubled one another up by kicks in the belly, when you quarreled, it would have been reg'lar, but to go to borin' holes through one another with rifle balls, like augers through poplar logs, won't do at all. The commandment of the Scriptor says, 'Thou shalt not kill,' but it don't say thou shalt not hit with the fist, and kick with the foot when a feller makes you mad. I propose, tharfour, that we wind up this fight with a shootin' match, fur a gallon of whisky. Our side agin yer side, will shoot at a tree the size of a man, sixty yards, at the word, and the shot nearest the center wins."

So soon as Sullivan finished his speech, Thruston and Harrison, who had both been compelled to laugh at its oddity, simultaneously extended to one another the right hand. A hearty shake followed, and the difficulty was all over. Nothing now remained to be done

on the ground but to have the shooting-match, proposed by Sullivan. A beech, about the size of a man, was selected, at sixty yards, and Thruston made the first shot. The tree was hit on the left side, and Harrison acknowledged that, if he had been there, he should have had a stitch in the side. Harrison shot next, and hit the tree in the center. Thruston now acknowledged that if he had been there he should have had a stomach-ache. Breckinridge shot next, and hit midway between the shots of Thruston and Harrison. All now agreed that this was the shot of a mediator, and that it was, in its proper place, midway between the other two. Last of all, Sullivan shot, and missed the tree. A hearty laugh followed, at the expense of Sullivan, but he said he imagined the tree to be a man shooting at him, and suggested, that if the others had shot at men shooting at them, their shots might have been different.

The ball of Harrison having hit the center, it was decided that Thruston and Breckinridge must pay for the liquor. Off all started, in high, good humor for the grocery store of Charles Nabb, to get the whisky. A gallon was measured into a stone jug, and after all had taken a friendly glass, the balance was voted to Sullivan for his remarkable speech and shot. Sullivan bore off the jug in triumph, and would often have gone through the same scene for such a reward. Thruston and Harrison were the good friends in after life that they had been before, and both of them often told and joked of the intended serious meeting that ended so comically.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

AN INCIDENT.

In the last days of the war our division of cavalry, under General Wm. H. Jackson, had been operating against General Wilson, and were in camp near Sumpterville, Ala. We were cut off by high water and otherwise, from communication with the outside world, and were dependent for information on what was called "the grape vine." No doubt the reason it was so called was because the news it brought was always of an exhilarating kind; for whichever army the "grape vine" was worked, it invariably brought reports of great victories and prophecies of speedy triumph. The prisoners we had captured had been telling us that General Lee had surrendered and that the war was as good as over, but our "grape vine" kindly assured us that only General Fitzhugh Lee, with a small rear guard had been captured, while General R. E. Lee had effected a junction

with Johnston, had crushed Sherman, and was turning northward to recover the lost ground. At the same time we were informed by the same veracious comforter that General Kirby Smith had swept everything before him in the Trans-Mississippi department and was marching on St. Louis. Never, since the first battle of Manassas, had our hopes for the speedy triumph of the South been so high. To us thus elated came Governor Harris, on his way to Mexico, and a courier with dispatches, bringing us the dismal truth that Lee and Johnston had both surrendered and that General Richard Taylor had gone to Mobile to surrender us. The blow was terrible in its suddenness as well as in its heaviness, and a sadder night never shut in upon crushed hopes and suffering hearts. We sat around our camp-fires overwhelmed by that greatest of all losses that can overtake a soldier—the loss of flag and country. We mourned over the dead bodies of our fallen comrades or relatives, though we had always known that they were mortal and death must have come to them in a few brief years at best; but his flag and his country, the soldier believes to be immortal. All the love of his heart, the ambition of his manhood, and his hopes for his children are clustered around them. Life, wealth, friends; all these he can lose with a smile on his brave face; but the loss of his country has to him the bitterness of death. Sitting in our desolation we envied our dead comrades and felt, as we looked at our flag, the truth of the words—

“How much more happy they who fell
Beneath it in unfaltering trust;
Than we who loved it just as well
Yet lived to see it trail the dust.”

The sad silence was broken now and then by a bitter curse—now and then by a sob from a strong man, and then silence again, more eloquent than words. At length a tall, gaunt six-footer, who had said nothing since the news came, but had been sitting with his face hidden on his arm, arose slowly in the fire-light, with tears on his rugged cheeks, to speak a word of comfort. “Well, boys,” said he, drawing his ragged sleeve over his eyes, “there’s one consolation, if they did beat us, we hilt ’em powerful oneasy for a while.” The laugh which followed this effort at comfort did more to rouse us from our bitter despair than far more eloquent words, urging resignation and the duties of life that remained to us, could possibly have done. And when we remember the tremendous odds, of men and resources, against us, the story of our brave struggle is graphically, though quaintly told in the fact that for so long a time we did hold them “powerful oneasy.”

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

THE JACKSON-ELLSWORTH TRAGEDY.

That, during the war, and for some time afterward, misstatements should be ignorantly made, was to be expected. It is time now, if there ever is to be a time, to let the truth see the light. Perhaps, no event occurred in the last war about which there was so much misrepresentation, as the Jackson-Ellsworth tragedy, in Alexandria, Virginia. In the South, Jackson was the noble Roman, and Ellsworth, the savage chief of Chicago ruffians. In the North, an opposite opinion prevailed. After a long time, among other things, it dawned upon the South that one of their many rooted false impressions was, that Ellsworth was a bloody-minded ruffian. They were indeed, surprised to learn the truth, that he was a high-spirited and accomplished gentleman, and that he fell in the conscientious discharge of duty. The Northern mind is, however, still uninformed as to the motives and character of Jackson. Recently, there appeared in the *Philadelphia Times*, an article in which Ellsworth is spoken of as an officer of brilliant promise, while Jackson is referred to as a scoundrel of low degree, and a remorseless murderer. Its publication in the *Times* proves the extent of the ignorance on this subject, for no paper has been more enterprising in finding and publishing the stubborn facts of the war. To shed light upon this subject, and to vindicate the character of Jackson, the following statement, by a prominent citizen of Alexandria, Virginia, is given to the public:

In the spring of 1861, the "Marshall House," at Alexandria, Virginia, was kept by James W. Jackson, a man of highly-respectable family, from the adjoining county of Fairfax. He was an ardent secessionist, and some time before Virginia seceded from the Union, hoisted upon the hotel a large Confederate flag. Alexandria had been strongly Union in the sentiment of its people, but the measures of the administration and the tone of the Northern press, were rapidly changing that sentiment; still, the hoisting of the flag before the State had seceded, was condemned by many judicious persons.

Threats were said to have been made by parties in Washington, that they would come to Alexandria and take the flag down, whereupon Jackson, who was a most determined man, announced that he would certainly kill any one who attempted it, and he placed at the head of the stairs a small brass cannon, loaded, it is said, with slugs and scraps of iron.

At length came the memorable night of the 23d of May. That day, the people of Virginia had ratified, by their votes, the ordinance of secession, and Alexandria had given a very heavy majority for that ratification, though the occupation of the city, by Federal troops, had been, for some time, almost hourly expected. There was intense excitement; a band of music, followed by a crowd of people, paraded the streets and serenaded prominent persons; speeches were made, and a general jollification was indulged in. This was kept up until a late hour. Jackson had been persuaded by friends that it was dangerous to have a loaded cannon commanding the principal stair-case of the hotel, and that an attempt to take down his flag was extremely improbable; he, therefore, yielded to their wishes, and removed the cannon to the yard.

About daybreak on the morning of the 24th, the New York Fire Zouaves, under the command of Colonel Elmer E. Ellsworth, with the First Michigan Infantry, came from Washington—the former landing under cover of the guns of the U. S. Steamer Pawnee—and occupied Alexandria, the Confederate troops retiring in good order, except Captain M. D. Ball's company of cavalry, from Fairfax, which was captured. Leaving his men, before the occupation was effected, Colonel Ellsworth, with a disregard for military discipline which, at a later period of the war, would, no doubt, have been severely censured, took with him four or five men, and proceeded to the Marshall House. Accosting a gentleman whom he found in the office, he inquired whether he was the proprietor. Being answered in the negative, he and his guard proceeded up stairs. The house is a three-story one, and from the third story a step-ladder led to the loft or garret. In this was the trap-door, above which the flag was flying. To the roof Ellsworth ascended; he secured the flag, which he partially wrapped around him, and had descended to the third floor, when Jackson, aroused by the noise, appeared in his night-clothes, from his room in the back building, armed with a double-barreled shotgun. He came out upon a landing, some three or four steps below Ellsworth, who, upon seeing him, cried out: "I have the first prize!" to which Jackson replied: "And I have the second!" at the same time firing at him with fatal effect. He immediately discharged the second barrel, but Sergeant Boston Corbett had replied with his musket to the first shot, and it was as he fell pierced by a bullet. His aim was thus disturbed, and the shot entered the casing of a door behind the party. His body was pinned to the floor of the landing by a bayonet, driven through it, and he lay there, in a pool

of his blood, while the body of Ellsworth, wrapped in the captured flag, was removed, and a guard placed around the house; when it was removed, an inquest was held over the body, and the verdict rendered, "That James W. Jackson came to his death by the hands of the troops of the United States, while in defense of his private property, in his own house," a verdict which was ridiculed at the time by "Bull Run" Russell, in his correspondence to the *London Times*, and which, to-day, seems to us a strange one, though when it was given, it was differently regarded. The body of Jackson, dressed in the uniform of an artillery company of which he had been captain, was then placed in a coffin and exposed to view in the parlor of the hotel, and was subsequently carried to his old home and buried, a pass for that purpose being granted by the Federal officer commanding in the city.

THE MOTHER AND TWO SONS.

The writer was wounded at Chickamauga, and carried to the Widow Reed's house, at Reed's Bridge, where Helm's brigade hospital was established. In the room with me was General Helm and Major Rice E. Graves, and, on the same mattress, laid on the floor, was a young man from the Ninth Kentucky, who was shot through the upper part of the body. The passage and yard were full of groaning and dying soldiers. Mrs. Reed was passing to and fro, rendering all the assistance in her power, and much distressed over our pitiable condition. About midnight General Helm died. Major Graves was mortally wounded, and suffering the most intense agony. The young soldier who shared my mattress was in great pain, and when this dear, good woman would come to our bed, he would take her hand, and hold it and caress it, and call her mother, telling her that she reminded him so much of his own loved mother, in Kentucky. This blessed mother would kneel down on the mattress over him, and do all her poor, broken heart could to soothe him in his excruciating suffering and anguish. I say broken heart, because she told us that she had two boys in that same battle, from whom she had not heard. You can imagine her feelings. I heard her, myself, repeatedly say, after this poor boy had kissed her wrinkled hands and addressed her as mother, "I am only doing for you, my son, what, I hope, some other mother is doing for my boys, if they need it, if God wills they are yet alive." You will agree with me, reader, that she certainly was entitled to receive her own to her bosom again.

After General Helm's death, opiates were administered to us three, who yet lived, and the awful night was passed in silence in that chamber of death. When morning came, I awoke to find Mrs. Reed kneeling over a corpse at my side. The gentle, young, Kentucky soldier-boy had given his all for the land he loved, and though his own mother was not there to kiss his cheek and sob out her heart over his form, the Reed boys' mother dropped her tears and prayers over him. As weak, and nearly unconscious as I was, the scene was impressed upon me so I will never forget it. Graves nearly gone; Helm and this bright lad a ready at rest, and only I, of the occupants, left.

The mother had not remained long, after I awoke, until she started, at some familiar sound to her, and a moment after, two strong men had her in their arms. Her boys had come back, safe. I visited the old hospital in December, 1881. The blessed woman had gone to her everlasting and joyful reward, but the two boys were there, and in good health; and what is more, they knew me, and said their mother had told them of that fearful night, and mentioned my name often to them.

I have not painted this picture very artistically, but it is as true as gospel. The blood-mark on the floor can still be seen in the corner, where our mattress lay. The elder Mr. Reed said they had been unable to wash it out.

FRED. JOYCE.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STAMPEDE.

MR. EDITOR—Fred Joyce's story, in the last number of the *BIVOUAC*, of a stampede in the infantry, recalls a similar affair in cavalry, which has more than once been told to me by an old soldier of my acquaintance. Simon Jarvis splits rails for me every winter, and nothing delights him so much, as when the day's work is done, to spin a yarn about the war. I give it as nearly as possible in his own words:

"It was one of the curiourest affairs you ever seed, and if I hadn't a been there, I wouldn't have believed it. We had been fighting pretty much all day. It was bilin' July weather, when the days were longest and hottest. The general of my brigade, you understand, was trying to drive in the Yankee picket-line, stretched along the banks of the Rappahannock, so as to let the infantry column cross, unbeknown to the enemy. Massa Bob, you see, was slippin'

up on General Meade, to give him, when he least expected it, a lick behind the ear. Well, after wrestling for quite a spell in the timber, we got Mr. Yank on the run, and drove him, with a rush, across the river, near Warrenton, Virginia, gobbling up nearly two hundred prisoners. When we got on the Washington side, we had another brush—my regiment did—and started Mr. Yank, with a flea in his ear, toward Warrenton. Pretty soon, it was night. The sky got black with heaps of clouds, and it was so dark you couldn't see your own horse's head. We were jogging along slow and cautious, by fours, with an advance-guard in front, under Captain Sykes, as cool a man as ever drew rein. I was awful tired, but felt so good over the way we had run the Yanks that day, that, like everybody else, I was a bragging about it. I forgot to say that, just before dark, General Jeb Stuart met us, and took off his hat, and said: 'Bully for the old Twelfth.' After that, we all come to the opinion that ours was the fightingest regiment in the army, and we was just spilin' to tackle a Yankee division. Well, we were going along in this way, ready to bust with pride, when, all at once, I heard pistol shots in the rear.

" 'What's that?' cried Colonel M——, in a loud and excited tone.

"I had already squared myself in my saddle, and gathered up the reins, which I most know, though I couldn't see, others were doing, likewise.

" 'Yankees charging the rear!' was the reply.

"I really can't say what happened then; I only know, that in less than two seconds, the whole of the command was out of that road, some on one side and some on the other. How we got out, on my side, particularly, is a first-class mystery. For, when we went to come back, I found that we had gotten *over a stone fence into a field*. When I held up, there was a death-like stillness all around, and nothing could be heard but the breathing and snorting of horses.

"I didn't know but what I was surrounded by Yankees, and really thought I had gone fully a mile, when I wasn't forty yards from the road. Of course, I didn't say nothing to nobody, and, for a like reason, nobody didn't say nothing to me. After what seemed to be a quarter of an hour, though it was really about a minute, I heard near me men whisperin'. Presently, a man right by whispered:

" 'Vot regiment ish dot?'

"The Dutch brogue made my hair rise up! I felt sure now that I was in the midst of Yankee Dutchmen. Before answering, I took

my pistol from the holster, and, cocking it, held it toward the sound, for, as I told you before, it was as black as your hat.

“ ‘What did you say, my friend?’ said I.

“ ‘Vot regiment is dot?’

“ ‘What do you belong to?’ said I.

“ ‘De twelve,’ said he.

“ ‘All right,’ said I, putting up my pistol. There was more whispering near me and one voice sounded like I knew it. ‘Is that you, G——?’ said I.

“ ‘Yes, Sim,’ said he.

“ ‘Where are the Yankees?’ said I. ‘Sh, sh,’ was all the answer I got, and my hair commenced to go up again. In about a half minute more I whispered, ‘How far are they off?’ ‘Sh, sh!—all around us.’ So then we were in the jaws of the lion, or else booked for Camp Chase.

“ After that I was stock still, moving nothing but my right hand to pat my horse on the neck to keep him quiet. But the voices around me got louder, and I soon found out that the people near were Confederates. But we still kept on talking in whispers, for all thought the Yankees were in a stone’s throw.

“ Soon we heard somebody talking on the other side of the road. ‘Hello, over there,’ said one of the men, ‘What command is that?’ ‘Who are you?’ they hollered back. Then there was an awful pause. At last one of our crowd said, ‘We asked you fust.’ Then we could hear ‘em laughin’ on the other side. Says one man, ‘That’s Colonel M. laughin’, sure as a gun,’ and as true as you are sitting thar it was the other half of the regiment. We all began to laugh as we went back to the road, especially when we had trouble in getting over the stone fence. We had hardly gotten on the road before I heard a man say right behind me, ‘Surrender you ——,’ and then at different points, front and rear, I heard others doing the same. They were capturing Yankees all around me.

“ Once I heard a big fuss near. It was two men quarreling about a prisoner’s arms, each saying that he had captured him. I was, of course, upset by all this a little and tried mightily to make a capture, but got such a cussing for friskiness that I dried up and rode on in the darkness, wondering if the whole thing wasn’t a dream anyhow. I never did know where those Yankees came from till about a month afterwards, when Captain Sykes told me that while our regiment was out of the road, sixty Yankees went along the pike between us, and going on were captured by his advance-guard. They had fallen back

you see from the Rappahanock line after dark, and not knowing that there were any of our men ahead of them had come on and overtaking us thought they were among friends, and that's the way it all came about."

COMPANY G.

FEDERAL AID.

EDITOR BIVOUC: I don't understand why there should be so much argument on this subject. It seems to me that there is but *one* side to the question. Only I don't look at it at all in the light of "aid," simply part payment for wasted lands and confiscated goods; all of which, of course, were "military necessities," demanded by the occasion. After a lapse though, of twenty years, the compounded interest on the forced loan would run up the figures pretty high, and we may reasonably ask, from their redundant treasury, that facilities for the advancement of knowledge, and that "higher, broader culture" of our Northern friends, should be accorded the "benighted youth" of the South.

I, for one, am willing to admit, that if the brotherly hands which are extended across the rapidly-closing chasm, returned even a *tithe* of the values of which we were relieved during the "late unpleasantness," they would be much more eagerly clasped; for poverty and toil appreciate neither sentiment nor poetry, unless based upon the firm foundation of *specie value*.

If the South is really a part of the whole, which four years of painful demonstration went to prove, why shouldn't she be entitled to like advantages with the other component parts?

The generation that sinned (?) is rapidly dropping to the rear. Shall the misdeeds of the fathers be forever visited upon the unoffending children? Motives of policy would suggest that this rising generation in the South, should at least have equal cause for pride in, and gratitude to the Federal Government that is accorded to the "nation's wards."

RE.

A TOUGH GEORGIAN.—That the human family is growing tougher, morally and otherwise, is probable. There is a man in Warren county, Georgia, who was in seventeen battles during the Confederate war; was wounded several times; has been struck by lightning three times; lay insensible from one shock three days, and is now not more than forty years of age, and is as healthy as any man, and weighs over two hundred pounds.

Youths' Department.

THE BOLD GUERRILLA BOY.

February 17. I went on the raid yesterday, and a glorious time we had. If the guerrillas don't get a vote of thanks from Congress, it won't be because they don't deserve it. We do our duty, and we hurt the Yankees very much. There were about forty of us, with the captain. We went across the country till we got into a woods which crossed the road leading from Uniontown to Pikeville. The captain had heard that a brigade of Yankees would pass along, going to the army. When they told me it was a brigade, I thought the captain was crazy to attack so many men with his little party. The more I thought of it, the more reckless it seemed. I was willing enough to fight any even party, and would do my best, even against a party larger than ours; but I did not think I would be serving my country reasonably if I rushed out with fifty men to attack at least a thousand.

We had dismounted and tied our horses to pine trees. After thinking the matter over for some time, I thought it was clearly my duty to warn the captain against fighting such large odds. So I went up to where he was standing, under a pine tree by himself, and said to him:

"Captain Jumper, do you know there is a brigade of Yankees coming down the road?"

"Yes, sir, I do," replied the captain.

"Well, captain," said I, "all I've got to say is, that we can't do any good in attacking such a large force. I am willing to fight anything like an even party, but I don't see any sense in fifty men fighting one thousand."

"Mr. Buster," said he, "go back to your place, or I'll put a bullet through your head."

He looked so infernal fierce, that, out of respect to his rank, I fell back pretty quick to my place. Confound him! I don't see any use in his talking to me in that way.

When I got back to my place I got to talking to Jim about the odds we were going to fight, but he made the matter plainer to me

by saying that we were only going to attack the stragglers. This seemed to me much more sensible, and I don't see why the captain couldn't have told me about it; but some people never have any manners.

We waited in the woods until 12 o'clock without seeing a single man on the road. At last the head of their column came over the hill, and they kept on coming until I thought there was no end to them. I never did see so many men together before in my life. If there were only a thousand men there every man must have looked more than double. I thought they must see us, and then we would be lost. I held my very breath, for fear of making any noise that might bring ruin on our party. My horse stamped on the ground once, and I was about to carry him back farther into the woods, in order to prevent him from showing to the enemy the position of our party, but the captain shook his head at me, and I stopped.

Presently the Yankees got opposite to us, and we could hear them tramping along, and even could distinguish their voices. I thought it was a useless risk the captain ran in coming so close to the road. There was no knowing but the Yankees had sent a party to go around in the rear of the woods that we were in. When this thought occurred to me, I thought the best thing I could do for the safety of our party was to keep an eye on the rear. So I did this, every now and then giving a glance to the front to see what was going on. It seemed to me that they were two hours in passing us, but Jim says that the main body got by in half an hour.

After the main body had passed, squads of Yankees came along in the rear. They came along rather too thick for us at first, but soon they dwindled down to ten or twelve in a squad; then to five or six; then to two or three. When they reached this last number we moved down close to the road, and the captain and four men broke out suddenly from the pines, captured three Yankees, and brought them back. After he had disarmed them, he sent them back through the woods with two men. Presently along came two more Yanks. Out popped some more guerrillas and captured them without firing a shot, and sent them to the rear. This thing went on for some time, till we had picked up a dozen Yankees without firing a shot.

I had kept my ground up to this time, knowing that the other men were more experienced than I was, and fearing that I might risk the safety of the party if I should go out and fail. However, as I saw how the thing was done, I determined to capture the next Yan-

kee that came along. So I straightened myself in the saddle, held a tight rein, and cocked my pistol.

It was some time before anything was seen on the road. During this interval, my heart beat right loud, and I swallowed my spit with difficulty. It was not from fear, for, when I went into the army, I knew I was going to risk my life, and I was willing to do it. But then, the thought that I was sitting there one minute and might be in eternity the next, was a right serious reflection for the bravest of men. However, my country called, and I was determined to do my duty.

Presently along came two Yankees. The front fellow had a gun on his shoulder, and was whistling as he walked along. His companion was walking a few yards in the rear, and had something on his back that looked like a drum. The captain gave the signal, and out Jim and I broke from the pines. Jim got out on the road a shade sooner than I did, and so he made for the front fellow. Right at the rear Yankee I rode, and I made such a dash, in order to take him by surprise, that my horse ran up against him and tumbled him down, flat on the road, and he and his drum rolled over each other once or twice. As the fellow looked pretty savage, and seemed as if he was about to draw a pistol, I let fly a shot at him as he dodged behind his drum. The movement of my horse must have disturbed my aim, for, though I was leaning flat on my horse's neck, so as to get a better aim, my bullet struck the ground right at my horse's feet. However, the Yankee threw up his arms and hollered, "I surrender!" So I rode up, and drove him ahead of me into the pines, just in rear of Jim and his Yankee.

The captain then told us to push on through to the other prisoners, and said he would come on in rear, as he feared my shot would bring a crowd of Yankees after us. We obeyed his orders promptly, and soon joined the rest of our party, on the other side of the woods. As soon as the captain came up, we set off towards home. When we had gotten at a safe distance, we halted and went through the prisoners. We made a pretty good haul of greenbacks, knives, pipes, watches, etc. I had good luck in the division. I got as my share about ten dollars in greenbacks, a pipe (a first-rate briar root one), and a silver watch. The watch looks very shiny and new. I think it will keep first-rate time.

After dividing the spoils, our sergeant took down the names and regiments of the prisoners, and we then turned them loose. After that, we came on home.

I like this guerrilla life very much. A man can do just as much (in fact, more) for his country as he can in the regular army, and then the plunder he gets is his own. He ought to have the plunder, for, when a man risks his own life, as we do so often, he ought to have something for it. If this war lasts ten years, I am going to stay with the guerrillas, unless I get shot. I wouldn't be surprised if I *do* get shot. I ran a narrow risk in charging the drummer, for, if the fellow had had a pistol, he would have dropped me, sure. However, the excitement of danger is worth the risk.

[Written for the BIVOUC.]

SALLY'S RIDE.

* On a bright Sunday morning, Sally sat upon the gallery of her uncle's house slowly swaying backward and forward in a low rocking-chair. In her hand was her prayer-book, but I greatly fear she had not read as devoutly as she ought, for while her finger was held between the shut covers, marking "the Psalms for the day," her bright eyes wandered continually over the lovely scene before her. Above her head branches of tender green were tossing merrily in the March wind, at her feet lay a parterre bright with spring buds and flowers. Beyond the garden fence, the carriage road described a curve and swept away under the lofty pines which here bounded the view. On either side lay fields of newly-planted cotton. Behind the house, seen through the wide-open doors and windows, the orchard gleamed pink and white. Still beyond, blue smoke curled upward from the cabins of the negroes in "the quarter"—almost a village in itself. The noise of their children at play was borne upon the wind mingled with the weird chanting of hymns by the older negroes. The family, with the exception of Sally, had gone to church—a distance of twelve miles.

For weeks it had been known that "Wilson's raiders" would be likely at any time to appear, but continued security had lulled the apprehensions of the planters hereabouts, and besides they depended upon Confederate scouts to give timely warning. But suddenly on this peaceful Sunday a confused noise from the direction of "the quarter" startled Sally, and directly a crowd of frightened negroes ran to the house with the tale that a party of scouts had been driven in and reported the Yankees approaching and only ten miles away. The sense of responsibility which at once took possession of the girl's mind overmastered her terror. She, as well as a few servants con-

sidered worthy of trust, had received clear instructions how to act in such an emergency, but before anything could be accomplished, a party of horsemen (Confederates) rode up and hastily giving the information that the Federals had taken "the Pleasant Hill road," dashed off again. This knowledge did not relieve Sally's mind, however, for on "the Pleasant Hill road" lay the fine plantation of another uncle, Dr. —, who was, she knew, absent, and the overseer, unaware of the approach of the raiders, would, unless warned, not have time to run off the valuable horses. By the road the enemy had taken the distance was several miles, but there was a "short cut" through the woods which would bring a rapid rider to the plantation much sooner, and at once it occurred to our heroine to send a boy on the only available animal, an old white mule, which had long enjoyed exemption from all but light work as a reward for faithful services in the past. Alas! Sally found she had "reckoned without her"—negro. Abject terror had overcome even the habitual obedience of the servants, and not one would venture; they only rolled their eyes wildly and broke forth into such an agony of protestation, that the girl ceased to urge them, and dismayed at the peril she was powerless to arrest, sat down to consider matters.

She knew that the family had that morning driven to church and so the carriage horses were safe for the present. But there was the doctor's buggy horse, a magnificent iron gray, and *Persimmon*, her cousin's riding horse, a beautiful cream-colored mare with black, flowing mane and tail, and *Green Persimmon*, her colt which was like its mother, and scarcely less beautiful. Besides, there were horses and mules, which if not so ornamental were indispensable. O, these *must* be run off and saved—but how? Goaded by these thoughts, and upon the impulse of the moment, the girl ordered a side-saddle to be put upon "Old Whitey," and hastily mounting, belabored the astonished beast until yielding to the inevitable he started off at a smart trot.

Once in the woods Sally's heart quailed within her and her terror was extreme. The tramp, tramp of her steed, she thought was as loud as thunder, and felt sure that thus she would be betrayed. The agitation of the underbrush caused by the wind seemed to her to denote the presence of a concealed enemy. She momentarily expected a "Yank" to step from behind a tree and seize her bridle. As she rushed along, hanging branches (which at another time she would have stooped to avoid) severely scratched her face and disheveled her hair, but never bending she urged on old Whitey until he really

seemed to become inspired with the spirit of the occasion and to regain his youthful fire, and so dashed on until at length Sally drew rein at the bars of the horse lot, where the objects of her solicitude were quietly grazing, with the exception of *Green Persimmon*, who seemed to be playing a series of undignified capers for the amusement of her elders.

To catch these was a work of time, and Sally looked on in an agony of impatience. But fortunately, a neighbor rode up just then with the news that for some unknown reason the Federal soldiers had, after halting awhile just beyond the forks of the road, marched back to the river and were recrossing. With the usual inconsistency of her sex, Sally now began to cry, and trembled so violently that she was fain to dismount and submit to be coddled and petted awhile by the old servants. She declared that she never could repass those dreadful woods, but later, a sense of duty overcame her nervousness, and, the family having returned, escorted by her cousins and followed by a faithful servant, she returned to her anxious friends, who in one breath scolded her for having dared so great risks, and in the next praised her courage and devotion.

* * * * *

The visit of the raiders was, alas! not long delayed, but its attendant horrors may not here be described. The terrible story may, perhaps, be told at another time—for the present, *au revoir*.

VIOLETTA.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

A SURPRISED WAGON-TRAIN.

MR. EDITOR: Having grown up since the war, I was, of course, not in it, but my father was, and he talks a great deal about it to me. I hear, also, much about it from a colored man who lives at our house, and who drove a team for four years, in Major Moore's train, of Jones' division. Uncle Jake loves to tell about the war and the battles he wasn't in, and I thought, may be, you might like to hear one of his stories, so I have written it down for you to print, if you think it worth the while.

"Was I skeered, the first time I heerd the big guns roar? Well, hunny, I 'spose I mought have been. You see, I was insperienced, and didn't know how close a ball could come to you without hurtin.' Lemme see. It was on a Sunday, at what they call the Fust Man-assah."

"B ill Run, uncle, is what the history says."

"What you gwine to tell me 'bout history for? Wasn't I there, child? I tell you our folks called it Fust Manassah. Though Bully Run is a good name for it, you heerd me! Well, as I was saying, it were on a Sunday mornin'. I had just fed my mules, and had sot down on a stump to rest my bones, when, kee-jong! went guns, over the trees, 'twurds Farfax Court-house. I riz rite up, and stepped out lively for Massa Moore's tent. I hadn't mo'an got to the door when he cum out in his shirt sleeves, and said: 'Jake,' said he.

"'Sah!' sez I.

"'Tell Mr. Blakely to harness up his mules!'

"'Yis, sah!' said I, startin' to go.

"Just then, thar wuz another scanlous roar. It 'peared like a yeathquake had sot in, and then thar cum a flutterin' through the ar', somethin' that you couldn't see, a whinin' like a houn' puppy, only more so. I looked to see which way it was gwine, when it bust jist beyant me, tearin' the tops of trees, and raisin' the dust near the teams. The creetur's tails and manes stood on eend, and they got as fur away as their halters, you know, wud let 'um. Thar was a monsons jumpin' and snortin' and runnin' all aroun', but sumhow or other, I had tuck root."

"Why, what was the matter with you?"

"Hunny, when Uncle Jake doan' know what to do, he doan' do nuthin'."

"Were you scared?"

"'Skeer'd? Who's me? What fur time had I fur dat? The thing hadn't mo' than gone off afore Massa Moore, he hollered out:

"'What are you doin', standin' there, you black rascal?'

"'Yes, sah!' sed I.

"'Tell Mr. Blakely to hitch up, and move out, right away.'

"You better 'bleeve I skipped out lively fur Mr. Blakely's place of business. But afore I retched it, I see'd him a comin'. 'The Major sez fur us to git out'n here,' I holler'd.

"'All right!' said Mr. Blakely, a wheelin' roun' an' yellin' at the drivers. Well, I hadn't mo'an got the harness on my off mule, when another one of dem bumbers cum a cruisin' along, an' bust pooty nigh whar Mr. Blakely was a standin'. If it hadn't bin I wuz so consarned about tyin' a hame-string then, hunny, I wud hav busted myself."

"Why, what was the matter with you?"

"Who sed anythin' wuz de matter wid me? Wan't I 'ludin' to Mr. Blakely? When de thin' went off, he jist lept in de a'r, an' cum

down on his knees, a lookin' like he wuz a kneelin' on his coffin. Some of the drivers laff'd at 'im, and then—well, it wuz sinful, the way he cuss'd, an' he a chutch member, too, an' all along, before, as innocent-lookin' as a sheep. Hunny, you mayn't bleeve me, but, as sho as you's born, my saddle-mule, Dobbin, stopped his cuttin' up, an' kep' a turnin' aroun' so, at the bad words, that I couldn't, no ways, buckle de throat-latch, an' Mr. Blakely a rippin' an' a rarin' all the time, kase I wudn't hurry. You see, Dobbin wuz the contrariest an' thinkinest mule in de army. He studied devilment same as a boy, an' gloried in a row, mo' pertickilerly when it wan't his own funeral. I hev seen dat mule stan' an' look at the picters in a book, as de win' kinder turned de leafs over, an' though he couldn't read nor talk, he might as well, fur he understood evry word you sed, an' one day—"

"Well, did you get out of that place?"

"In a manner, we did. If ybu'd a seed Mr. Blakely a ridin' along de train, a clubbin' de mules, an' cussin' de drivers, you'd hev tuck us fur Comanches. We wan't mo'an haf an hour goin' de fo' miles, to de junction, and Mr. Blakely wan't dat."

"Why, how do you mean?"

"Jist as we passed a piece of woods, we seed a lot of hossmen gallopin' t'wurds de train. 'Yankees!' yelled Mr. Blakely, an' de way he went, a layin' whup to' his Boston mare. I nuver seed him no mo' till I got to de junction, whar he an' Massa Moore wur a laffin' an' talkin' over de race."

"What time did Major Moore get there?"

"Law! hunny, I couldn't tell! I thought he wuz out militaryin' till I seed him thar, and Mr. Blakely sed he had tuk a short cut to find out a good campin'-groun."

CHIP.

THE SKIRMISH LINE.

JIM MANN was a private in the Twelfth Tennessee Cavalry and the prowling thief of the brigade. No night was ever too dark for Jim to "get in" his work. One night the brigade was temporarily in command of an ex-preacher who was playing colonel and knew very little of the play, as he usually misconstrued his orders or missed the right road, and this time the command was lost in West Virginia. The night was of Plutonian darkness and the rain was o the "pitch-fork" order, and while the bewildered colonel took him-

self to a farm-house near by, to inquire the way to the Confederacy, the men were enjoined to strict silence, which injunction they religiously obeyed until Irvine Shield broke the oppressive stillness by shouting, " Boys, what a good night this would be for Jim Mann's business." A lusty shout followed with the usual avalanche of smart sayings, and this brought the angry colonel to the front with an order to move on. When the Confederate camps became destitute of things worth stealing, Jim deserted to the enemy.

BOB J. was in most respects an exemplary Christian soldier and kept the decalogue holy except in one particular; he believed that " cleanliness was next to godliness" and would steal soap.

The army of General Early was nearing Washington City and Bob saw a bucket of soft soap which he confiscated and took to camp. It was the work of but a few minutes to find a creek, divest himself of his dusty clothes, and after a generous smear of the saponifier to plunge into the grateful water. *A disappointed look overspread his features* as he emerged from the water, but this was quickly concealed behind a contented smile thrown out to a group of soldiers who were appealing to him for a "divide" of the soap. Bob hesitated for a long time, but finally told them not to use it *all*, and then hied himself to camp where he startled his messmates by screams of maniacal laughter, which, of course, they did not understand until Bob "double quicked" from camp, closely followed by a crowd of half-dressed soldiers, on whose exposed shoulders great drops of greasy water stood out like beads. Bob had stolen a bucket of wagon-grease instead of soap, and the obliged bathers wanted to find the "feller who didn't want them to use *all* the soap."

SOLDIERS who served under the "Stars and Bars" might have imagined themselves present at a reunion of the Army of Northern Virginia, if they had listened to the heartiness with which a call for cheers for the "Confederate Army" was responded to at the reunion of the War Veterans of the Seventh Regiment, at Delmonico's, on Saturday night last. The cheers were suggested by a story General Molineaux told, of the courtesy shown to him by some Confederate officers with whom he exchanged prisoners under a flag of truce. After the exchange had been completed, a note was handed from an orderly of his, who was a prisoner that had not been included in the exchange. He asked the Confederate Commissioners what could be done for him. The reply was: "Molineaux, we like you, and we will make you a present of your orderly, but if you can give us two

or three reams of that fine letter-paper you have, and a couple of bottles of whiskey, we will call it a square deal, if you will."—*Army and Navy Journal*.

CONFEDERATE GENERALS AND LIEUTENANT-GENERALS.—Only two of the five full generals of the Confederacy are living. These are: Joseph E. Johnston, ex-United States Senator, residence, Richmond, Virginia; and General P. G. T. Beauregard, Adjutant-general of Louisiana, who lives in New Orleans.

Of the twenty-one Lieutenant-generals, but nine are living: General Wade Hampton, United States Senator, Columbia, S. C.; General Gordon, ex-United States Senator, Atlanta, Ga.; D. H. Hill is President of an Alabama college; S. D. Lee is President of a Mississippi college; A. P. Stewart is President of the University of Mississippi; Jubal Early is principal owner of the Louisiana Lottery, at New Orleans; S. B. Buckner is a farmer in Kentucky, and a possible Governor, and Joseph E. Wheeler is a member of Congress from Alabama. General Longstreet is a United States Marshal for the State of Georgia.

THE UNIFORM OF THE CONFEDERACY.—While a brigade of cavalry was passing over the road, near Charlestown, Virginia, a carriage was met, from a window of which a little girl thrust her head, and pointing to the remains of the only gray uniform in sight, cried out: "O, ma, look! If there ain't one who's got a uniform!"

"ABOUT the hour of midnight I set out to find my own apartment and I lose myself in the galleries, saloons and corridors. At last I slowly open a door, taking it for mine, and I see a lady beginning to undress, attended by her maid. I shut the door as fast as I can, and begin again to search for my own room. I at last find some one who shows me the way. I go to bed. The next day, at dinner, the Queen said to me, laughingly: 'Do you know that you entered my room at midnight?' 'How, ma'am? Was it your Majesty's door that I half opened?' 'Certainly!' And she began laughing again, and so did I. I told her of my perplexity, which she had already guessed; and I asked whether if, like St. Simon or Sully, I should ever write my memoirs, she would allow me to mention that I had opened the Queen of England's door in Windsor Castle, at midnight, while she was going to bed. She gave me permission, and laughed heartily."—"M. Guizot, in *Private Life*," by his daughter, *Madame de Witt*.

Editorial.

RECENTLY there was an excursion up the Valley of Virginia. The majority of the party had not been there for more than twenty years. Some of the visitors had charged with Sheridan, some had "ske-daddled" with Banks. There were two hundred in all, representatives of forty-five regimental and battery organizations. With their usual promptness the veterans of Jackson and Lee went to meet them, and long and stubborn was the contest as to which should conquer the other with kindness. For a week they fought their battles over again, and not a word of ill-feeling marred the pleasure of the occasion.

It is said that brothers who fight each other when little, are the more apt to stick together when they grow up. Such may yet be the case with the children of America.

WENDELL PHILLIPS is dead. Though he lived to a good old age he did not survive his fame. As long as the glory of Appomattox overshadows all other events, and American greatness is measured by the part men had in bringing it about, Phillips will occupy a conspicuous niche in the temple of fame. But the whirligig of time works wonderful changes. Sober history may yet reverse the judgment of the present generation.

Philosophers say that among the leading causes of epochs are men of genius. Is Phillips to be numbered among the causes of the revolution of 1861? Surely, no single person was a more potent factor in *starting* the movement. And since it resulted in the emancipation of 3,000,000 slaves, he is, with a show of propriety, called the "great liberator."

This, however, only proves he was prominent, not great. "Bad eminence" but makes moral deformity the more visible. Was he actuated by a rational and unselfish zeal? His intimates say he was. But what shall be said of a patriotism that denounced the Union and of a humanity that welcomed a fratricidal war as a means to break the chains of an alien race? Even his oratory was hardly genuine. Like the *car magnioles* of the French revolution, his brilliant periods owed their power to circumstances. The dazzling brightness of

his fancy diverted attention from the defects of his logic. If his glowing rhetoric inflamed the passions of the North, it was his fierce scorn that roused the resentful fury of the South. With all his fiery eloquence he never moved those springs of action that won the victory. It was the love of the flag and national unity that furnished the Federal heroes, not the hatred of the slaveholder.

THE spirit of reform, despairing of the civil service, has for the past year turned its attention to prisons and asylums. Many horrible practices have been exposed, and "man's inhumanity to man" seems of late to have concentrated its fury upon the unfortunate and the insane. If the evidence of inmates is to be believed, unimagined scenes of cruelty are often witnessed in our most "flourishing" asylums. In these days of the new philosophies, surely we are not growing worse. Can it be that our fountains of sympathy have been exhausted by the pitiful state of the heathen Chinese, or the degraded condition of disfranchised women?

THE recent floods, polar waves, and hurricanes in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys have revived many vexed questions. Among them not the least relevant is, what became of the mound-builders. The British theory that the Americans will die out like this unfortunate race, and "leave not a rack behind," from the excessive use of tobacco will now have to be readjusted. The fact that the mound-builders had their fixed abodes only in the winter beds of the Western rivers, tells the story. That they were drowned out by some great flood no longer admits of a doubt.

BISMARCK'S refusal to transmit the Lascar resolutions of Congress to the Prussian Reichstag or national assembly, has excited great indignation. The "insolence" of the foreign potentate is regarded by some as a sufficient cause of war, and already the consequences of a collision are being carefully estimated. There is a deep and impenetrable mystery about the whole affair. Indeed, the public expected nothing less, as soon as it was known that General Ochiltree was the mover of the resolutions. Some think that the calamity is the result of a personal rebuff received by Bismarck at the hands of Ochiltree when the latter was in Europe last. Others, that it is a deep laid scheme to start an Ochiltree boom.

After all, why should Bismarck, a politician, be blamed for declining to advertise the greatness of the recent representative of his political enemies. America is by no means committed to the princi-

ples of the German Liberals. If she were, there would be little propriety in thrusting our opinions under the official nose of the German monarchy. It is unwarranted officiousness and is very naturally received with a slap in the face.

THERE is at least one man of note in the country who is not a demagogue. It is W. H. Vanderbilt. He says what he thinks and regards not public opinion. If such a man is not cheap at one hundred millions, he is at least a respectable argument in favor of a moneyed aristocracy.

TO YOUR super-subtle Confederate who, in the walks of business, deems it necessary to ignore the past, and nearly always to wear a mask, we commend the following, from the Boston *Bivouac* :

"We should have no respect for the Confederate soldier if he ceased to esteem the general who led him to victory or encouraged under defeat."

Where one Northerner dislikes him for having been in the Confederate army, two of all and every one of the best thinks the more of him, and the soldiers, without exception, if he bears no malice.

IT is now proposed to grant pensions to all the able-bodied men in the North who stayed at home during the war. If this is for their indirect aid to the cause, there is the more reason for pensioning the stay-at-homes in the South.

THE Danville Riot Investigation drags its slow length along. The witnesses have drawn the color-line very distinctly. They fire by turns, and each annihilates the evidence of his predecessor. The issue has narrowed down to a question of veracity between negroes and white men. The race that can boast of an Eliza Pinkston is not to be out-sworn by ruffian debt-payers.

THERE is a great deal of talk about illiteracy in the South, and it is quite the fashion to make invidious comparisons. Massachusetts is the shining exponent of culture on the one side, and Kentucky (it is said) of the want of it on the other. Dare we compare them? Massachusetts, with a population of 1,783,000 (round numbers from census of 1880) has 307,000 school-children (5-15). Kentucky, with a population 1,648,000, has 545,000 children (6-16). But two-thirds of the children in Massachusetts attend school, while not half of those in Kentucky are even enrolled. This is a bad showing,

and here the usual comparison ends. But take another look. Kentucky, with 130,000 less of population than the Bay State, has nearly twice as many children, while she ought to have not more than three-fourths as many. That is, if Massachusetts had Kentucky's proportion of children, her population would exceed 2,000,000. Under the New England system there is a deficit of more than 300,000 children. Illiteracy is thus wiped out, but so are the innocents. Argue as we may, the school-system has something to do with the deficit. If it is not responsible for this loss to the State, then stop comparisons. A man with a small family can, of course, spend more for educating his children, than one with his "quiver full."

THE invitation to the unveiling of the Lee Statue was duly received. Perhaps, no more appropriate spot on the continent could have been selected for Lee's Statue than New Orleans. It represents Texas and the Gulf States, from which came the men who helped so much to win his glory. Though far away from the banks of the Potomac, they came early to the field and followed the banner of Lee till it went down at Appomattox.

THE BIVOUAC is printed in the interest of ex-Confederates, and its cost to subscribers is fixed at the lowest rate that will cover the cost of its publication.

It has reached a point of success that additional subscriptions can be used in making it more interesting to all. And while we shall continue to use the same energy in its management as heretofore, we ask each and all of our subscribers to assist us in extending its circulation and inducing those who can, to contribute articles or reminiscences for its pages.

Each can, with but little exertion, send us additional subscribers, and we ask them to make the effort for the sake of truth and their old comrades, and send us at least one name apiece.

If there are any who have back numbers of Vol. I., which they do not wish to bind, we would be glad to get them, as we have orders for them that we can not fill, especially the double number, 9 and 10, of May and June, for which we will pay twenty-five cents per copy.

MRS. SARAH BELL WALLER.



History records no civil conflict in which women were as conspicuous factors as were the mothers and daughters of the South in the late struggle. If their deeds were those of mercy, and seemed to rob war of its sting, they were none the less heroic. Sleepless devotion to the suffering, unyielding faith in the cause, and a sublime resignation when calamity came, characterized the women of the South. We seek to preserve the memory of some of

those whose unselfish devotion, above all else, consecrated a bloody past.

MRS. SARAH BELL WALLER departed this life after a painful and protracted illness of many months, at her residence, in the city of Chicago, Ill., at 8:30 P.M., Thursday, 13th of December, 1883.

Deceased was the daughter of John T. and Eliza B. Langhorne, and was born the 17th of November, 1821, in Maysville, Mason county, Kentucky.

Her father, one of the leading business men of that city, was held in the very highest esteem for his integrity, benevolence, and public spirit. Her mother was distinguished for her intelligence, hospitality, energy, and personal attractions.

Mr. Langhorne, a descendant of Sir William Langhorne, first Earl of Gainsborough, Hampstead Heath, near London, England, was a native of Virginia, the grandson of Judith Cary, sister of Hon. Archibald Cary, and was related to the Bells, Paynes, and other well-known families of that State.

Mrs. Langhorne was the daughter of Colonel Devall Payne, of

Kentucky, the great-grandson of Sir John Payne, of Wales, who migrated to Virginia in 1624. Colonel Payne was a great uncle of General Robert E. Lee, and an officer in General Charles Scott's expedition, in 1791, against the Indians, on the Wabash, and commanded the first battalion of mounted riflemen in the battle of the Thames, in October, 1813.

Miss Sarah Bell Lanhorne, their daughter, had excellent educational advantages, and early religious training. On the 3d of May, 1837, she was married by Rev. Dr. R. C. Grundy to Henry Waller, Esq., who, in a few months afterward, became a resident of Maysville, and a practicing attorney in the courts of the judicial district in which that city was situated. After a residence of less than five years in Maysville, Mr. Waller purchased and improved a tract of sixty-three acres of land in the vicinity, which became their country-seat, called Auvergne. It was eligibly situated on high, rolling ground, which bordered on the Maysville & Lexington Turnpike road, and by the judicious energy and taste of Mrs. Waller, soon became noted for its garden, its beautiful grounds, trees, fruits, and flowers. There in that sweet, rural home, ten children, borne by Mrs. Waller, were reared, until in November, 1860, Mr. Waller removed his family to the city of Chicago, where he had previously made considerable investments in real estate. They have resided in Chicago ever since—over twenty-three years—occupying their present residence, No. 210 Ashland Avenue, for nearly nineteen years.

Mrs. Waller left many loving relatives and friends in Kentucky, and, within a few years after her arrival in Chicago, her fine social qualities and mental attractions had won for her a large circle of admiring associates. In form and feature she was eminently handsome, and in her deportment kind, graceful, and dignified. Possessed of high intelligence and fine literary taste, she was especially devoted to historical studies. With a resolute will, and of unusual energy, united with a strong sense of justice, she had few equals as a disciplinarian of children and servants, and in the management of domestic affairs.

She had been a member of the Presbyterian Church for upward of thirty years, and during her last sickness gave most tender and gratifying tokens of her abiding faith in her blessed Redeemer.

During the late civil war Mrs. Waller was one of the most untiring, persevering, and efficient friends of the Confederate prisoners of war, confined at Camp Douglass in the southern part of this city; every few days, accompanied by her little daughter Bell, she visited

the camp with clothing for the needy and hospital supplies for the sick. This she continued as long as Camp Douglass was occupied as a prison pen for captured Confederates, which was until the war closed. Her work was done in a thoroughly honorable and business way, acting always under the express permission and with the full knowledge and approval of the Federal officer in command of the prison. A strict account was kept of all her receipts and disbursements by a mercantile house in this city who assisted her in this work. She accompanied every delivery of clothing and supplies for the prisoners, and in person exacted and obtained the receipts of the commissary of prisoners, through whom deliveries were made to the prisoners. Up to the time of the "big fire" in Chicago, in 1871, a complete record of all her receipts and disbursements was in existence, but, unfortunately, these were destroyed at that time. Were they now in existence, a detailed report of her work, showing its magnitude and the difficulties which she encountered and overcame in carrying it out, would not only astonish, but touch the heart and awaken the sincere gratitude of every true Southern man and woman now living; as it is, memory is the only source of information now attainable. It would make this communication too long to enter fully into the details which even memory can yet supply. A single line of these great services, which is indeed but an item in the lengthy account, is here given to illustrate, though feebly, the magnitude of the work done by this big-hearted Southern woman and those who assisted her, the amount of suffering it relieved, and the many lives saved by it.

The Arkansas Post prisoners were brought to Chicago in mid-winter, numbering, I believe, about three thousand men; all, being from the far South, were thinly clad and ill-prepared to withstand the rigors of a Chicago winter, and much suffering from frosted feet and limbs resulted, which was soon followed by lung pneumonia, which became almost an epidemic among them and from which large numbers died. Through Mrs. Waller's instrumentality and the generous donations of friends in Kentucky, Maryland, and New York, she had the great satisfaction of seeing them at least comfortably clothed. There was never a time when money sufficient to buy any one kind of garment for all was on hand, but beginning with heavy, woolen shirts and continuing till all were supplied with these, then drawers, and then shoes and socks; socks were always in abundance from Kentucky, but to shoe so many men with the means at command, seemed almost an impossibility. With the permission of the commandant, and his co-operation in supplying the necessary quarters to

work in, Mrs. Waller established a shoemaker's shop and found about a dozen shoemakers, among the prisoners, who were willing to work. These were supplied with outfits of tools and material for mending old shoes, and between the old shoes repaired and the new shoes she was enabled to furnish, she got them fairly well shod. Next in order came pants—here was another almost hopeless task, for just about this time orders came from Washington prohibiting prisoners of war from receiving outside clothing from their friends of any other than butternut color. This was not a fashionable color in Chicago and Mrs. Waller almost came to the conclusion that her work was at an end, but “where there's the will there's a way.” A piece of an old butternut-colored jeans coat was obtained and with it a piece of blue kersey—with these the dye-house was visited to ascertain if the blue could be converted into butternut. It was a success. Three hundred pair of condemned Federal blue pants were purchased and converted into the desired butternut. I don't think I ever saw a more pleased woman in my life than was Mrs. Waller when starting to Camp Douglass with this first installment of the regulation butternut pants. Suffice to say that she persevered. One kind of a garment at a time till she had the extreme satisfaction of seeing these Arkansas Post prisoners at least comfortably clothed.

Prisoners from Fort Donelson, Island No. 10, Shiloh, and in fact, from nearly all the battle-fields of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi, that were quartered at Camp Douglass, have especial cause to remember Mrs. Waller with feelings of gratitude.

When the difficulties and drawbacks which attended, surrounded, and hampered this great work from first to last are remembered and fully considered, the close and arbitrary rules of those in authority, the jealousy and bitterness of the surrounding population, the great number of sick and thinly-clothed prisoners brought to Chicago during the war, so much suffering and with such limited means to relieve it, it is especially due the memory of this brave, gifted, whole-souled woman that her work of humanity, to which she devoted four years of her life with untiring industry, should be known by the survivors, descendants, and kindred of those she so earnestly labored for.

I sincerely feel that this is but a feeble description of the really great and meritorious work which she and her assisting friends performed.

W. O. G.

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1861 vs. 1883.

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Those, who in '61 and '65 were called boys, are growing old, and they owe to their children, dead comrades, their country, and themselves that these things which made the substance and spirit of war life should not die with them. They should aid this enterprise by their subscriptions and contributions to its columns, which are open to all, especially to old soldiers. And last, but not least, they should preserve the noble deeds of the daughters of the South, who were the "power behind the throne," the unseen force that not only nursed the sick and wounded, but clothed and fed the soldiers, drove the skulls back to camp, and inspired the brave with more than Spartan courage.

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Major 11th Va. Cavalry.

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SKETCH OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL N. B. FORREST.

NUMBER TWO.

The year of 1863 was full of stirring events. Each side full of hope, thought to end the struggle by putting forth the whole of its strength; and, along the opposing lines from the Mississippi to the Potomac, the war-spirit was fiercer, combats more frequent, and the



N B Forrest

battles bloodier. Look where you might, there was the giving and taking of blows. But the busiest among the busy were Forrest and his men—now descending like a thunderbolt on some well-provisioned fortress—now snatching a prize from the very jaws of the

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lion. If he halted, it was for only a few hours' rest, or to bury his dead; then off again in full retreat or hot pursuit. In this sketch there is no space to follow him. Volumes would hardly do him justice, so numerous and so brilliant were his efforts. Of the few we shall notice, the most remarkable was the capture of Colonel Streight and his men.

In the latter part of April, 1863, a bold attempt was made by the Federals to strike a blow at Bragg's communication with North Georgia, whence chiefly came his army supplies. A cavalry command of picked men, about two thousand strong, under Colonel Streight, was selected for the difficult task. To start them fresh and intact for the perilous ride, as far South as possible, the raiders were taken by boat up the Cumberland to Eastport, near Tusculumbia, Alabama. Here disembarking, they soon came up with a heavy force of infantry and cavalry under General Dodge, which had been sent from Corinth to mask the movement. They were to attract attention and engage the enemy till Streight had gotten far enough on his way to distance pursuit. It was a good plot, and as far as success might rest on horses and steamboats and even fair soldiership, was well planned and executed. Every peril had been carefully weighed except the invincible courage and combative genius of Forrest.

Streight had already formed a junction with Dodge before Forrest, by order of Bragg, went to assist Colonel Roddy, who was doing his best to keep back the invading column.

Ignorant of the secret purpose of the Federals, Forrest sent a portion of his command, under Colonel Dibrell, to menace the enemy by feigning to cross the Tennessee at Florence, in their rear. With the rest he crossed the river higher up, and on the 27th of April came up with Roddy strongly posted in the enemy's front on the east bank of Town creek, four miles east of Tusculumbia.

At sunrise next morning (28th), Forrest saluted Dodge with a discharge of artillery. The first missile struck the Federal headquarters and started armed men from the earth into line. The Federal artillery was quick to respond, and across the creek raged for five hours an almost bloodless conflict. In the meantime, Dibrell was actively engaged in furnishing grounds of alarm to the Federal general. He made many kinds of demonstration and had a report circulated in Tusculumbia that Van Dorn, with all of Bragg's cavalry, was near at hand. Despite the gloomy outlook, Dodge held his ground till night and then fell back by the light of burning buildings, keeping Forrest on his front so as to give Streight a winning start.

During the day Forrest had heard from a reliable scout, that a body of Federal cavalry had been seen sixteen miles south of the battle-field, moving rapidly toward Georgia. He suspected their object, but could not think of pursuing till Dodge had turned his face homeward. When at nightfall he withdrew, Forrest got ready to go with all possible speed after Streight. At dawn, on the following morning, (29th), leaving a part of his command to hang on the rear of Dodge, he took the rest and set out on his memorable ride. At Moulton, the same day, hearing that the enemy were still moving eastward, he divided his forces. Roddy was sent with his own and Edmondson's regiments, Julian's battalion, and Ferrell's battery, to follow up the foe, while he, with Starnes' and Biffle's regiments, and a section of Morton's battery took a more northerly route to head off the raiders. By this time Streight must have been at least thirty miles in advance. To catch up with him Forrest traveled nearly all night. At daylight of the 30th, scouts reported that the enemy had passed the night at Sand mountain, just four miles off. The game now was nearly flushed and Forrest hastened from his own column, leaving Biffle in charge, and joined Roddy's, which was on another road and near the enemy. Soon the smoke of their camp fires was visible and the Confederates approached quite near without being discovered. A motley crowd they saw there among the hills; unhappy refugees, with cattle and moveables, who had escaped the clutches of Dodge to fall into the hands of Streight—negroes, men and women, some mounted on mules, others afoot.

A shell from one of Morton's guns very informally announced the arrival of Forrest. The consternation it caused may be imagined. In a moment fugitives were seen scampering in every direction and victory seemed within easy reach. But a fatal delay occurred. The Confederates, who had been riding almost without food for thirty-six hours, stopped to eat the hot breakfast which the Federals had abandoned. A half hour was thus lost, and when the Federals were overtaken they were discovered occupying a strong position across the mountain gorge. Forrest, with accustomed promptness, attacked at once on front and both flanks. His artillery was pushed up within musket range, and the assaulting lines pressed forward with shouts and delivering a destructive fire. With steady valor the Federals met charge with charge, and pushing back the Confederates captured two of their guns. Starnes' and Biffle's regiments, from another road, were ordered up to take part in the action, for the pursued threatened to become the pursuers.

Forrest now, with more deliberation and with a stronger front moved to the attack, but was surprised to find only a thin line of skirmishers, who rapidly retreated.

Streight had disappeared. A special task had been set for him to do and he was not to be turned from his path by a foe he had easily repulsed and two of whose guns he had carried off. Forrest, now foiled and beaten, took a desperate resolve. At least so it appears to the common mind, but in his case it was more properly a suggestion of genius eagerly adopted by a daring spirit. He sent Roddy with his regiment and Julian's battalion with the wounded and prisoners back to Decatur. Edmondson's regiment (Eleventh Tennessee), was ordered to keep on the enemy's left to prevent his escape north, and with the remaining two regiments (Dibrell's and Biffle's) and Ferrell's battery, he determined to push on and by ceaseless pursuit and assault to wear out the foe and capture him. Stripped for the race he now renewed the contest.

In a short time the rear guard was overtaken, and for several miles a running fight was kept up. At last the enemy was brought to bay. Just beyond Long creek, Streight had halted his men on a commanding ridge, with his artillery strongly posted. Though the odds were two to one, Forrest's attack was prompt and vigorous. Keeping for a reserve only a hundred men, under Biffle, the rest dismounting, he led rapidly up the face of the hill. The rays of the setting sun streamed through the tree-tops full in the face of the enemy, as the Confederates with fierce cries engaged in the unequal combat.

The Federals, though deceived as to their numbers by the violence of the assault, held their ground and returned blow for blow. Still closer pressed the assailants, and still like a rock stood Streight's men. The deepening twilight lent a horrid splendor to the scene, and in the darkness so closely approached the lines, that the blaze of the discharge revealed the features of the combatants to their adversaries. For three hours the fight raged, and victory trembled in the balance. Though unconquered by valor, the Federals yielded to a stroke of genius. Forrest, ever cool and most fertile at the supreme moment, sent Colonel Biffle, with his reserve of one hundred men, to get in the Federal's rear and *attack the horseholders* under cover of darkness. Biffle made the circuit, and opened upon the unsuspecting crowd. The Confederates hearing the firing, supposed it was Roddy attacking the enemy's flank. The whole line now moved forward with shouts, and before their impetuous charge the Federals gave way and

fled in disorder. Night covered the retreat. The fear of shooting each other made the Confederates slow to pursue. But Forrest followed on, sending ahead spies who, mingling with the Federals, found out their plans and reported them to him. After going about four miles he learned from scouts that Streight had drawn up his men across the road, to give him battle again.

Forrest knowing the danger of making a night attack, arranged his men to guard against mistake, and to strike terror into the foe. Forming them in line across the road, and drawing up the cannon by hand, he advanced his whole front noiselessly to within two hundred yards of the Federals. For a moment the two lines stood near each other in silence, the Federals anxiously peering into the blackness to find their enemy, the Confederates impatiently awaiting the signal to fire. At the word of command, from hill to hill a sheet of flame leaped upward, now followed by the mingled roar of cannon and musketry. It was more than mortals could stand, and without returning the fire the Federals broke and fled. Night again shielded them from swift pursuit, though Forrest, still like an avenging Nemesis, pressed close behind. About 10 o'clock A. M., the scouts reported that Streight, with indomitable purpose, had again formed for battle.

Repeating his last mode of attack, Forrest, with extended front and cannon drawn by hand, approached stealthily the Federal position, at the same time dispatching a party under Colonel McLemore to attack on the flank. At the outburst, the Federals, as if expecting it, for a moment returned the fire, but the attack on the flank was another surprise, and soon they fled in hopeless rout.

It was now 2 o'clock, and Forrest was compelled to halt his command for food and sleep. At daybreak (May 1), the bugle called to saddle, and the tired troopers remounted. At 11 A. M. the advance overtook the Federals at Blountsville, where, having put some of their baggage on pack-mules, they had set fire to their train and moved off rapidly.

Forrest overtook them before they reached Black Warrior, and inflicted severe loss at the crossing of that stream. After another halt of a few hours, the Confederates were again in the saddle by midnight. The enemy now began to destroy bridges behind them, and in other ways embarrass pursuit. As they pressed all the horses found in the country through which they passed, and left but few for Forrest and his men, it made a great difference in the comparative horse-power of the two commands.

Three days of constant activity, with very little food and sleep,

had quite exhausted the Confederates, while not a few of the horses were entirely broken down. Many began to despair of capturing the raiders, and to abate in their enthusiasm. This only impelled Forrest to greater effort. On the morning of May 2d, he re-assorted his men, and reduced them now to about six hundred. Then he made them a short speech.

Though untaught in the art of persuasion, he had the power to "stir men's souls." Though without "words or utterance," at times, his vehement spirit found expression and set aflame the hearts of his comrades.

Upon this occasion he was aided by the presence of some ladies, whose husbands had been carried off by the raiders. Their tears and prayers he made use of, with the skill of the practiced orator; and his impassioned manner and burning words rekindled their enthusiasm.

Once more in the saddle, the column moved off now at a gallop. The enemy was soon overtaken, and for ten miles, to Black creek, there was a running fight. Upon reaching this stream they found the Federals well across, the bridge destroyed, and their artillery on commanding points. Here a serious delay might have occurred had it not been for the assistance afforded by Miss Sanson, a beautiful young lady living in the vicinity. Riding behind Forrest, she piloted him to another ford near by, though exposed to the fire of the enemy at the time. Here, with some difficulty, the Confederates crossed, carrying over the cannon and munition by hand.

At Turkeytown, some distance beyond, the Federals lay in ambush, concealed in a dense pine thicket through which the road turned. The swiftness of Forrest's charge, in pursuit of the decoy Federals, saved him from serious loss, and turned a probable disaster into a victory. During this fight Sergeant William Haynes, of the Fourth Tennessee, was captured. Streight sent for him, and asked what was Forrest's strength. The prisoner replied with much gravity, "Five brigades," mentioning them by name. "Then," said Streight, with an oath, "they've got us." That night Haynes escaped, and reported the conversation to Forrest. It was this, perhaps, which suggested to Forrest the plan he adopted on the following day. That night, however, Forrest halted and gave his men the first good rest they had enjoyed for four days. On the following morning (May 3), with his number reduced to five hundred men, he resumed the pursuit. About 9 o'clock the Federals were overtaken, while halting to feed, and attacked. The promptness with which the men took to their heels,

though quickly rallied by the officers, convinced Forrest that the time had come for the master-stroke. The Federals, though evidently demoralized, responded to the call of their leader, and Streight, with heroic constancy, again drew them up to try the fortune of war. Forrest, always ready to modify his tactics to suit the occasion, adopted a plan of battle seldom, if ever, found in the books. Major McLemore, with about two hundred men, was ordered to take position facing the enemy's left flank; Colonel Biffle, with about an equal number, to threaten the right flank, while Forrest himself, with his escort and a detachment, seemed about to fall on the front, from a skirt of woods which concealed the smallness of his number. Captain Henry Pointer was then sent forward under a flag of truce, to demand a surrender of the whole force.

Colonel Streight requested an interview with General Forrest and the latter came forward. After some conversation, Streight declined to surrender except to a force equal in numbers to his own. Forrest replied, evasively, saying deeds were his arguments. While talking, a section of Confederate artillery came in view moving at a gallop. Streight, upon observing it, requested that no more troops be brought so near. Forrest stopped to give the order, and at the same time in an undertone told the aid-de-camp to have the only two pieces of cannon in their possession move rapidly in a circle crossing the line of vision. Streight was astonished at the display and naively asked Forrest how much artillery he had. "Enough," said he, "to destroy your command in thirty minutes."

Streight, after further conversation, still refused to surrender to an inferior number, but was finally compelled by his officers to do so. The result was that 1,466 officers and men stacked their arms and the whole affair was wound up by Streight thanking his men in a speech for their valor and fortitude, and proposing three cheers for the Union, which were given with a will.

The capture of so large a body of Federals by about one-third their number of Confederates, was a brilliant triumph and was greatly due to the iron purpose and combative genius of Forrest.

Cicero told Cæsar that victorious generals had always to divide the credit of success with their troops and fortune. In this affair fortune has little share. The credit nearly all belongs to Forrest and his soldiers. Streight's men yielded, not so much to the sword as to enforced fatigue, and above all to the irresistible spirit of their pursuers. When, therefore, we consider all the difficulties overcome, hunger, want of sleep, and superiority of opposing force,

we are forced to conclude that on the same scale few if any actions so admirable are to be found in all the annals of war.

The glory and magnitude of this victory was not diminished by rumor, and Forrest's journey back to Bragg's headquarters in Tennessee resembled a triumphal march. Shortly after his return to Shelbyville, he was serenaded by the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Tennessee, who loudly demanded to be mounted on the captured horses and enrolled in Forrest's cavalry.

Bragg received him graciously and appointed him to the command of the cavalry of his left wing. For two months he was actively engaged in reconnoissance and skirmishing with the foe. To show how he was esteemed by the Federals, the following is related:

"During an attack upon Franklin, then occupied by a heavy force, Forrest, mistaking a signal flag for one of surrender, approached quite near the Federal line. From behind a garden hedge arose up a Federal officer and cried out, waving him off with his hand, 'General Forrest, I know you and don't want to see you hurt. Go back, sir.' Forrest gracefully acknowledged the kindness and raising his hat rode off."

In July, Bragg's army having withdrawn south of the Tennessee, Forrest was assigned (July 24th) to the chief command of the Confederate cavalry in East Tennessee. Here his division was engaged for a month in desultory warfare with Federal detachments. August 31st, he rejoined Bragg, and with his command shared in the Chattanooga campaign. In the second day's fight at Chickamauga (September 20th), with his men dismounted, Forrest formed on Breckinridge's left and bore a full part in the labors and perils of that glorious day.

At 4 A. M., the morning after the battle, his men were in the saddle leading the pursuit. From the top of Missionary Ridge he saw the broken columns of the enemy pouring into Chattanooga. He sent word to Bragg that "every hour lost was the loss of a thousand men."

October 5th, Forrest was assigned with one brigade to the division of General Wheeler. Smarting under what he considered gross injustice, he determined to quit the regular service and raise an independent command. A month before he had been importuned by leading citizens of West Tennessee to come and organize their resources. Resolving at this juncture to comply with their request, he sent in his resignation. Mr. Davis was at army headquarters when it arrived. He wrote to Forrest and requested an interview. They

met at Montgomery shortly afterward and Forrest, being promised a separate command, withdrew his resignation. He had now a painful duty to perform. He had to part with his old command—his faithful followers, companions in danger and partners in his fame. They petitioned Bragg to be transferred to his command, but the petition was refused, and Forrest set out for his new field of action, accompanied only by McDonald's battalion and Morton's battery.

The men to whose leadership he was called were in a land held by the foe, and were neither organized nor armed. He was to go and gather them by the magic power of his name, and bring them safely through a host of enemies into the Confederate lines.

It was expecting much of him, but the result justified every expectation. With 500 armed men (December 4, 1863,) he entered West Tennessee. For three weeks he marched up and down that beautiful country, gathering cattle, and teams, and recruits, in spite of the efforts of 20,000 Federals who, in detachments, were trying to surround or cut him off.

December 27th, he returned, bringing 3,000 unarmed recruits, forty wagons, and many cattle, after daily skirmishes and five distinct engagements with the enemy. Says a Federal writer: "Forrest, with less than 4,000 men, moved right through the sixteenth army corps."

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

MANEY'S BRIGADE AFTER THE BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.



SOON after dark, at Chickamauga Station, we were summoned by the orderlies of the various companies to fall in, and assist in loading stores into several trains of cars, which had been brought to this point for that purpose. Our muskets were stacked in line near the railroad track, a detail set to guard them, and wagons and cars loaded with almost everything contained in the depot.

The occasion proved a godsend to the regiment of which I was a member, and the men improved "the shining hours" by supplying themselves with an extra quantity of rations. The night was cold, the ground frozen, and, before daylight, the wagon-trains had commenced to move. Being in the "reserve" we were reserved to the last to leave, and daylight found the last of the wagons leaving the station. Two small brigades (Maney's Tennessee and Gist's South

Carolina) were left to follow the wagon-trains, on one road, which led sharply to the left of the Western & Atlantic railroad, and which, to the writer, appeared to follow a parallel line with the East Tennessee & Virginia railroad.

The main body of the army, together with the greater portion of the wagon-trains, had taken a more south-easterly direction, and Cleburne's division was, beyond all question, between us and the railroad (the Western & Atlantic). Members of this division have described their retreat as being an almost uninterrupted skirmish throughout this whole day. The position which Maney's brigade occupied, corresponded to the extreme right of the Confederate lines. The rising sun melted the ice, and made the passage of the wagon-trains more difficult. Our progress was painfully slow. It was a broken march of one or two hundred yards and then a halt of five or ten minutes, to enable some wagon to get out of the mud.

Toward midday the scouts of the enemy appeared on the hills back of us, and it was evident that our whereabouts were known. The First and Twenty-seventh Tennessee Infantry, in the rear, looked behind them more than in front. Two small brigades seemed but little reliance on which to place the saving of our wagon-train.

We had the privilege of having a fight anyhow, and it came from a direction in which we least expected it. Just about sunset, while the men were sitting down on the side of the road, and wistfully looking back for any appearance of the enemy, we were startled by a sudden summons to "fall in." The order was given to "double-quick," and simultaneously therewith the sharp rattle of musketry in our front told that the enemy were attempting to wedge themselves between us and the rest of the army—a regiment of cavalry had, apparently, been on our left flank all day, and, most probably, had been driven in by a column of the enemy, which had made a detour to our left for the purpose of cutting us off. We passed the last wagon as its driver excitedly whipped up his horses in crossing a little creek, which every member of the regiment knows as Cat creek. The head of the two brigades had formed in line in the woods ahead of us. The First Tennessee was rapidly thrown into an open field, facing a little to the west of north, and parallel with the creek. A sharp declivity on its banks gave us some security from a sudden charge. A small body of cavalry formed to our left, but south of the road, perhaps one hundred and fifty yards to our rear, and fronting almost due west. Almost the entire attack seemed leveled at the First Tennessee regiment. The skirmish was hotly contested. General Maney was severely

wounded. The writer in trying to stop a bullet, found that he could not succeed. The position was exposed—no particle of shelter, a plain, open field, with the enemy under cover of the woods. In the meantime, the order was given to fall back into the woods behind. This was done in reasonably good order. The moon, which had now risen, displayed the glistening bayonets of a still unbroken front. Every wagon was for the present in safety, and the only capture the enemy had made from us was the gun of the writer, and those of several others who had been wounded or killed. Ah, my old gun! I well knew where I got it. It was on another moonlight night, of the 20th of September, 1863, the second day's battle of Chickamauga. It lay inside the Federal works, near their extreme left. It was bright, and perfectly new from the factory. "Bridesburg" was stamped on the lock-plate. It was like a foreign country to me, but I knew it was a suburb of Philadelphia. Though twenty years younger than I now am, I was still too old a soldier to give up a trusted friend, without knowing more of the merits of my new one. So I strung both muskets over my shoulder, and, at the first opportunity, in the firelight of the night, proceeded to examine my new friend. The lock was perfect—bright as a new-coined silver dollar. I drew the rammer, and running it down the barrel, found that it stopped within a foot of the muzzle. I got a ball-screw and drew out ball after ball, with great labor, and found that its previous owner, doubtless a gallant Federal soldier, had simply been snapping caps at us. The job was hopeless. I gave it up, and taking off the barrel of my old musket, made at Springfield, Massachusetts, soon had as fine a weapon as any Confederate possessed. The parts were interchangeable—our arms were rifle muskets. Just as its brightness attracted me then—it now formed (November 26th), 1883, the last object of my solicitude—I "own a kindly debt of old remembrance" for it. Some Federal, perhaps more worthy, may have the same feeling for parts of the same gun. A kind of love for your engine grows with its use.

"A good workman comes to like"—shall I say love—"the machine which seems to share his labor." It is thus I feel toward the "Bridesburg" musket. I was not a loser, but simply the gainer by its two months' use. Long before this I had another gun, which I recollect with a feeling of grim satisfaction. While useful in sending bullets at the battle of Murfreesboro, it did me the service to stop one. The ball passed between the two lower bands, taking off half the stock between them, springing the rammer as it passed between it and the barrel. At many a regimental and brigade inspection, I

"fessed out," as the West Point boys say, on that gun. "What's the matter with that gun, sir," would say the inspector. "Shot in battle, sir," would be the answer, and it saved me, for many months, a deal of rubbing and scrubbing. Oledowski, or whatever his name was, the Prussian Inspector of Hardee's corps, passed that gun a dozen times. It was still a serviceable weapon, but Captain Kelly, of the Rock City Guards, just before the battle of Chickamauga, got tired of my usual excuse, and a summary order was issued to turn it over to the quartermaster and get a good one. The privates were at times on a par with their officers, in shrewd devices to escape duty, and their humor at times smacked of Irish flavor. Thus said an inspector to J. W. Branch, of the same company, who kept a clean gun, but which needed oiling—"Why do you not grease that gun?" "I can't afford it, sir; I can't grease my throat." Under the highest system of tariff taxation, grease in the Confederacy would have been admitted free.

I have endeavored in the foregoing to depict the experiences of a private soldier, in connection with the operations of his regiment and brigade, in a notable battle. I am well aware that from the ranks, the field of observation is extremely limited. It extends only to the front and a few companies or regiments, to the right or left. Generally, he finds enough to do in front.

It only remains for me to say, that on the morning of November 27th, two days after the conflict at Missionary Ridge, it was reserved for Cleburne's division, at Ringgold Gap, to administer a sharp and brilliant repulse to many times its number, and with this inspiring result, the elastic temperament of the Confederates regained its normal condition and the campaign which ended with 1863, may be said to have virtually closed.

PRIVATE ROCK CITY GUARDS.

NASHVILLE, TENN., January 26, 1884.



[Written for the BIVOUC.]

THE BATTLE FOR THE HAY RICKS.



ANY of the reminiscences of soldier life and of war incidents, called up after time has grayed the locks and furrowed the brow of the actor, resemble the pencilings of a disturbed dream of the night, gathered into a tripartite picture. In the first, though its lines are faint and its colors fading, a soldier lad is seen waving an adieu to home as he marches away beneath the wind-spread banner of his choice; the second scene, on the other hand, is one of suffering, of danger, and strife, and the youthful soldier is writing of the battle while a burial party is scattering thin soil over the slain and the wounded are being borne off the field; in the third, the sulphurous smoke is rising from over devastated fields, a beaten army is grounding its arms and furling its battle-flags, while the golden sunshine rests on a scene of desolation made more impressive because of chimneys standing like monuments of a happy past, and a haggard soldier searching among the ruins for a home which is not there.

A soldier, in his reverie, sees more than this, and like a practiced reader, whose thoughts travel over the printed page in equal pace with his eyes and "reads between the lines," this mental gaze lingers not altogether over such gloom-shaded scenes but flits along to the light, the trivial, and merry makings, and salutes them all with something like the echo of his old light-hearted laughter, because these things made his life in the field and camp not only endurable, but enjoyable to a degree that finds its only explanation in the phrase, "because it was."

Tell an ex-soldier how a military movement was effected, of the disposition of this and that division of the army, of the advance, of the retreat, and even of the battle itself, and "Corporal Trim" will find "Uncle Toby" sleeping as soundly as he was wont to do twenty years ago, on a couple of slanting rails; but relate to him a deed of individual daring, the raid on the chickens, the pillage of the milk-house, or how the trick was played on Jim in his mess, and the auditor will be as wide-awake as if he had mistaken a flax hackle for a camp-stool.

War is not absorbingly funny, but a soldier does contrive, somehow, to extract fun from the war turnip though it may be much shrivelled after an exposure of a score of years.

It is not an uncommon sight to see those who once were foes engaged in good-humored chat over the events of the war and they will continue to swap lies as long as they have the breath of life. But they now begin to see that "drawing the long bow" was not a monopoly of the private soldier, and that the general officers were also skillful marksmen.

In every well-regulated library on the upper shelf, may be found a number of books of uniform black binding. If you take the trouble to brush the dust off the gold lettering, you will read, Patent Office Reports, Report of Commissioner of Agriculture, and Official Records of the War of the Rebellion. From the last named of these cheerful tomes select Volume V., Series I., and you will find the reports of the officers whose commands participated in an affair called the battle of Dranesville, which title, in the comparative light of graver engagements, was dwarfed into a skirmish, and from this degradation, the writer raises it, and calls it, "the Battle for the Hay Ricks."

On December 21st, 1861, the Union General McCall ascertained that two good Union men (Union men in Virginia were always good because scarce) had been carried off by the rebel pickets, determined to retaliate by capturing the picket reserve and at the same time seize some hay belonging to the rank rebels of the neighborhood. (Rebels in Virginia were always rank because plentiful.) Accordingly he sent General Ord with his brigade, consisting of the Sixth, Ninth, Tenth, and the Twelfth Pennsylvania Infantry, the First Pennsylvania Rifles, together with the First Pennsylvania Artillery (six guns), and the First Pennsylvania Cavalry to effect this purpose, and, at the same time, he stationed within striking distance, at Difficult creek, the brigades of General Reynolds and Meade as a reserve.

The Confederate General Stuart knowing that all the Confederate wagons that could be spared for hay were foraging in that direction, hastily got together four regiments of infantry, viz: the Eleventh Virginia, Sixth South Carolina, First Kentucky, and Tenth Alabama, together with a section of Cutt's (Georgia) battery of four guns, and started to intercept the enemy at Dranesville; but on reaching that place found the Federals occupying the most commanding positions, so that nothing was left but to divert his attention from the Confederate wagon-train by vigorously attacking him.

Stuart's soldiers were spoiling for a fight, the Pennsylvanians furnished available material, and like the old man shelling corn, who stood so fair to his son armed with a shingle, they "stood so fair," that the Confederate shingle came down with a whack. And thus it was on

the 20th day of December, five Union regiments of infantry, with six guns and two brigades in reserve, confronted four Confederate regiments of infantry and four guns at Dranesville. The fight lasted in a desultory sort of way about two hours. The Federal General Ord reported that the rout of the Southerners was complete, while the Confederate General Stuart declared that his retreat was orderly. General Ord reported his loss at sixty-eight, while General Stuart estimates the Federal loss as greater than that of the Confederates. The reports of each, bristle all over with complimentary slush for staff-officers; and the field-officers are pelted with such adjectives as gallant, heroic, intrepid, daring, cool, distinguished, noble, and brave, and are summed up thus:

Federal—"Marched twenty-four miles, beaten the enemy, bringing in the killed and wounded, and loaded our wagons with forage."

Confederate—"Saved our transportation, inflicted a loss on the enemy greater than our own, rendering him unequal to the task of pursuit, retired in perfect order, a glorious success."

To an observer, the whole affair is remembered as a serio-comedy of errors. The First Kentucky regiment fired into the Sixth South Carolina; the Twelfth Pennsylvania mistook a Confederate regiment for one of theirs, and a Confederate regiment took a Federal regiment for the Sixth South Carolina, but the writer does know that with the exception of those killed by the rifle companies on the right and left, the Kentuckians killed South Carolinians only, and in the uncertainty of who were friends or who were foes, they fell back a foot or two, reformed, retreated when ordered so to do, and went slowly back to camp, so far as they knew, unpursued. If this affair is worth an inquiry in search of the truth of history, the inquirer is referred to the method of a former Louisville market reporter. There was at that time no Board of Trade, yet his reports were so nearly accurate as to excite surprise and this was explained by him in this way, "I go to the merchant who has a large stock and to him whose stock is small, get both their prices and then strike an average between the *two lies*." The Confederate general saved his hay and retreated before the enemy's reserve then, en route, came up.

The Federal general held the field and after waiting a decent time in respect to his foeman, dashed into the wood to find the enemy gone and was, therefore, the victor, and the Confederate leader going slowly back to Centreville in the wake of his well-filled wagons, was, therefore, gloriously successful though whipped. If you are not satisfied with this summary, turn to Volume V., Series I., and strike the average.

W. M. MARRINER.

CAPTURE OF A RAILROAD TRAIN.



IN the August number of *THE BIVOUAC* appeared an account of the daring feat of Captain John T. Peerce, at Bloomington, capturing one hundred Federals with ten Confederates, in which were several errors, and which has called forth the following account:

In the spring or early part of the summer of 1864, I believe, Captain John H. McNeill came over from the Shenandoah valley for the purpose of destroying the machine shops at Piedmont, on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. He found me on the south branch on detached service and requested me to accompany him, which I readily consented to do. We left the Old Fields, in Hardy county, soon after dark, and after traveling through the mountains all night concealed ourselves between Patterson's creek and Mill Run during the day.

The second night we passed Knobley mountain through Doll's Gap, and by a path to the top of Allegheny mountains, on the N. W. turnpike. Crossing the pike we followed the Elk Garden road a short distance to the intersection of a road leading to Piedmont and Bloomington, and reached Bloomington at daylight. Upon our arrival, Captain McNeill ordered the telegraph wires cut, and stopping the first train going east he had the engineer to detach the engine and sent Lieutenant Dolon and one or two others on it with a flag of truce, to demand the surrender of the guard at Piedmont, two miles distant. Leaving me at Bloomington in charge of ten men (*viz*: Charles Watkins, John Lynn, George W. Allen, Wm. Pool, Benjamin Woodring, George Little, James W. Crawford, John Overman, Wayne Cosner, and Peter Divieman), for the purpose of stopping all trains which might arrive before his return, he followed Lieutenant Dolon with his command (about fifty men), and in less than half an hour we saw the flames from the engine house and machine shops in Piedmont. We, in the meantime, had stopped two freight trains and gave the citizens permission to help themselves, with which they were highly pleased. I sent Mose Everett, the conductor of one of these trains, up the road under guard to signal the passenger train east, which would be due in half an hour. About this time I was kindly informed by one of the citizens that another of the citizens had gone around our picket, ran to Frankville, telegraphed to Oakland and stopped the passenger train, and that the next train would

be loaded with soldiers, and we were, therefore, advised to make our escape. Although not believing this report, I dismounted the men (putting the horses where they could be easily reached), and scattered them along the road to ascertain the facts as the train passed, myself remaining on my horse and occupying a street running at right angles with and above the railroad, from which I would have a clear view of the train when stopped at the platform. I soon heard the signal for down brakes, followed shortly after by the cry from my men of "loaded with soldiers." I called at the top of my voice, "mount your horses," which was obeyed with alacrity, and we formed behind a house around the corner of which I had a full view of the train. I could see there were two full car loads of soldiers and that they were fully armed and equipped, their guns sitting diagonally across the windows.

My first impulse was to run and save myself and my little command. I do not profess to have any of that kind of bravery which would endanger my own life or the lives of those associated with me unless the end to be attained was worthy of the risk. I shall never be able, however, to describe the intense feeling which pervaded me or the rapidity with which the perils of McNeill and his men presented themselves to my mind.

The Federal troops from New Creek, perhaps one thousand strong, attracted by the smoke at Piedmont, were marching on him from the east; with these troops in the train occupying this narrow valley on the west, with an impassable mountain barrier on the south, and the north branch of the Potomac and another impassable mountain barrier on the north, their destruction was inevitable. I resolved, in my mind, that if the train could be reached before they could be informed as to our numbers, we could capture them and relieve McNeill. In the twinkling of an eye we were upon them. I passed around the rear of the train to get to the platform.

I first met Samuel Gill, the conductor, who, at my request, pointed to the captain in command, standing on the rear end of the car. I dashed my horse upon the platform and, with my pistol at his breast, demanded his surrender. I shall never forget the bravery he displayed in his cool, deliberate answer, which was, "My God! It's — hard to be gobbled up in this way, but I have no alternative; I have no ammunition." I ordered him to bring his men out, to which some one added, "leave your guns inside," which order was immediately obeyed.

In charging the train Charley Watkins, a brave little fellow from
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Baltimore, approached it on the opposite side from me, and commenced calling back at the top of his voice to some imaginary command, to send up Company F and Company G, for the purpose of deceiving them as to our numbers.

So soon as I discovered they had surrendered in good faith, I ordered them to fall into line as they left the cars, and immediately sent a messenger to Captain McNeill, informing him that I had one hundred prisoners and nobody to guard them. I then turned my attention to the rear car, which I discovered to be occupied by citizens, principally ladies, and riding to one of the windows I informed them that we were Southern soldiers, and that no lady need feel the slightest alarm in the hands of Southern gentlemen.

So soon as formed, I marched the prisoners, under guard of four or five men, to the Virginia side of the river, leaving the remainder of our little band to destroy the arms and bring away such as we might desire to keep. There were found on the cars eighteen revolvers, some of which were finely finished and all fully loaded.

One of McNeill's men greatly erred in saying I entered the cars and demanded the surrender. I did not at any time, after charging the train, leave my horse until after we reached the Virginia side of the river, where we were met by Captain McNeill and his men, who came up at full speed, greatly elated over our success.

After burning the trains and paroling the prisoners, the captain took leave of the latter and commenced moving back, leaving me taking a drink with a half dozen of those whom we had captured. He had not gone more than two hundred yards, however, when a furious fire of artillery and infantry was opened upon him from the Maryland side, which stampeded his command and caused me to grab my bottle (which had been presented to me by a citizen of Bloomington), and follow in hot pursuit. Strange to say, although we were exposed to this artillery fire for more than a mile, it did us no damage except the killing and wounding of a few horses. One of these shells, however, passed through a house on the side of the mountain, killing a young lady and one or two children, and wounding one or two others.

About the time we were getting out of danger of the shells, we met Old Joseph Dixon, who was then over ninety years old, and who, seeing the smoke from the shops at Piedmont, came out to see what was going on, and who returned with us piloting us through the mountains for eight or ten miles, and giving us a hearty shake of the hand at parting.

We traveled all night that night, crossing the N. W. turnpike at

Stony river bridge, evading the Federal troops sent to intercept us at Mount Storm and above Greenland, and reached Petersburg, and from thence to Moorefield the next day, where we could rest from our labors in peace and quietness.

JOHN T. PEERCE.

BURLINGTON, W. VA.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

DEATH OF ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

When General Albert Sidney Johnston fell, then fell the cause of the South.

Early on that Sabbath morning, on the 6th of April, 1862, General Johnston was in his saddle. The left wing of the First Tennessee regiment and Colonel Forrest's cavalry, were ordered to report to General Johnston in person for orders.

I remember how the grand old hero looked. Generals Robert E. Lee and Albert Sidney Johnston would have passed for brothers; in fact, were alike in most every respect.

We received our orders to pass around the enemy's flank, and to watch the river. Colonel Forrest went to the river, and we then were ordered back in support of General Bragg's center. When we got back to the battle-field we found the enemy driven from his stronghold, and the battle still raging in the front. But without orders we kept edging up inch by inch, to learn what was going on at the front, and we saw General Johnston fall from his horse in the arms of Governor Harris. I can not describe the scene. The tears which brave men shed are only those of tenderness and love, but the tears shed on that day were those of gall and bitterness. Such scenes of agony and sorrow are seldom witnessed, and when once seen are never forgotten. The information of his death was received with consternation, and the news quickly spread among the rank and file of the soldiery.

It was a day of sorrow, not only for those who knelt around his dying form, but it was the death of a hero, and an immortal, upon whose shoulders hung the destiny of a nation.

I saw him die. He was the first dead soldier that I ever saw, and I well remember the impression made on my mind. There are many other scenes and occurrences of the war which fill my mind with awe, but I have never been conscious of any emotion so profound and solemn as that which overcome me while I witnessed the last expiring gasp of life when time is united with eternity, and the last sigh seems

to be of the spirit which is immortal. About this time a courier dashed up, and ordered us to go to the support of Bragg's center.

We had to charge over the ground where our troops had been fighting all day. The ground was filled with dead and dying. No painter could draw a truer picture of a battle-field; cannon and caissons, broken wheels, and wounded men waving their hats and handkerchiefs, and shouting to us to go forward. Horses, men, cannon, wagons, tents, guns, knapsacks, haversacks, and a general wreck, told of the death-struggle. The infirmiry corps carrying back the wounded men, coming back limping and bleeding; the ambulances dashing—dashing in and out, and above all, the roar of battle. When we see Bragg's center broken, and running, and panic-stricken; when we are ordered to fire at will, and to charge bayonets, we fire a solid volley into Prentiss' brigade and they are seen to break, but they are captured, and we press right on to the river. Our dead and wounded being left behind we are ordered to go forward, and everybody is flushed with the glory of victory. We expect to be the first at the final surrender of Grant and his whole army. When—hush! Halt! Those four letters, H-A-L-T, and then—farewell, Southern Confederacy.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

BOLD ESCAPE FROM CAPTIVITY OF B. C. WASHINGTON.



ASSUREDLY, Lieutenant Washington, the hero of the following true tale, deserves a place in history, if not for his own exploits, for the reason that he is a fine type of a numerous class in the Confederate army, who figured very little in official reports, but were potent factors in the conflict. They were educated gentlemen; some rich, all in comfortable circumstances, who entered the ranks, and indifferent to position, fought through the war for an honorable peace. Their highest ambition was "to live and die a gentleman." They might be seen in every camp and on every battle-field. They were plainly and sometimes shabbily dressed, but always with arms ready for use and with hearts full of "all gentleness and courtesy."

In conversation, bright yet kindly wit revealed the polish of their minds and the quality of their breeding. In intercourse, they were modest and unassuming, and on the march, patient and helpful to

others, but they rushed to the fray as to a feast and in battle were efficient, brave, and aggressive.

Lieutenant Washington is a lineal descendant of a half-brother of General Washington, and is a grandson of Charles Washington, after whom the town of Charlestown, of West Virginia, was named. His immediate ancestor settled in the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, made classic by many a hard-fought battle during the war, but long before legend or story had invested it with a romantic interest, as the enchanted ground that allured across the Blue Ridge the "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe," with Governor Spottswood,

"The knightliest of the knightly race
That ever buckled sword."

At the breaking out of hostilities Lieutenant Washington, though yet a boy, enlisted as a private in the Bott's Grays, afterward Company G, in the Second Virginia Regiment of Infantry, Stonewall brigade. At the close of the year he was transferred to Company B, Twelfth Regiment Virginia Cavalry, and till the surrender remained in that command.

The following narrative is by one of his comrades:

In 1863, the Federal cavalry were retiring from Culpeper Court-house, marching in column. General Rosser was following them, and General Fitz Lee was expected to strike their flank by moving from the direction of Stephensburg. Rosser's advance regiment was the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, and Company B was in front. By the way, General J. E. B. Stuart said to the writer once in his tent near Orange Court-house, that Company B (Baylor's company) of the Twelfth, and Company D (Clark's cavalry), of the Sixth Virginia Cavalry, were, take them all in all, the best fighting companies in the cavalry corps, but that they were like sora, as soon as the frost came, they *would* go home in spite of the camp guards. The dust raised by both parties was so great that the Federals did not recognize the enemy before the order to charge was given and Company B had dashed right into the midst of them. Company B was, however, far in advance of its support.

The Federals soon perceived that Company B was far ahead of its support. Accordingly, they formed squadrons, charged and drove the company back by their overwhelming numbers.

All the men succeeded in getting back safely to the main column except private B. C. Washington. The account of his capture is so graphic that it had better be told in his own words: "Ditches form a large part of the native products of Culpeper county. I

thought, on this occasion, the crop seemed the largest I had ever seen—at least ten per acre. Most of our fellows cleared the ditches in true fox-hunter style, leaving the hounds behind them. But my horse was a Yankee horse, captured by me a few days before at the 'Jack's shop' fight from one Major McEwing, of Kilpatrick's staff, and this horse of *Northern* extraction 'put up a job' on me by refusing the ditch, and, veering to the right, started on a tour of discovery for the *end* of the ditch. By this time, some half dozen Yankees were after me at full speed, yelling and firing. A bullet struck my gallant steed, which, aided by a tremendous effort on my part, accelerated a leap at the ditch. He cleared it, but 'landed' in a bog with his head under his knees and over I went into the mud. A similar performance was enacted by several of the pursuers, most of them being unhorsed, and *all* demanding a complete and unconditional surrender to *each individually*. I don't like to boast, but I must say this surrender of mine is a thing over which I have had moments of *great inward pride*. It is an easy thing to shine out in the supreme hour of victory, and ride with ten fellows after one retreating Yankee, yelling out 'give him the —,' but when the supreme hour is *reversed*, and ten Yanks are after *you*, in the situation just described, yelling 'surren—dar' at the top of their voices, requiring you to hand your pistol to *each* of them *individually*, each one with pistols pointed so straight at one's head, that if he had ten eyes he could have seen down the barrels of each of them—I say, a situation like this *develops a man*; it is a crucial test of what is in him, and it developed *my* military talents in the twinkling of an eye. And I now make the following claim: *I am the champion surrenderer in America, if not in the world*, for I surrendered, under the afore-described circumstances, to not less than five armed Yankees."

He was taken to the North, back of the Rappahannock, which river Meade had made his line of defense. Private Washington was placed with a number of other prisoners, and a strong guard surrounded them. He had been a captive in a Yankee prison in the early part of the war, having been captured at Kerrstown while attempting to carry off his wounded brother. The recollection of a six-months' sojourn in a Yankee prison naturally made him rather depressed on this occasion. He consequently determined to make his escape if there was a ghost of a chance shown him. The chance came. The guard was ordered to remove the prisoners farther back from the river. The prisoners were formed in column and marched

off. A large body of Yankee troops were encamped on the plain, and they gathered in crowds to get a sight of the rebels as they were marched off. It was about an hour after sunset, and as the column of prisoners marched along between the two walls of spectators, Washington quietly stepped out of the column of prisoners and joined the *spectators*. The darkness and the crowd helped him, his change of base was unobserved, and after watching the line pass by, he concluded that it would probably be conducive to his health to take a little stroll down to the banks of the lovely Rappahannock. Accordingly he took off his *gray* jacket (possibly being rather warmed up by the proximity of so many men), rolled it up in a bundle, tucked it under his arm, and having on a pair of blue pantaloons, he was not molested in his quiet stroll to the river. The river was not "wadeable," as he found by trial, and the only way to reach his Southern friends was by way of the railroad bridge. Naturally, Major-General Meade had placed a guard at the bridge, for at sunset this astute general had removed his "head (?) quarters from the saddle," and desired rest with *security*. Private Washington observed the sentinel, and examined the surroundings for a long time before a plan—a daring plan—occurred to him. He walked down the bank to the front of the abutment, climbed up it, and when he reached the wooden streets, climbed out on them, and up on to the bridge to the south of the sentinel. Gaily he walked the bridge, almost ready to whistle, he felt so joyous. But, alas! As he neared the southern end, out against the sky he saw the form of *another sentinel!* He watched that sentinel a long time, saw no chance of surprising him, and knew that when *daylight* came, he would be discovered and ingloriously led back to prison. After gazing at that sentinel as long, as intently, and as *silently* as a lover gazes at his sweetheart, he heard a tramp, tramp, tramp, *behind* him. The guard was coming to relieve the sentinel. Quick as lightning an idea strikes him. He gets behind an upright beam, waits till the last man passes, falls in the rear, and, for the time being, becomes a Yankee soldier. The real rear man looked around, seemed to study awhile how there could be *two last* men in a column, gave it up as an insoluble problem, and marched on without saying a word. When the south end of the bridge was reached, the officer ordered his men in line to be counted. It occurred to Private Washington that the term of his enlistment in the Yankee army had better cease. So, taking advantage of the darkness, he gradually sidled off, made his way off the bridge, took a bee-line south as gay as any lark *you* ever saw. Alas! alas! He had not proceeded far before his

heart sank into his boots again, and he felt that some Yankee prison must have marked him for its own, for right in front he saw a line of sentinels. He got down on the ground and crawled up as near as he dared, to a point where two adjacent sentinels joined each other in their beat backward and forward. The only chance was to get through the line before daybreak, for then he certainly would be discovered; and yet he lay on the ground watching these walking sentinels for fully an hour, afraid to try to cross the path lest he lose all he had so far gained. At last, growing desperate, he waited till the two sentinels met each other, turned back to back, and walked apart. Then he rose, stepped quickly and lightly across the path, and when the sentinels turned again, Washington was twenty yards *south* of their line, and flat on the ground. He soon crawled out of all danger from the sentinels, arose and walked off rapidly to find some Confederate camp. After walking a mile or two he came in sight of a camp-fire, around which some soldiers were reclining, but look as hard as he could, for the life of him he could not make out whether the soldiers were Yankees or Confederates. For a long, long time he stood near, waiting for something to indicate to what side the soldiers belonged. At last one fellow arose, threw some wood on the fire, and said, "When the sun rises I hope there won't be a ——— Yankee this side of the Rappahannock!" The word "Yankee" was enough for Washington. With a joyous shout he rushed up, and was prepared to hug everybody around the fire. He told his story, and it seemed so wonderful that a detachment was sent with him to General J. E. B. Stuart's headquarters. Washington related the mode of his escape to General Stuart, and the latter was so much struck with the boldness displayed, that he renewed a recommendation sent to army headquarters, just after the "Jack's Shop" fight, that Private Washington be made a lieutenant in the Provisional army of the Confederate States, for "gallant and meritorious conduct on the field." This was done, and Washington served the rest of the war as an officer in the company in which he had been private.

J. S. B.



THE ORIGINAL "DIXIE."

There have been one or two publications of the songs composed and sung in the South, during the war, but many of the familiar ones have been omitted, that now only exist in some old scrap book, or live in the memories of those who sang them. There is nothing that will give our readers more genuine pleasure than to see some of these songs in print again, and we ask them all to send us copies for publication in the *BIVOUAC*. The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* gives the following as the correct original of the famous "Dixie:"

- "I wish I was in de land of cotton,
Ole times dar am not forgotten;
In Dixie land whar I was bawn in,
'Arly on a frosty mawnin'.
- "Ole Missus marry Will, de weaber;
Will he was a gay deceaber;
When he puts his arm around her,
He looked as fierce as a forty-pounder.
- "His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat didn't seem a bit to greab 'er;
Will run away, Missus took a decline,
Her face was de color ob de bacon rine.
- "While Mussus libbed she libbed in clobber,
When she died she died ober;
How could she act de foolish part,
An' marry a man to broke her heart?
- "Buckwheat cakes an' cawn-meal batter
Makes you fat, or little fatter;
Here's a health to de nex' ole Missus,
An' all de gals as wants to kiss us.
- "Now, if you want to dribe away sorrow,
Come an' hear dis song to-morrow;
Den hoe it down an' scratch de grabbel,
To Dixie land I'm bound to trabbel.

CHORUS.

- "I wish I was in Dixie, hooray, hooray!
In Dixie's land
We'll take our stand,
To live an' die in Dixie;
Away, away, away down Souf in Dixie;
Away, away, away down Souf in Dixie!"

ALL HANDS AROUND.

One of the most pleasing instances of "shaking hands across the bloody chasm" that has ever come under our observation occurred recently between a Federal colonel from the New England States and a Confederate major, of Virginia, whom the fortunes of war had thrown together once during the conflict, and who, after a lapse of twenty years, have discovered each other's identity in remote cities of the now glorious Union, and exchange those cordial greetings which only brave hearts can appreciate. We give the incident in the words of one of the participants: "After the memorable battle of Cedar Mountain, between Stonewall Jackson and General Pope, the Federal prisoners, some five hundred in number, were given in charge over to our squadron of cavalry with instructions to convey them to the rear and turn them over to the provost-marshal at Gordonsville, Virginia. The order came just after dark, when we were preparing our suppers, and the men were congratulating themselves upon the prospect of a night's rest, after the day's hard work. The order was to report at once, and the unwelcome notes of the bugle warning to 'saddle up' were most reluctantly obeyed, the boys forming into ranks with their half-cooked suppers in the utensils in which they had been prepared.

"The prisoners that were put in our charge, however, were worse off than ourselves, having had no part of a supper, and being compelled to walk, while we were on horseback. We marched all night, and soon after sunrise reached Orange Court-house, where we halted for breakfast. The citizens offered to give the Confederates theirs, but refused to furnish any for the prisoners, saying that some Federals had been in their village a few days before and mistreated them. We then applied to the post commissary, but he also refused, saying that he was not subject to our orders. We put him under temporary arrest, and helped ourselves to rations sufficient for all hands. After breakfast we took the train for Gordonsville, where we turned our prisoners over; but before taking leave of us, they formed en masse and passed resolutions thanking our command for their kindness to them. One of the prisoners, a colonel from Connecticut, stepped up to me and said, 'I have no way of expressing my appreciation of the kind consideration shown by your command to us prisoners, but as a testimonial of it let me present you with my shoulder-straps, which represent everything that is sacred to me, as a soldier.'

"I hesitated to accept his gift chiefly because of their great value

to the donor, which I fully appreciated, but finally took them and we parted, he to go to Libby prison and I to follow Stonewall Jackson. Among the few possessions that remained to me after the war, were these shoulder-straps, and I have since tried several times to trace out the gallant colonel. It was only lately that I found him, through the kindness of General Wright, of the War Record Office, at Washington, and wrote, asking him if he had forgotten the circumstance, and if he desired to renew the acquaintance. His reply breathes more the sentiment of lost friends than enemies, and shows most beautifully the feeling which animates the soldiers who met and knew each other's prowess on the battle-field."

[Written for the *BIVOUAC*.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL FORREST.

From the spring of 1864 to the surrender of our army, I was a soldier in the command of General Forrest. The only practical defense to the States of Alabama and Mississippi during this time, was such as Forrest could make, except attacks by way of Mobile, with which he was not charged. His men were not well mounted or armed; his railway facilities were limited in amount and miserable in appointments; yet he had the ability to so dispose of his forces as to be accurately informed of the movements of the enemy, and whether an advance was made from Huntsville, or Corinth, or Memphis, or Vicksburg, he was always ready and able to concentrate his forces in three or four days' time.

He was quick of perception and possessed of infinite resources. Indeed, no occasion could arise that he was not ready for the emergency in a moment. Take the battle of Tishomingo creek, or Bryer's cross-roads, for example. It was evidently not his intention to make the fight when and where he did. Chalmer's division had been ordered to Georgia and had reached Montevallo, Alabama, on the route, when he ordered them back to help repulse General Sturgis. Yet before they had gone half way he saw and took advantage of the opportunity, and gained one of the most brilliant victories of the war. Then at Oxford, in the summer of 1864, he was confronted with a vastly superior force, and in order to check the advance, he took the greater part of his command, and before he was missed from the front he was in Memphis, more than one hundred miles in the rear of the Federal army. He was accustomed to do things which, from their very boldness, were not expected or provided

against. When he made the raid into Middle Tennessee in the fall of 1864, and captured Athens and destroyed many block-houses along the Nashville & Decatur railroad, and took almost as many prisoners as he had men, his favorite strategy was to so deploy his force as to show the enemy that he had an immense army. He would exhibit his infantry, who were his men dismounted, and then exhibit his cavalry reserve, which was simply the horses with the horse-holders.

In this way he presented an argument to his entrenched enemy which was answered by a surrender, "to avoid the useless shedding of blood."

Take the battle of Johnsonville, where, with a few light field-pieces, supported by his cavalry, he captured and destroyed the entire Federal fleet of gun-boats and transports.

General Sherman wrote of that wonderful victory as follows: "On the 31st of October, Forrest made his appearance on the Tennessee river opposite Johnsonville (whence a new railroad led to Nashville), and with his cavalry and field-pieces actually crippled and captured two gun-boats with five of our transports, a feat of arms which I confess excited my admiration."—[Sherman's Memoirs, Vol. II., page 164.]

There was nothing too bold for him to undertake and he was generally successful in such movements.

He was, in a great measure, to the Western army what Stonewall Jackson was to the Virginia army. Yet the two men were altogether of different types.

The soldiers had great admiration for the genius and bravery of Forrest, and they always knew that his movements meant a fight and that every man *must* do his duty. He had no respect or toleration for a coward. He did not command the love of his soldiers like Jackson did. He dealt with desertion in the most summary manner.

In the last year of the war there was no such thing as drill, dress-parade, or review in his command.

He was a man of great will and decided character, and with all of his apparent harshness, had a kind heart.

It is true his operations were mainly in a country with which he was familiar, and among a friendly people, but it must be conceded that no man could have accomplished more with his resources. No braver man ever lived, and he commanded the confidence and enthusiasm of his men.

In his farewell address, he truly said, "I have never, on the field

of battle, sent you where I was unwilling to go myself; nor would I now advise you to a course which I felt myself unwilling to pursue." And then as a benediction to a gallant army, he said: "*You have been good soldiers; you can be good citizens. Obey the laws, preserve your honor, and the government to which you have surrendered can afford to be, and will be, magnanimous.*"

History has not yet accorded to General Forrest the meed of praise due him. He was one of the really great leaders developed by the war. And while it is not my purpose to compare him with any other, or to detract from the fame or glory of any, yet I must say that his name will be written among the brightest stars that shone in the dark and bloody firmament of a "lost cause." W. O. D.

THE RECORD OF A NOBLE WOMAN.



BEING inspired by an ardent zeal or a high sense of duty, not a few noble women during the war arose conspicuous to view. Their gentle deeds, though done in humble spheres, yet shone like "a bright light in a low world."

Fair exemplars they were of patriotic virtue, whose acts of devotion helped much to enshrine in our memories a melancholy past; and they should not be forgotten.

In the March number of *THE BIVOUAC* was given a short sketch of a lady who, during the war, tenderly cared for the sick and suffering Confederates in a Northern prison. It is now proposed to give the record of one who, animated with a romantic love for the cause of the South, left a luxurious home and spent nearly four years in nursing the sick and wounded in Confederate hospitals.

Mrs. Fannie A. Beers was a native of the North and the child of fond parents, who gave her every educational advantage and the means of acquiring all the accomplishments usual in refined circles. When very young she was married to her present husband, and, before the war, came South to reside at New Orleans.

By nature, ardent and susceptible, she readily adapted herself to the surroundings of her new life and soon grew to love the people and the land of her adoption. A few years of happiness passed and then came the sectional storm. Full well she knew that it threatened to sunder cherished ties, but it did not move her from the side of her choice. When the struggle came at last, and her home was

broken up in New Orleans, by the absence of her husband in the field, she returned to the parental roof to beguile the time in the companionship of her mother. But the separation, with the anxiety it brought, became intolerable; besides, from the positiveness of her opinions and the warmth of her zeal, she soon became ill at ease in the land of her birth. So, with her mother's approval, she resolved to face all perils and to return and share the fortunes of the Confederacy. Taking her little boy she set out for "Dixie," and after many trials arrived at Richmond, Virginia, just after the battle of Bull Run. Here she was kindly cared for by some old acquaintances, among whom was Commodore Maury, a friend of her family and who had dedicated his "Geography of the Sea" to her uncle, George Manning, of New York.

Through his introduction, she made many dear friends among the ladies of Richmond, some of whom pressed her to come and dwell with them. But she neither needed nor was seeking roof and shelter. If she so wished, she might have found them with her husband's wealthy relatives, in Alabama. What she felt the want of was occupation—work in behalf of the cause to which, in spite of selfish reasons, she felt impelled to devote herself.

In order that she might have this work, and at the same time be where assistance could be rendered her husband and friends at the front, she asked to be appointed a hospital matron. Commodore Maury for some time protested against such a step, saying that she was too young and had been too tenderly raised, but she persisted, and he finally yielded, as appears from the following letter:

RICHMOND, August 10, 1861.

My Dear Fanny:

You bear the heart of a true and tender woman, in the breast of a noble patriot. I will no longer oppose your wishes, and mean to help you all I can. Command me at any and all times.

Yours truly,

MATTHEW F. MAURY.

At first she assisted in a private hospital maintained by some Richmond ladies, who, by turns, sent in all the food required. Permission was applied for to enter the Louisiana hospital, but it was refused.

In a few weeks she was appointed matron in charge of the Second Alabama hospital, with liberty to receive a limited number of her friends who might wish to be taken care of there. Soon after she entered upon her regular duties, the sick and wounded began to pour in, and from this time forward she was constantly employed, till within a few weeks of the battle of Shiloh. With the departure of

her husband's command to Tennessee, she was disposed for a like change of field of duty. She now left Richmond, and for a few weeks only was occupied with a visit to her husband's relatives. Then she resumed her hospital work at Gainesville, Alabama.

Her subsequent career is best related in the following letters from surgeons of high rank, and whose official positions gave them abundant opportunities of estimating the work she performed, and the strength of the spirit which animated her.

These letters were called from their authors in the spring of 1883, nearly twenty years after the close of the war, upon the occasion of a musical and literary entertainment being tendered Mrs. Beers by her soldier friends, in New Orleans. So profound was the gratitude for her former services to sick and wounded Confederates, that all the military organizations exerted themselves to make it a success, and at the meeting of the members of the "Army of Tennessee," complimentary resolutions were passed, and the letters read:

NEW ORLEANS, March 8, 1883.

JUDGE ROGERS:

Dear Sir—Understanding that the members of the "Army of Tennessee" have tendered Mrs. F. A. Beers an entertainment, I feel anxious to aid in securing its success.

I am well qualified to testify to the valuable and disinterested services which this lady rendered in the Confederate hospitals during the late war. In truth, aside from officers and soldiers who may be now living and still holding in remembrance the kind and skillful nursing which she gave them *personally*, while wounded or sick, I know of only four persons whose positions made them fully cognizant of the heroism, devotion, and self-sacrifice which she brought to the discharge of her duties. These are first, Dr. T. H. McAllister, now of Marion, Alabama, in whose admirably-conducted hospital she was the only matron during the greater part of the war. Second, Dr. C. B. Gamble, now of Baltimore. Third, Dr. S. H. Stout, now of Roswell, Georgia, Medical Director of Hospitals of the Army of Tennessee. Fourth, the writer.

I know that I can venture to speak in behalf of these gentlemen and for myself, in declaring that the skill and efficiency with which she *nursed* and *fed* our sick and wounded soldiers, and the coolness and bravery with which she faced danger in discharge of these duties, do merit suitable recognition from the survivors of those rapidly-diminishing numbers who fought under the Confederate flag.

Very respectfully,

S. M. BEMISS, M. D.,

Late Ass't Med. Director and Med. Director of Hospitals, Army of Tenn.

MARION, ALABAMA, March 11, 1883.

DR. S. BEMISS, NEW ORLEANS:

Having heard an entertainment was to be given in your city on March 29th, for the benefit of Mrs. Fannie A. Beers, I feel it to be my duty, as well as pleas-

ure, to add my testimony to her worth and to the part she played in the late war. During the three years she was with me as a Confederate hospital matron, she conducted herself as a high-toned lady in the strictest sense of the term, and to every word I may say of her, there are hundreds, yea thousands, of Confederate soldiers scattered all over the South, who would cheerfully testify to some facts if opportunity were offered them. After the battles of Shiloh and Farmington, and then the evacuation of Corinth, I was ordered to establish hospitals (in June or July, 1862), for the sick and wounded of General Bragg's army, at Gainesville, Alabama. With scarcely any hospital supplies I began preparations for the same, and in answer to a card published in the Selma (Alabama) papers, asking for supplies and a suitable lady to act as matron, she promptly responded. At first sight her youthful, delicate, refined, and lady-like appearance, showing she had never been accustomed to any hardships of life, caused me to doubt her capacity to fill the position of matron. She said she desired to do something while her husband was at the front, defending our Southern homes. I soon found what she lacked in age and experience was made up in patriotism, devotion to the Southern cause, constant vigilance, and tenderness in nursing the Confederate sick and wounded. I soon learned to appreciate her services and to regard her as indispensable. She remained with me as hospital matron while I was stationed at Gainesville, Alabama; Ringgold, Georgia; Newnan, Georgia, and Fort Valley, Georgia, embracing a period of over three years. She was all the time chief matron, sometimes supervising more than 1,000 beds filled with sick and wounded, and never did any woman her whole duty better. Through heat and cold, night and day she was incessant in her attentions and watchfulness over the Confederate sick and wounded, many times so worn down by fatigue that she was scarcely able to walk; but never faltering in the discharge of her duties.

At one time while at Newnan, Georgia, the Federal forces under General McCook were advancing on the town, and it became necessary for every available man—post-officers, surgeons, convalescents, and nurses—to leave the town and wards in order to repel the invading enemy. I was much affected while hurrying from ward to ward giving general orders about the care of the sick during my absence in the fight, to see and hear the helpless and maimed begging Mrs. Beers to remain with them, and they could well testify to how well she acted her part in remaining with them and caring for their many wants, while the able-bodied men of all grades went to battle for all they held dear. At the same time, all the citizens and officers' wives sought refuge in some place of safety. After the battle, which resulted in victory to the Confederates, and the wounded of both armies were brought to our wards and the Federal prisoners (about 1,000) to the town, her attention and kindness was, if possible, doubly increased, extending help and care as well to the boys in blue as to those in gray. In her missions of mercy she made no distinction. There she was daily seen with her servant going into the prison of the Federal soldiers with bandages and baskets of provisions to minister to the wants of such as were slightly wounded or needed some attention. Many a Federal officer and soldier would doubtless bear willing testimony to these acts of unselfish kindness.

While Atlanta was invested and being shelled she, contrary to my advice and urgent remonstrances, took boxes of provisions to her husband and comrades in

the trenches when the shot and shell fell almost like hail. While at Fort Valley her courage and patriotism were put to the severest test in an epidemic of small-pox. When all who could left, she remained and nursed the Confederate soldiers with this loathsome disease. I desire to say she was a voluntary nurse, and did all her work from patriotism alone, until it became necessary for her to remain as a permanent attache of the hospitals, that her name should go upon the pay-rolls. After that she spent her hard earnings in sending boxes to the front and dispensing charity upon worthy objects immediately under her care. She was with me as voluntary nurse, or matron, for more than three years, and during that time she conducted herself in every respect so as to command the respect and esteem of all with whom she came in contact, from the humblest private to the highest in command, and the citizens of every place where she was stationed gave her a hearty welcome and invited her into the best of society.

Feeling this much was due one who suffered so many privations for "Dear Lost Cause," I send it to you for you to use as you think proper in promoting her good. You know me well, and can vouch for anything I have said.

Very respectfully,

WM. T. McALLISTER, M. D.,

Late Surgeon P. A. C. S.

After such testimonials of worth and work, anything more would seem out of place. Yet we can not refrain from mentioning some of the sayings of soldiers who, though forgotten, yet recall her with affection for the tender nursing received at her hands.

Says one, "She was the moving spirit in the hospital, officially and practically. The first object of her ministrations was to relieve suffering and save life. The next was to fit men for service. When health was restored she would brook no shirking, but with the power of kindly words impelled patients to the field. Her zeal sprang from profound convictions of the righteousness of the cause, and with the vehemence of sincerity she wielded a great influence over those who had recovered under her care."

Another declares that he has seen her "not only bathing the heads of soldiers, but washing their feet."

So the evidence accumulates, and it is no wonder she is called by many "The Florence Nightingale of the South."



[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

SHAKING UP SHERMAN'S ARMY.

I was acting as a vidette, and was stationed several hundred yards in front of our skirmish line. The Confederate army extended from Kennesaw mountain, near Marietta, Georgia, to Lost mountain, a distance of some ten miles, and the Federal army completely covered our front. I was in advance of Pine mountain, which was held by our division, and this was about the center of the respective armies that were confronting each other, and which were then being drenched by continuous rains. I took my position on the outpost in the afternoon during a blinding shower, and it was not long until I succeeded in agitating Sherman's whole army—not by any deed of daring, however, but in rather a ridiculous manner. I had loaded my gun the night before, and, in the darkness, thought I had spilled most of the powder on the ground; so to make sure, I put in the powder of an additional cartridge, the ammunition being of English manufacture, heavily charged, and the powder very strong. I had not been at my post long when the heavy shower ceased, and I looked out for the enemy in front. I saw a “gentleman in blue” step out from behind a large pine tree which stood on the opposite side of an open field that lay between us, and he seemed to be looking out for a “gentleman in gray.” To let him know that we were still in the neighborhood, I immediately pulled trigger on him, and my Enfield roared like a cannon! Stars danced before my eyes, and I felt like a cannon-ball had struck me! There were really two full charges of powder in my gun, and the concussion was so great that the hammer flew back to the half-cock, and the ramrod jumped half-way out of its place. The Federals must have thought that we had run a field-piece up to the edge of the clearing where I was, for they commenced shouting on the skirmish line, “lie down,” and this was taken up by the main line, which caused a volley of whoops and yells to sweep along the line to the right and left, and was heard to die away in the distance, the commotion thus caused no doubt reaching the uttermost confines of the vast army in our front.

I do not know that I can lay claim to this as having been any great exploit, however, for it is a well-known fact that often a rabbit scared up in a single regiment would cause a whole army to shout. It used to be a common thing in our army to account for one of these whirlwinds of cheers that swept along by saying, “It is either a rabbit or a general!”

But to my story: As soon as I got straightened up, and some-

what over the shock my own gun had given me, I directed my attention to an earth-work of the enemy on a neighboring hill, where I could see the cannon frowning through the embrasures, being fearful that this battery *would* mistake me for a section of artillery and open on my position. The big guns kept a respectful silence, however, and as soon as I reloaded my gun (being careful to put in only one cartridge). I stepped out to see what execution I had done, fully expecting to see the "gentleman in blue" lying prone on the ground, and ready for a funeral service; but I had scarcely commenced making my observations when I saw a little jet of smoke spurt out from near the old pine tree, and a minie-bullet clipped a leaf off a chestnut bush, near my head. This convinced me that the "gentleman in blue" was not only unhurt, but was in for a fight, notwithstanding the great noise I had made. We, therefore, went to work, and had exchanged as many as a dozen shots each, when another heavy shower of rain came on and put an end to a bloodless battle. I have no idea how close my bullets came to him, but I know his clipped uncomfortably close to me several times. Still, from the result, I don't think either of us could have been rated among first-class sharpshooters.

If the "gentleman in blue" survived the war (and I hope he did) and is still living, the "gentleman in gray" would like to meet him, and settle one of the "vexed questions of the war," so far as he is concerned, and that would be to find out how close those nice minie-bullets of English manufacture came to the "gentleman in blue" on that occasion.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

HUMOR AND PATHOS OF THE OLD REGIME NEGRO.

Glad to see you back 'pon de ole place, Sis Philis. Did you 'joy yo'se'f in New York?

Well, 'fore de Lord, Brer Primus, I ain't bin had time to know wedder I 'joy myse'f or not, kaze we wuz always in sech a monst'us hurry. Miss Ca'line stop at wun er dem big hotels, an' it 'peers to me ez if we wuz a-goin' up an' down in de dum' waita all de time.

Dat New York is cu'ous place, Brer Primus. I nebber sot eyes on sech a place, an' sech cu'ous people in all my life. De fu'st t'ing w'en we lan' off de ferry boat, wun er des yer peert young poor buckra chill'en' cum sidin' up ter me, an' says: "I say, lady, take yer baggage?" Well, I wuz a thinkin' he b'longed ter de hotel where Miss Ca'line wuz gwine ter stop, so I jest gib him my walise, an' 'fore

de Lord, Brer Primus, you know dat is de las' I ebber see uv dat boy or de walise either.

Wun day Miss Ca'line sen' me out fur a walk down Broadway, but I meet sech a crowd cumin' up, I s'pose dey wuz a-gwine ter a fune'l or a percession uv some sort, so I turn'd off dat street inter anudder, an' de fu'st t'ing I run agin wuz a nasty, dirty-face boot-black, an' he holler, "Ha! look at de free nigger; shoot de hat." You know, Brer Primus, Miss Ca'line nor ole Mist'es nebber 'lowed nobody ter meddle 'long er me, an' w'en dis po'r white trash come callin' me "free nigger," I tell you w'at 'tis, my ha'r jest riz on my head, an' I run after dat boy till I kotch him, an' den I boxed his jaws till I spec' de print er my hand is dar yet. But how's you bin gittin' on, Brer Primus?

Poo'ly, t'ank God, Sis Philis. I's bin 'rastlin' wid de chills fur mor' en a mont', an' dey 'most fotch me. Dem chills iz de mos' on-considerate t'ings I ebber see; dey upsots all yer kalkulations, an' kum 'pon you like a t'ief in de night. I's seed a heap uv de ups an' downs in dis life, Sis Philis, but I nebber had nothin' ter shake up dese yer dry bones like dem chills.

You does look sort er poo'ly, Brer Primus. Is yer gwine to leave Oak Bluff soon?

Me gwine ter leave Oak Bluff? No, Sis Philis, w'en ole Primus leff Oak Bluff, it will be in a box. You 'member dat night w'en little Miss Alice died, she call' me ter her bed, an' say, "Uncle Primus, will you promise me never to leave mamma an' grandma ez long ez you live?" Well, Sis Philis, I promised dat blessed chile dat, an' 'fore ole Primus would break his word ter her, he'd have his right arm tuk off plum up ter de shoulder.

After she wuz dead an' laid out, I went up ter de bed where Miss Mary an' ole Mist'es wuz a-sottin' lookin' at de dear chile, an' ez I kum up Miss Mary says, "You know, Uncle Primus, I haven't got the money to buy little Alice a coffin, an' she'll have to be buried in a pine box."

"Not w'ile ole Primus lib, Miss Mary, no chile of Mas' Robert's shall ebber be bury in a pine box," an' you know what I done, Sis Philis?

No, Brer Primus, w'at did you do?

Well, I gone down ter de landin', an' tak' de ole flat-bottom boat an' row ober ter de settlement, den I went ter de undertaker, an' say, "I wants de nicest coffin you got here, fur a little chile seven years ole." Den I pulled out de ole wallet, an' took out de same money

Mas' Robert gin me jest 'fore he wuz killed in de battle. He little t'ought dat money wuz gwine ter buy his little Alice a coffin, an' dat it wuz de las' time he'd see ole Primus. Den I gone back ter de ole plantation, an' tuck dat blessed chile in my arms an' laid her in her little coffin, while ole Mist'es an' Miss Mary sot dere lookin' at de ole man, wid de tears streamin' from der eyes. W'en I got t'rough I tuck de little white hand up an' kissed it two or t'ree times, an' wuz goin' out w'en Miss Mary sez, "Uncle Primus, you've bin a father ter de fatherless, an' God will bless you as I do now," an' she shook both dese ole hands till dey fairly ached.

No, Sis Philis, I ain't gwine ter leff Oak Bluff, till de good Lord call me, an' den I wants to meet Mas' Robert an' little Miss Alice wid a clear conscience.

MRS. F. G. DE FONTAINE.

The following lines were evidently written at the close of "Decoration Day" on the banks of a creek that ran along through the cemetery where was found an old grave, and upon the rude head-board was inscribed, "The Old Niggah," and there was also found an old yellow dog crouched upon the grave:

Thar's a lone grave on yon side of the creek,
That knows no "Decoration Day,"
For him that's left alone thar to sleep,
Was only a "Niggah," they say.

He died an old vagrant entirely alone,
And left not a soul to be sad,
They'd given him his freedom, but took away his home,
And his old yaller dog was all that he had.

They dug a rude hole and they chucked him away,
The poor old "cidevant" slave;
Not a prayer for his rest did any one say,
But his yaller dog laid down on his grave.

And thar you can see him, day after day,
At morning, at evening, at noon,
And thar's no inducement can call him away,
From his place on the grave of that "Coon."

Thar's a mighty fine monument standing right nigh,
But to me that poor mound looks biggah,
For thar's a monument money can't buy,
"A yaller dog's love for a 'Niggah.'"



Youths' Department.

THE BOLD GUERRILLA BOY.

February 20th. I had a narrow escape yesterday. It was Sunday, and Miss Sallie and I rode on horseback to attend church above three miles from here. The sun was shining bright, and our horses were as gay as colts. Miss Sallie looked lovely. She talks so sweet, and her eyes shine so bright! I was the happiest fellow that ever straddled a horse. I rode close to her so as to catch her if her horse tried to throw her. Once or twice he made out as if he was going to start, and I grabbed the reins and stopped him.

Ah! how sweetly she looked at me when she saw how careful I was about her safety! A squirrel ran across the road in front of us, and her horse got so scared that he wheeled and tried to run. He couldn't get away from *me* though! I had hold of her reins in a second, and brought him to a stand-still. It certainly is a pleasure to protect a weak, defenseless female. It is a man's duty and ought always to be his pleasure. It seemed to me that I loved her all the more while I was taking care of her in this way. As I looked at her bright face and shining eyes, I swore inwardly that I never would love any other girl so much in this world. But I couldn't tell her so. Every time I tried it, my throat got so husky that hang me if I could get a word out. I would rather charge a Yankee battery than court that girl.

When we got about half-way to the church, just as we reached the top of a hill, I raised my eyes and saw ahead of us a squad of Yankee cavalry coming right toward us. They were not more than two hundred yards from us. What in the devil to do, *I* didn't know! Said I, "Miss Sallie, these are Yankees, and therefore got us." Said she, "Mr. Buster, let's give them a race for it." It hadn't occurred to me that it would be of any use to attempt to run from so many Yankees. However, I adopted her advice immediately.

We wheeled our horses, and I socked my spurs to the very heart of my horse. My horse (which I call Rebel) answered to the call,

and away he went. Miss Sallie laid her whip pretty heavily on her horse and followed me close. The Yankees, however, saw us, for they gave a shout and followed at a gallop. We went down the road like a steam engine. Rebel did his best, and he certainly made good time. I gained a few yards on Miss Sallie, but I didn't feel uneasy about her as I felt sure the Yankees wouldn't hurt a woman, and that it was *me* they were after. So, away I went, making the fence rails fly by me. The Yankees evidently were riding good horses, as they began to gain on us, so I judged, as they began to fire at me with their carbines. The bullets whistled past me, and several, judging by the sound, must have passed within two inches of my head. I didn't feel uneasy about Miss Sallie, as I knew that they were not shooting at *her*. *I* was the one they wanted. As I couldn't turn and fight all the crowd, and as there was no use in my getting shot, I laid pretty low in the saddle, so as to give the rascals as little to aim at as possible.

At every whistle of a bullet I dug my spurs deeper into Rebel's sides, and he answered nobly to the call. He went along at railroad speed, throwing the mud back in a perfect stream. The mud spattered Miss Sallie considerably, as I was running right in front of her. However, it was no time for politeness, and I kept right on at a tremendous gait. I had gained about twenty yards, at least, on Miss Sallie, but the Yankees seemed to be coming on faster than ever, and I saw they would certainly get me if I staid on the road.

Looking down the road, I saw a gate leading into a field, and I thought that if I could get through the gate I would stand a fair chance of getting away. So I dashed for the gate, opened it, slammed it shut behind me, and struck for a body of woods on the other side of the field. I shut the gate behind me in order to gain time on the Yankees while they were opening it. I did not feel uneasy about Miss Sallie, for I knew they were after *me*, and wouldn't hurt her. She kept on down the road and was soon out of sight.

The woods were about two hundred yards from the gate, and I felt certain I could reach them before the Yankees could open the gate and overtake me. On casting my eyes around, however, I saw a new danger that made my heart stand still. The infernal Yankees, seeing me go through the gate, stopped in the rear of their party, pulled down the fence, and were now cutting across the field in order to head me before I could reach the woods. A party had also come through the gate and were in my rear. Moreover, they kept up a steady fire upon me, and the bullets cut up the dirt all around my

horse, and I could hear them call out, "Stop, you ——— rebel! Stop, you infernal scoundrel!" Hang me if I ever was in such an infernal muss before in my life! I would have stopped and surrendered, but I was afraid the rascals would shoot me anyhow. So, running was my only chance, and I bloodied my spurs at every jump.

I had got within about twenty-five yards of the woods, and a big Yankee, on a big, black horse, who headed the cutting-off party, was about double that distance off, swinging his saber around his head, and cursing me as if I was a very devil. My chance was slim for getting into the woods, but I shut my eyes and bulged ahead. I saw the very infernal fires, and felt that saber going through my ribs as if through pasteboard. However, Rebel did his best, and I went into the woods with a rush, about twenty-five yards ahead of the big Yankee.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

SCENES AT DALLAS.

During war, scenes the most ludicrous generally occur at places where the Death Angel hovers the lowest, and bears away the spirits of our bravest and best. The names of our dead at Dallas is in itself a striking history of that most sanguinary field. My mind wanders back to the nameless graves of friends who were sacrificed there, and the withered, drawn hands, the empty sleeve, and the crutch are numerous yet among the survivors.

Scenes the most thrilling and the most laughable occurred there. A few which happened in the Fourth Kentucky Infantry, I now recall. The hottest skirmish fighting was on the morning of the 26th of May, 1864. Companies D and G were engaged with varying success for several hours, until finally re-enforced by the regiment. Jim Cunningham, of Company G, had the middle finger of the right hand shot nearly off, and conceived the novel idea of having it set with the nail toward the palm—or the reverse of natural. This he called his "finger of scorn," and took a savage delight in exhibiting it. Corporal Curt Stanley, of Company D, while asleep a small distance behind the breastworks, was struck in the head by a "blue coat" sharpshooter and instantly killed. Lieutenant Horace Watts, of Company K, was lighting his pipe at a little fire just in the rear of the works, and talking pleasantly to us, who were in the trenches, when a bullet from a sharpshooter killed him.

One night our regiment was ordered to the rear and left to be relieved by one from Cleburne's division. Some disturbance on the vidette line brought on a somewhat rapid firing. The Federal lines in our front, supposing they were attacked, commenced the most terrible fusilade, their artillery joining in made the woods rattle with missiles of all sorts. Our regiment had gotten at least one hundred yards from the works when the din began, and the men thinking our works had been suddenly taken, moved out of the neighborhood with alacrity. Company D was deployed as skirmishers between the Fourth regiment and the right of Cleburne's division, and were ignorant of the movement of the command. We were, of course, filled with awe, as we knelt behind our little "rail piles," and expected every moment to be overrun by the enemy. Finally, some of us ventured to the works of our regiment to the right of us, and were astonished to find only three or four of the Fourth "holding the fort." The Union pickets had run into our works supposing them to be their own, and were greatly astonished when Adjutant Williams and Color-bearer Lindsay captured them. Some of our videttes surrendered to Company D, and it was a long time before we could convince them that we were their friends. Our regiment got back after awhile and peace reigned the balance of the night.

We understood that it was General Logan's corps in front of us, but never found any reason for the sudden scare that came upon them. I saw a Northern illustrated paper shortly afterward which represented a fearful battle and "Logan's corps" repulsing *seventeen* desperate attacks of the rebels! The scenes which followed these few minutes of shot and shell and terror were the most ridiculous ever witnessed, and would take pages to describe them.

So sure were we that the enemy were about to swoop down on us in large force, that every one knelt down with their guns thrown across the rails, cocked and ready to give them one volley and surrender. They never left their works, and we did not fire a gun.

On the 28th, we made a disastrous charge against the enemy's works. As soon as we came in sight of them we knew we had met them in vain. For there behind their entrenchments the "boys in blue," amazed at our audacity, were evidently waiting for another line or real force to come on in our wake, and storm their works. We had been drawn up in two ranks to make the charge, and the gaps between regiments showed plainly our weak condition. As soon as we reached the crest of a hill immediately in front of them, and not distant more than seventy-five yards, we halted, and Sergeant

Guilland myself took shelter behind a benevolent-looking log. By this time their line was a sheet of flame and death was feasting in our midst. The sergeant went to work on them with his "Enfield," and being a champion shot and extra cool he hit a man every time. Presently his rammer got fast in his gun after he had driven the ball half way down. "Shove it against the log, John," said I. "All right," said he, and drawing back and giving a lunge, he drove the rammer through the log (which was rotten) as if it had been mush. Thankful for our miraculous escape so far, we rolled back down the hill and joined our retreating columns. FRED JOYCE.

A PAIR OF MITTENS.

The following incident is furnished by Alexander Belcher, of the Seventh Louisiana Regiment, First Brigade (Hays'). He enlisted at eighteen years of age, was promoted sergeant after the second battle of Fredericksburg, and served during the war in the Continental Guards:

After the battle of Rappahannock bridge Colonel Terry and I, being hotly pursued by a party of Yankees made a hard run for life and liberty, for we had determined not to be taken prisoners. We came to the bank of the Rappahannock river, and Colonel Terry throwing off his boots and army overcoat, jumped in and struck out for the opposite shore. I could not swim, and the water was so icy cold that I was immediately seized with cramps, so when the Yankees came charging up and covered me with their guns, I threw up my hands and surrendered. The Yankees fished me out with their bayonets, and as I was wet and shaking with cold, I was ordered to put on the colonel's overcoat and boots, and then marched off to be shipped to prison. Here I remained four months, when I was exchanged. The first person I met on my return to camp was Colonel Terry. I still wore his boots and overcoat. Glancing at the defaced and dirty garment which had, however, served me well in the Yankee prison, he he: "Belcher, did you happen to find a pair of mittens in those pockets?"

"Yes, sir," said I, "and *here they are*. I knew you thought a heap of them, and they are as good as new."

The colonel took them reverently, and looked very glad to have them back.

"God bless you," said he; "I value these mittens more than anything I possess, for my dear old mother knit them and sent them to me."

THE SKIRMISH LINE.

IN the war of 1812, stopping in a workshop by the roadside, one of General Harrison's soldiers questioned him as to his plans.

"Are you a soldier?" asked the general.

"Yes."

"Then, sir, *be* one," said the general, as he walked away.

IN the war between the States, General Jackson (Stonewall) ordered one of his colonels to attack a certain strong position. The colonel hesitated, and at length went to General Jackson to expostulate.

"General," said the colonel, "to attack that position is madness, my regiment will be exterminated."

"Colonel," said the commander, "do your duty. I have made every arrangement to care for the wounded and to bury the dead."

IN the first year of the Confederacy, State-bank money was at a considerable discount, and at this time the members of a volunteer company in Richmond, for the purpose of equipment, went to the theater to see a play which was of the kind that ends in a happy marriage. The play passed off without interruption until the generous father places a roll of money into the hands of the blushing bride, when a soldier, who was deeply interested in the heroine of the play and who had some of the depreciated money, yelled out,

"Say, Miss, you better look at that money and see if 'taint State bank."

PARIS, KENTUCKY, February 23, 1884.

Dear Bivouac :—Shortly before the battle of Missionary Ridge, when the Kentucky brigade was in camp at Tyner's Station, some two or three miles in rear of the ridge, I was on guard at the depot one dark night, watching some supplies. About twelve o'clock a lone straggler, who had been out on a foraging expedition, came along with a sack on his shoulder. Walking leisurely along, he struck his toe against a root and fell a terrible fall forward, and while down struggling under his sack, unconscious of my presence, he said to himself, "Why in the — don't you go to bed right?" He arose and went his way, knowing not that his soliloquy was heard.

BRUCE CHAMP.

Editorial.

A WRITER of the *Bivouac* published at Boston, explains the downfall of the Confederacy as the result of the triumph of the Puritan over the Virginia idea. Whatever truth there is in the article, the mode of presenting it is hardly generous in a conscious victor. Why should he say of the captives of his sword, that their ancestors bought negroes in the first place because they wanted somebody to tyrannize over?

He should also have told us why the Puritans sold them to the Virginians, and why the same were the first English to sell Indians into slavery.

This theory of the supremacy of the Puritan idea is a pet one of New England philosophers. One of them (Lord) goes so far as to say that New England has been to America what Latium was to Italy. Such arrogance provokes one to plain speaking. The overpowering beauty and grandeur of the Puritan idea is best exhibited in the colonial times. If it be not fair to instance the hanging of witches, it is sufficient to speak of the expulsion of Quakers and Catholics, and the exclusion of Providence and Maine from the first New England confederacy on the ground of religious difference. The Massachusetts idea did not conquer the South any more than it conquered England under Cromwell. By the fortune of war it succeeded in overthrowing the regal government and establishing a despotism, but the reaction restored liberty and suppressed Puritanism as a disturbing force. At Appomattox it was the European, not the Puritan idea which conquered.

Immigration for the last century has streamed across the Northern belt, bringing with it the idea of a nation as opposed to State sovereignty. It was the offspring of the contest between the lords and the people on the continent. The Puritans adopted it and then claimed it as their own. It was not only this idea, but the money and sentiment of Europe that the Cavaliers fought against. Had there been nobody else to fight but men of the Puritan idea, Toombs' boast that he would graze his horse on Boston Common would have been realized.

WE are in receipt of echoes from "Hospital and White House," by Anna L. Boyden, and published by D. Lathrop & Co., Boston. It is an account of the hospital experiences of Mrs. Rebecca R. Pomeroy, who was a faithful and enthusiastic nurse on the Union side during the war. The story is told in an interesting way and without bitterness. The crime of secession is grieved over as the sin of a dear brother fallen. An occurrence at Arlington, borders on the amusing. An old woman is reported as saying, "Massa Lee powerful hard at the whipping post," and the inference is permitted that great cruelties were practiced by the Lee family. This is sad. The old woman must have been misunderstood. The only whipping-post that Massa Bob was "hard at," was down on the banks of Rappahannock where John Pope and some other fellows got pretty badly whipped.

A CORRESPONDENT complains that in the account of the capture of the forts at New Creek, in the October number of the *BIVOUAC* sufficient credit was not given to General W. H. Payne, of Warrenton, Virginia, who had charge of the brigade which was in the advance and which took the forts. Though we differ with the writer, yet we have so much regard for his opinion and entertain so great an admiration for General Payne, that we here distinctly state that the latter had charge of the attacking column, and to his fertile genius and steady nerve was mainly due the success of the subtle approach and bold assault.

Our correspondent adds: "The supposed sword of the Federal commander at New Creek was delivered to General Payne by General Rosser, in the name of the division, and inscribed 'For gallantry and skill at New Creek.'"

THE convention for discussing and establishing the rights of women has again met and adjourned. The meeting was a brilliant success and was gracefully presided over by the venerable S. B. Anthony, of colonial memory. It certainly is encouraging to see the women and children of advanced thought at last coming to the front. 'Tis true that as their rights increase those of the men decrease. But *that* makes no difference even if the thing goes on till the lords of creation have become hewers of wood and drawers of water, so the wheel of progress keeps turning around.

It is shrewdly suspected that the continued overhauling of asylums is instigated by the press to get new supplies of horrors.

WE desire to collect for use in our office, original letters and autographs of prominent persons in the South, in connection with the late war; also, photographs of distinguished soldiers and citizens, together with scenes of battles or noted places, and would be glad if our friends everywhere would send us those that they can spare. Where they do not wish to part with them, we would be glad for a loan of them for a short time, and in some cases we would be willing to pay a reasonable price for them.

IN a letter recently received from Rev. Francis M. Hayes, of Ashland, Kentucky, who was a private in the Forty-ninth regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry, he says, speaking of the contents of the BIVOUAC, that he was reminded of Shakespeare's lines, "Nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice."

"As a member of the Federal army, I am proud of having served in its ranks; as might be expected, I love its history, and as a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, do all I can to cherish its principles and serve its interests. The Stars and Stripes that I served under, are loved as I do my own life.

"And what of the soldiers who fought us under the 'Stars and Bars?' As I look over the past, I find my eyes moist, my hands extended, and my heart opens, and I can but whisper to the glorious God above: 'Father, bless them, for after all we be brethren.'"

A MOVEMENT is on foot among the members of the Grand Army of the Republic to raise a fund for the support of aged and maimed Confederates. Not Appamattox will brighten the future page of American history so much as the record of that fact.

COPYRIGHTING news resembles the right of discovery. The benefit inures to the nation which furnishes the discoverer.

CAPTAIN JOHN H. WELLER, the genial and efficient Clerk of the Louisville Chancery Court, was a Confederate soldier, having entered the service before his majority as Lieutenant of Company D, Fourth Kentucky Infantry, for which his training at the Kentucky Military Institute eminently fitted him. He served with distinction throughout the war, and was engaged in the battles of Shiloh, Vicksburg, Murfreesboro, Jackson, Chickamauga, Rocky Face Ridge, Resaca, Dallas, from Dallas to Atlanta, at Peach-tree entrenchment, Utoy creek, and Jonesboro. He was twice severely wounded, and was awaiting his commission of major when his flag went down. He

united with the stern qualities of a soldier, all the gentleness of a woman, which made him beloved by his comrades. He is one of Louisville's best citizens, and whatever he takes hold of, whether in church, business, or politics, he makes it boom.

WE are glad to welcome our old commander, Major-General Thomas L. Rosser, as a subscriber to the *BIVOUAC*, of whom we had lost sight for some years. While in the saddle he was generally found moving on the flank or rear of some Yankee column, but it seems in peace he still has a weakness for them, and turns up now in their very midst, at Minneapolis, where he has succeeded in capturing spoils enough to make him a millionaire. Soon after the war he obtained employment as an axman in an engineering party on the St. Paul, Lake Superior & Mississippi railroad. He proved so efficient that he soon rose to the position of assistant engineer in charge of a party, and before long to the position of division engineer, when the road became embarrassed by the failure of Jay Cook. He went to Minneapolis and settled, where he held the position of city engineer until called to be chief engineer of the Northern Pacific. He was afterward appointed chief engineer of the Canada Pacific railroad, with headquarters at Winnipeg. While there the great real-estate boom took place in that city, out of which Rosser made a handsome fortune. He has recently been appointed engineer in charge of the Nicaragua-canal scheme to connect the two oceans by a ship canal.

OUR thanks are due to the Battalion Washington Artillery of New Orleans, for an invitation to their reception given on the 22d of February. The highly artistic style of this souvenir, while executed in the finest lithography, is an epitome of the history of this veteran corps, and we are pleased to recognize many of the subscribers of the *BIVOUAC* upon the roster of its officers, and the various committees of arrangements.

A GRAND EXCURSION.—Captain Louis A. Adam, commander of the Veteran Corps of the Washington Artillery, is organizing one of the grandest and most important military excursions ever given in this country. On the 12th of the coming October the ex-Confederate soldiers in Richmond, Virginia, will dedicate a monument to General Robert E. Lee, and Captain Adams has proposed to organize an excursion of the Veteran Corps to visit Richmond on that occasion. He has communicated his proposition to the command in this city and the members of it residing in New York, Missouri, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, and Texas, and has met with the promptest and most enthusiastic responses, approving of his plan. The eagerness of the veterans in desiring to visit Richmond and Petersburg, Virginia—places that they became so familiar with during the late struggles of the war, and where so many of their comrades

are buried—can be readily appreciated ; hence, Captain Adam's excursion will create a furore among the old soldiers. He will have every assistance from the veteran associations and the younger members of the Battalion Washington Artillery.—*Times-Democrat*.

Let the arrangements include all within reach of the route—there are not only thousands in the South, but many in the Northern States, who would like to be present at such a reunion.—ED. BIVOUAC.

AS EDITORS of the BIVOUAC, we are mere gleaners in the field of literature, where so many busy brains are toiling to furnish thought to the millions of intelligent readers throughout the land. The conception we formed of these toilers in early youth was that they were a mean, ungenerous set, because our village editor objected to the urchins stealing his paste-cup and papers to make kites of, when his back was turned. The kind reception our magazine has met with, at the hands of the press, has entirely changed our opinion of our brother editors, and we are free to confess that we are proud of our fellow-laborers. To the Southern newspapers especially we are under many lasting obligations, and we authorize them to draw on us at sight for anything the BIVOUAC can command, and we will gladly meet their draft. Hoping none will feel slighted, we give our special thanks to the following papers for recent kind notices :

The Standard, Clarksville, Red River county, Texas.
 The Crockett County Sentinel, Alamo, Tennessee.
 The Bonham News, Bonham, Fannin county, Texas.
 The Cannon County Courier, Woodbury, Tennessee.
 The Maury Democrat, Columbia, Tennessee.
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 The Daily American, Nashville, Tennessee.
 Daily Mobile Register, Mobile, Alabama.
 Clarksville Times, Clarksville, Texas.
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Those, who in '61 and '65 were called boys, are growing old, and they owe to their children, dead comrades, their country, and themselves that these things which made the substance and spirit of war life should not die with them. They should aid this enterprise by their subscriptions and contributions to its columns, which are open to all, especially to old soldiers. And last, but not least, they should preserve the noble deeds of the daughters of the South, who were the "power behind the throne," the unseen force that not only nursed the sick and wounded, but clothed and fed the soldiers, drove the skulks back to camp, and inspired the brave with more than Spartan courage.

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Private Stonewall Brigade.

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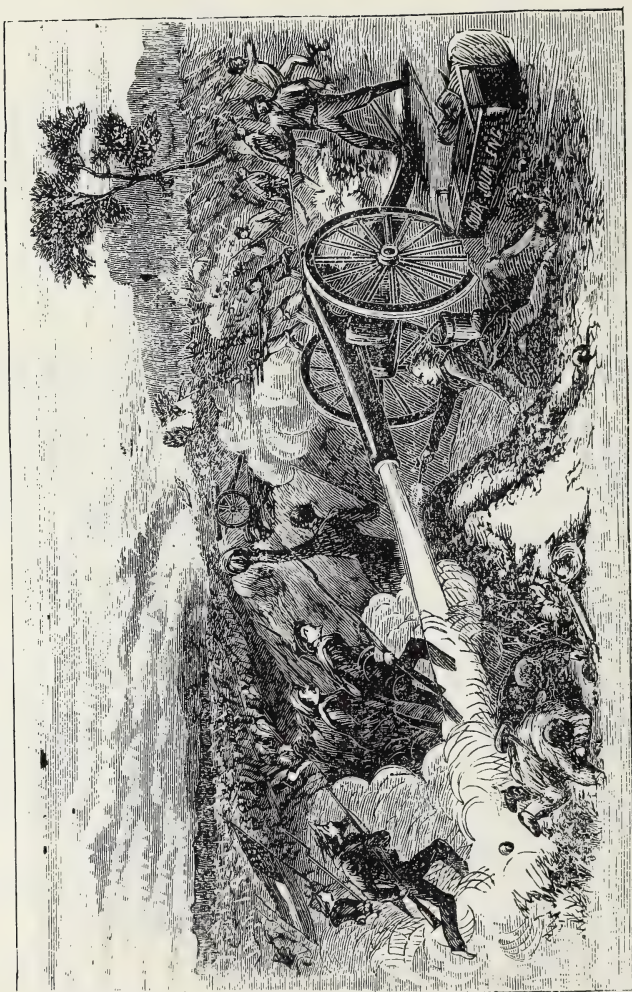
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WHEAT'S LAST CHARGE AT THE BATTLE OF GAINES' MILL.

THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

VOL. II.

MAY, 1884.

No. 9.

SKETCH OF MAJOR CHATHAM ROBERDEAN WHEAT.

The following sketch of Major C. R. Wheat is furnished by one of his relatives. It is too brief to give anything but the outlines of a career as full of adventure as any perhaps recorded in the chronicles of chivalry. Indeed, the romantic courage and knightly bearing of Major Wheat, under every vicissitude of fortune, recalls the days of Bayard, when even bravery was without merit when unadorned with Christian courtesy:



MAJOR CHATHAM ROBERDEAN WHEAT.

If ever man was born a soldier it is the subject of this sketch, whose life was one of the most eventful—having engaged in battles in the two hemispheres, under commanders world-renowned, and himself fought under six different flags. He was born in Alexandria, Virginia, on the 9th of April, 1826, his father being an Episcopal

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clergyman, and of an old Maryland family, his mother a granddaughter of General Roberdean, a Huguenot, and the first general of the Pennsylvania troops in the Revolutionary war, who built a fort at his own expense, and advanced the outfit for our Commissioners to the Court of France. He was graduated A. B. at the University of Nashville, Tennessee, in 1845. Shortly afterward, he commenced the study of the law at Memphis, Tennessee; and while thus engaged, the war with Mexico breaking out, he was the first to register his name as a volunteer. His father, then rector of Christ Church, Nashville, had written to advise him to wait awhile, and promised he might go if there should be another call for volunteers. Before he could get his father's letter (the mail by stage being four days between the two cities), one was received from him to this effect:

"Dear Pa—'A chip of the old block.' I knew you would be ashamed of me if I did not volunteer as soon as the call came. My name, I am proud to say, is the very first on the list. I have been unanimously elected second lieutenant in a company of cavalry. Please send 'Jim' by some careful hand."

"Jim" was a fine, blooded horse, whose dog-like training and wonderful sagacity made him a chief actor in many scenes both tragic and comic, and a universal favorite in his master's regiment. Upon the expiration of the twelve months for which the regiment had been enlisted, it was disbanded in May, 1847, at Vera Cruz, most of the men returning home. Lieutenant Wheat at once raised a company of one hundred men, of which he was chosen captain. The night before he left Vera Cruz he was seized with *vomito*, an almost fatal form of yellow fever, and was carried by his devoted men in a hammock swung between two mules, as the only hope, to the healthful climate of Jalapa, where he arrived in an insensible condition. As soon as he was able, he reported to General Scott, and was detailed for special service as captain commanding his body-guard. His men being well mounted, handsomely uniformed, equipped, and perfect in drill, "did the ornamental," as he laughingly said.

Captain Wheat was several times honorably mentioned in General Scott's official reports "for important services and gallantry in the field." One instance deserves mention. At the battle of Resaca de la Palma his company had captured a number of prisoners, among whom was an elderly officer. To him Captain Wheat gave all the comforts his tent afforded, telling his orderly to bring coffee and to spread his folded cot for the prisoner. Not speaking our language and unable to understand the generous act of his captor, the officer

yielded reluctantly, almost fearing danger in such courtesy. For days he was thus treated, then released upon his parole, and his sword returned to him; and it was then that Captain Wheat learned that his prisoner was General La Vega, one of the most distinguished in the Mexican army.

Asking an interpreter to be called, General La Vega handed Captain Wheat his sword, saying, "Take this in return for your kindness. You have treated me as a son, more than your prisoner." General Scott then spoke, "Sir, this is a rare compliment for one so young and a soldier to receive. I am glad to be the medium of General La Vega to you." Captain Wheat, declining the sword for an act of mere civility, said, "It was the gray hairs on the general's head I honored, for I knew not the high rank of my prisoner. I was ever taught to honor old age." The general insisted upon his keeping the sword and he finally did so, and it is now in the possession of his sister, Mrs. F. E. Shober. It is a curious old Moorish cimeter, which may have been carried into Mexico by Cortez. Captain Wheat's command suffered severely in killed and wounded. He was sent home soon after the taking of the city of Mexico to fill up his ranks with new recruits. These he soon obtained at Nashville, where a flag was presented to his company by the young ladies of Christ Church school, on which occasion the color-bearer had on a complete suit of armor—helmet, breastplate, etc., of polished brass—taken from one of Santa Anna's body-guard. Returning to Mexico, Captain Wheat was stationed in Jalapa until the close of the war. Peace being declared, he settled in New Orleans, resuming the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar in 1847, at the age of twenty-two, and soon acquired considerable distinction as a criminal lawyer.

In 1848, he was elected one of the representatives of the city of New Orleans in the State Legislature. He also canvassed the State for the Whig candidates in the Presidential election, and had no little success as a stump speaker.

And now we come to the period when he entered upon a new military career, and one that has been much misunderstood.

He was induced to join General Lopez's first Cuban expedition, not only from an impulse of philanthropy, but from a patriotic purpose, wishing to maintain the equilibrium of the States by strengthening the South. The public authorities did not interfere, and the expedition sailed from New Orleans with the sympathy and good wishes of the entire community. So far was the expedition from

being regarded as Quixotic, it was expected to be completely and at once successful.

The Cubans were represented as only waiting the landing of an organized force, with a supply of arms and ammunition, to rush into the ranks and fill up its skeleton regiments with patriots panting for freedom. It was from General Lopez that he got the full information which won him to the cause of Cuban independence. All their subsequent intercourse did but deepen his first favorable impression of Lopez as a pure patriot, an accomplished soldier, and a truly Christian gentleman. In planning this first expedition, especial care was taken not to compromise the neutrality of our own government. The place of rendezvous was mid-ocean beyond the limits of the United States. Here they were joined by Lopez, and a night attack made on Cardenas, which failed for want of support. Major Wheat was severely wounded, and on their return to the steamer, they narrowly escaped capture by the Spanish man-of-war Pizarro. Major Wheat was prevented from accompanying General Lopez in his second expedition, very much to his chagrin at the time, though, as the event showed, most mercifully for himself; for his strong attachment to Lopez would have made him cling to his friend, and share his fate with the gallant Crittenden. It was a generous sympathy with the oppressed everywhere, and not a mere restless spirit of adventure, which next led Major Wheat to join Carravajal in his efforts to put down the Church party in Mexico.

Again, when Walker, who had been his classmate at college, was in imminent peril of his life, after his defeat at Rivas, faithful to his friend, he hastened to his relief. It was in Nicaragua that he met with the most wonderful of his numerous escapes from death. By the explosion of the boiler of a steamboat he was blown from the hurricane deck into the river, but so entirely without injury that he swam to the shore with ease, taking a wounded man with him. Having accomplished his mission in aid of General Walker, Major Wheat returned home. But soon after hearing that Alvarez had pronounced against Santa Anna and the Church party in Mexico, he accepted a commission in the patriot army and was made general of the artillery brigade. When, however, by reason of age and its infirmities, Alvarez resigned the presidency and retired to his hacienda, at his earnest solicitation, Major Wheat went with him. The old hero would fain have persuaded him to remain there for the rest of his life as his adopted son. But being now in the flush of manhood, he could not be content with a life of inglorious ease, and as

the world was just then beginning to resound with the name and exploits of Garibaldi, General Wheat determined to gratify a long-cherished wish to visit Europe. Having landed in England he joined a party going to Italy for the purpose of tendering their services to Garibaldi. Having known Garibaldi in New York, he was received by him in most flattering terms and made an officer of his staff. In several engagements which quickly followed, his dash and gallant courage were the frequent theme of the army correspondents of the British press, and won for him the title of the "Murat of America." Besides the high rank which Major Wheat bore upon Garibaldi's staff—that of a general officer—he was also the confidential friend of his commander, and was present when Garibaldi crowned Victor Emanuel with a laurel wreath as king of Italy.

The trouble arising at home gave another turn to his career. Proceeding to England, he took the first steamer for New York, and upon his arrival went to see General Scott, whom he called his military father, and for whom he had a great affection. General Scott, delighted to see him, promised him a good position in the Federal army. The tempting offer, and from a loved commander, too, was declined. A warm and generous heart prompted him to side with the cause of the oppressed, more especially when it was that of his family and people.

Proceeding to Montgomery, he offered his services to President Davis. For some reason they were refused. Soon hearing that his younger brother, Captain John Thomas Wheat (who afterward fell at Shiloh), was in command of a battery at Pensacola, he determined to go and be a *private* in his brother's company. On his way thither he stopped at New Orleans. General Twiggs sent for him, and offered a position to recruit near the city. But at the call for volunteers to go to Virginia, where it was certain the Federal government would strike the first blow, five full companies were organized by Major Wheat in a few days. But for his impatience to join in the first fight, he could easily have raised a regiment.

He arrived at the front in time to take a conspicuous part in the first battle of Manassas. Major Wheat had called the first company raised the "Old Dominion Guard." But another company named "The Tigers," and having a picture of a lamb with the legend "as gentle as," for its absurd device (*lucus a non lucendo*), exhibited such reckless daring and terrible havoc in their hand-to-hand struggle with the head of the attacking column, that the name of "Tigers," as often as "Wheat's Battalion," was thereafter its popular designation.

General Beauregard, in his official report, mentioned Major Wheat in the most flattering terms, as having won for himself and his command the "proud boast of belonging to that heroic band who saved the first hour at the battle of Manassas." In this battle Major Wheat was most severely wounded. He was at the head of his command, dismounted, with one hand holding the bridle of his horse, the other his sword raised aloft, his colossal frame being a conspicuous mark; a minie ball passed through his body from side to side, piercing both lungs. He was carried from the field and was told that his wound must prove mortal." He replied, "I will not die." The surgeon said, "There is no case upon record of recovery from such a wound." "Then," said he, "I will put my case on record." *And he did!* His recovery the surgeon attributed to his resolute will.

The popular impression in and out of the army now, was that Major Wheat should be promoted to the command of a regiment, if not a brigade. President Davis, on the night of the battle, when he heard the praises on every side of the gallant hero Wheat, rode up to the house where the sufferer lay, and when told he was too low to see him, sent him this message: "Tell Wheat I have heard of his gallant conduct on the field to-day, and he shall not be forgotten, dead or alive." But subsequent conduct on the President's part proved that he, at least, forgot *his* promises. As soon as Wheat was fit for duty he returned to his command, and was with Jackson in all that brilliant campaign which resulted in the discomfiture, successively, of Banks, Fremont, and Shields. He was always among the foremost in the fight taking batteries, and driving the enemy from his strongest positions. The newspapers of the day seldom give an account of a battle in which his name and daring are not flatteringly mentioned.

After all his wonderful escapes our patriot hero and martyr fell in the bloody battle of Gaines' Mill, near Cold Harbor, on the 27th of June, 1862. It was one of those desperate "seven days" fighting around Richmond, when McClellan was driven back and utterly defeated. In compliance with his own wish expressed in the words, "Bury me on the field, boys," his remains were at first interred near the spot where he fell; but it was afterward found impossible properly to protect the grave, and, therefore, the body was removed the following winter to Hollywood Cemetery, being escorted by a large military and civic procession from the Monumental church, where the burial service was performed by the Rev. Dr. Woodbridge, and

at the grave by Rev. Dr. McCabe. The caisson bier, the riderless horse, the solemn dirge, the soldier's thrice-vollied farewell, were these "the last of earth" to our hero."

The precious remains of his manly beauty were indeed laid in the grave, but he, the pure patriot, the self-sacrificing soldier, the martyred hero, the sincere Christian, had passed into the heavens—promoted at last!

Just before he fell at Cold Harbor, General Ewell pointed him out to his staff as he led the storming party against McClellan's strongest position a too "shining mark" for a thousand deadly missiles. There was one incident of that eventful day which, more than all besides, revealed the loftiness of his character and afforded to his mourning family and friends their most precious consolation. His mother had sent him some months before a little book of devotions called "Morning and Night Watches," with a request that he would read it regularly. He wrote to her that he was delighted with it, had been reading it as she desired, and would do so as long as he lived. He kept his word. Major Wheat's brother officers testified that they often saw him reading his little book, night and morning and that he frequently asked them to listen to such passages as he thought particularly eloquent and impressive. One who slept in the tent with him says that he often waked him up (when he had retired first) to listen to the "Night watch." On the morning of the 27th, in the gray light of the early dawn, and just before the battle was begun, he called his officers about him, took the little book from his breast-pocket where he always carried it, and telling them that it was the gift of his mother, that the portion for that morning had been marked by her own hand; that he had just read it in his tent, and feeling it peculiarly appropriate to men about to imperil their lives, he would read it, and expressed the hope that they would join him in the prayer. It was a prayer for a "Joyful Resurrection." Uncovering his head, he reverently and devoutly read it in his most feeling and impressive manner. This is its conclusion: "Lord, I commend myself to Thee. Prepare me for living, prepare me for dying. Let me live near Thee in grace now, that I may live with Thee in glory everlasting."

Putting the precious volume into his bosom, he mounted his horse and led them into the battle which was to cost so many of them their lives.

One of his brother officers, an eye-witness of the scene just described, writes of it after the "cruel war was over" in the following

words: "His mother, and his prayers were Bob Wheat's first thoughts on that eventful morning, and as he read his morning devotions for that twenty-seventh day of June, there was something in the sacred words that fitted the day of battle so well that he must wake us up, though sleeping so soundly and sweetly, to hear what he called 'the ration of the day.' After he had finished reading, he began to speak of his mother, and the tears streamed down his manly cheeks. In listening to that prayer, I learned a new lesson in religion and human nature. Here was a captain, himself a sinner as the world would say, of a battalion notoriously the wildest and wickedest in the whole army, recruited in great part from the prisons of New Orleans, actually touching me more sensibly than ever was done before, and inspiring me with more love for my fellowman! From the morning of Gaines' Mill, when Bob Wheat called us to prayer, and from the morning after the battle, when the rough soldier's hearty prayer went up to heaven from over his grave, wafting the sweet incense of brotherly love, and faith, hope, and charity, unto the throne of the Most High, I have had a higher appreciation of my fellow man, and a bigger faith in my God." The writer of memoir dwells with melancholy pleasure upon these recollections. The bread of religious training, cast upon the waters of his young life, was gathered after many days. The precious seed hidden for a time from human observation under the unfriendly influences of a soldier's life, yielded, nevertheless, in due time, a glorious harvest of piety and heroism, even to the sacrifice of life upon the altar of duty. He early adopted as his own, his father's motto, "*Astra Castra*," being terminals of the distich

"Non per sylvas, sed per castra,
Nobis iter est ad astra,"

and which he rather freely rendered:

Through rural quiet doth thy pathway lie?
Unending conflicts bear me to the sky.

In his letters to his mother he frequently assured her that "*Astra Castra*" was the governing principle of his life. In one written on his way to join Garibaldi, he says, "We hope soon to be doing good service in the great cause of human liberty. Do not, dear ma, fret about me. God will take me out of the world when He sees fit, and if he takes me while fighting for liberty, I shall feel that I have not lived in vain."

H.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

THE KEY TO VICKSBURG.



SOMETIME on the morning of May 14, 1863, the terrible rattle of the "long roll" sounded in every camp surrounding the city of Vicksburg and as usual, under such circumstances, every soldier within its hearing was on his feet simultaneous with the interrogation "What's the matter?"

The firmament was clear, and as the roll of the camp drum continued, it was plain that the men along the line were taking the situation easy; but, after some suspense, it was learned that the alarm was occasioned by the arrival at General Pemberton's headquarters of a courier with the news that the Federal forces under General Grant were invading Mississippi, and that our river forces had been repulsed by their advance, at a place called Shell Mound, also that they were following up the Confederates, toward Raymond, in Hinds county, and that their intentions were to close in on Vicksburg's rear, and cut that city off from the rest of the Confederacy, and the world at large.

These rumors were confirmed by telegraph from Jackson, and the result was that the seventeen thousand soldiers to be spared from the ramparts of Vicksburg, were marched out to Big Black river; but on the next day they crossed that stream and advanced further east to Edwards' depot, a station thirty-seven miles east of Vicksburg, on the then "Southern" railroad. Here a halt was made, and that night we learned that the Yanks had "put a head" on our boys at Raymond, in a hard contested skirmish, and that it was likely we would see their banners next day. This caused an order to issue from General Pemberton to all division commanders to prepare a general line of defense for an engagement next day; so the order was complied with on the night of May 15th, and the center of this line lay directly across the hilly land of an old man named Champion. After the line was formed an order to "rest on arms" was passed from one end of it to the other, and every soldier that ever carried a gun, saber, or sword can imagine how nicely the boys dreamed of home and sweethearts under the circumstances.

Next morning, just about three o'clock, the entire army corps was awakened by a new kind of "long roll," and it proved to be a shot from a 12-pounder fired by the Federals. A sadder shot probably

was never fired during the war. The residence of old man Champion was penetrated by the iron messenger, and two of his daughters and a Confederate lieutenant were killed by it, while other occupants narrowly escaped with their lives. This shot was responded to in a feeble way by our artillery, and slowly but surely the cannonading increased as the batteries neared each other. An hour later and the rattle of musketry at a distance could be heard, and as daylight dawned the hardest and most closely-contested battle fought in the "Department of the Gulf" during the war was in progress.

General Loring being the senior major-general on the field, was second in command, and during the fight he caused to be executed some of the best maneuvering ever accomplished on any battlefield. There were nine remnants of divisions, which with a few outside cavalry and artillery companies, made up a respectable army corps, or about seventeen thousand men; and these chivalrous brothers marched side by side into an unlimited army of the enemy. The Federals frequently brought up fresh troops to relieve those that had fought preceding them, and this mode of assault was a great advantage to them, but Loring, by good, clean work, rolled up relief divisions on our side to remain long enough to enable those relieved to clean guns and prepare to continue the struggle.

General Lloyd Tilghman, a brave Kentuckian, was in command of the Confederate heavy artillery, and he had made a strong battery on a hill near old man Champion's gin-house. From this point he gave orders to distant parts of the field by signal and was fighting like a tiger, but at about 9 A. M., when he was in the act of stooping to aim a gun, a six-pound howitzer shot from the enemy's light battery pierced the left side of his abdomen, passing through, and he fell to the earth a corpse. His death appeared to decide the fate of the Confederate forces, as from that moment it was evident that defeat and disaster was sure to follow.

From 9 to 11 A. M. the battle raged fearfully, and the dead and wounded from both sides lay so thick that it would have been possible to have leaped from one corpse to another for a distance of three miles, but in some places they were absolutely piled up three and four high. On the Federal side, most soldiers killed were Dutch, whose appearance indicated that they had been imported especially to get killed in trying to kill the Southern cause for the money they got.

At 12 M., or thereabouts, it was evident that our soldiers were routed, as the roar of artillery and musketry had died out, and it was

only occasionally that portions of companies of Confederates could be seen wending their way out of the blood-stained field, and during the lull the Federals established a large field-hospital, where about twelve thousand soldiers of both sides were being cared for beside a small stream that flowed between two large hills. During the time the surgeons on both sides were working on the wounded, the Twelfth Louisiana Infantry, a regiment of fourteen companies, that by its singular maneuvering had not fired a shot all day, came thundering down both these hills, deployed as sharpshooters and in the quickest possible time had the entire hospital captured and insisted on holding everybody captives, notwithstanding the hospital flag floated at the time. After about an hour's interruption the commander of the regiment discovered he had made a "water-haul," and withdrew. During this charge, a noble-hearted Federal surgeon whose name I do not now recall, and who, while bending over a dying Confederate, doing all possible for him, was stricken over the head with an Enfield rifle in the hands of a Louisiana tiger and brutally murdered. For this act, a wounded Confederate captain arose from his couch, drew his pistol and shot the murderer through the head, killing him instantly for his fiendish act. These were the only persons killed in the hospital charge.

Late in the evening, General Loring issued an order to retreat to Vicksburg, and an attempt was made to obey by all divisions except Loring's and a part of French's, and these made a flank movement by which they gained the enemy's rear, as they advanced on our retreating forces. A skirmish was kept up, and our men worked backward very slowly until Big Black river was reached, where our boys hung up on the night of the 17th. So, on the morning of the 18th, another general battle occurred, which lasted long enough to enable our men to cross the stream and finally reach their old quarters in the ditches around Vicksburg. Meantime, Loring's small force in the rear had been slightly reinforced from Jackson, and managed to take care of the rear until eventually General Breckinridge's command and a division of Georgians joined and became part of the army in the rear.

On the 20th and 21st of May, Grant's forces crossed Big Black river, taking with them all the large and small guns captured from the Confederates in the disaster at Champion Hill, together with what they brought from the North, and then, day after day, they closed in on poor Vicksburg, until the city finally became a pen of imprisoned humanity, and from the 22d of May until three o'clock on the

morning of the 4th of July, a continuous, long-distance battle raged on the outskirts, while the river in front swarmed with gunboats, and the poor half-clad Confederates thus imprisoned, quivered from starvation. It was unquestionably the most soul-agonizing siege of war that human beings ever withstood. No pen could begin to picture the sufferings of brave men at Vicksburg during that terrible and trying ordeal.

On the morning of July 4th, 1863, the writer was at a picket-post near a small bridge, when all at once the western heavens were illuminated with a monster light which emanated from an exploded shell high up in the air. As this was witnessed a war-whoop rent the air, and the most disastrous retreat that any portion of an army ever made, was executed by the small Confederate army in the rear. The bursting shell was a signal from General Pemberton to General Loring on the outside, that Vicksburg could hold out no longer and must surrender, and this is what caused the stampede from Big Black river to Jackson, which, as before stated, was the most disastrous to man and beast ever witnessed. The roads and fields were strewn with crushed men and horses, broken wagons, sick and maimed soldiers, and everything else that war could produce, was wrecked and ruined during the 4th, 5th, and 6th of July, and on the latter date Jackson was reached. It was during this retreat that the son of General Tilghman was thrown from his horse near Clinton, Mississippi, and killed by his head coming in contact with a bar of railroad iron.

THOS. O. HALL.

[For the BIVOUC.]

A REMINISCENCE.



AN ambulance train arrived very late one night bringing an unusually large number of sick and wounded men, whose piteous moans filled the air as they were brought up the hill on "stretchers," or alighted at the door of the hospital from ambulances, which jolting over the rough, country road, had tortured them inexpressibly. Occasionally, a scream of agony would arise, but more frequently a suppressed groan bespoke a strong man's suffering manfully borne. In the ward where those badly wounded were placed, there was so much to be done that morning found the work unfinished. It was, therefore, later than usual when the matron found time to pay her usual morning visit to other wards. Upon entering ward No. 4, her attention was attracted by a new patient who lay propped up

on one of the bunks near a window. He was a mere lad (perhaps twenty), and his eyes as they met hers expressed so plainly a sense of captivity and extreme dislike of it, that she felt very sorry for him. He had been dressed in a clean hospital shirt, but one shoulder and arm was bare and bandaged, for he had been wounded in the left shoulder—a slight wound, but sufficient to occasion severe pain and fever. At first Mrs. ——— did not approach him, but his eyes followed her as she paused by each bed to ascertain the needs of the sick and to bestow particular care in many cases. At last, however, she stood by his side, and placing her hand upon his head spoke to him. He moved uneasily and seemed to be trying to repress the quivering of his lip and the tears that, nevertheless, *would* come. Not wishing to notice his emotion just then, the lady called the nurse, and by way of diversion gave a few trifling directions, then passed on to another ward. Returning later, bringing some cooling drink and a bottle of *Confederate bay water* (vinegar), she gave him to drink and proceeded to sponge off his head and hands. He submitted, as it seemed at first, unwillingly, but just as the matron turned to leave him, he suddenly seized her hand, kissed it, and laid his burning cheek upon it. From that moment she was eagerly welcomed by him whenever she appeared among the sick. When he began to mend, and was allowed to talk freely, she learned his name, Robert Percy, and that he was a native of Bayou Sara, Louisiana, and a member of the fifth company of Washington Artillery, Captain Slocomb commanding. He had been wounded at Resaca. Mrs. ——— grew to love him dearly, and as soon as he was permitted to leave his bed he became averse to remaining in the ward and most of his waking hours were spent in the little room which was especially allotted to her. Whenever she returned after her rounds among the sick it was with a certainty that the glad, bright presence awaited her, and that many little plans for her rest and comfort would make the rough place homelike. He became to her like a dear, young brother, devoted and ever thoughtful.

The matron's room at the hospital was called very often "Soldier's Rest," and sometimes "*The Promised Land*," because many soldiers came there every day, and those newly convalescent made it a goal which they aspired to reach as soon as permitted. This habit gave the matron an opportunity to use properly what might have been sent in the boxes which arrived frequently from different quarters filled with a variety of goodies, but in quantities entirely insufficient to supply *all* the soldiers. A sangaree or any other delicacy,

taken while resting after a walk which taxed the weakened energies to the utmost, or a meal served outside the fevered air of the wards, did more to build up the strength than any amount of medicine could have done, and as there never was, by any chance, a supply of these things for one thousand men (the usual number assigned to Buckner hospital), delicacies (already becoming scarce), were served only to the very sick, or to convalescents. It was beautiful to see how young Percy delighted to assist in waiting on these visitors to "The Soldier's Rest," and how his sprightliness pleased and amused them.

His own great embarrassment seemed to be that he had lost all his clothes at the time he was wounded, so was compelled to wear the unbleached shirts with blue cottonade collars and cuffs, which were supplied to all patients and numbered to correspond with the bunks. These he called *State's prison* uniform. One day, however, Dr. Fennner, of New Orleans, Louisiana, paid a visit to Buckner hospital (then located at Newnan, Georgia), and left with the matron (herself from New Orleans) two large boxes of clothing and stores for the Louisiana soldiers. Percy assisted to unpack these boxes and soon found himself amply provided with underclothing and a nice jacket and pants of gray, also a new blanket. He was pleased, but not yet *quite* satisfied, for the jacket was *simply gray*, and he wanted it *trimmed with red*. It chanced that there was in one of the boxes a piece of red flannel, and with this his friend, the matron, trimmed the suit *under his careful supervision*. She can never forget how happy he was to get into this suit, or how he danced around her pretending to go through the the artillery drill and to load and fire at imaginary Yankees. Later, his cap was retrimmed, the letters and artillery badge furbished up, and one beautiful day was made sad and gloomy to his friend, Mrs. —, by the departure of this brave, dear boy to rejoin his command. Eager and bright, full of fire and ardor, the young soldier went to meet his doom. He reached the front (*where the company to which he belonged was always to be found*), shortly before the battle of Peach-tree creek, and here his bright, young face turned to the foe, his eager hands serving his gun to the last, he met a soldier's death.

Alas! poor Percy, his fate seemed hard, and yet his friend Mrs. —, while sincerely grieving, remembered with some degree of comfort the fact that so he had wished to die—upon the field of glory.

There came to the hospital at the same time with young Percy an intimate friend and comrade of his, whose name and the circum-

stances of his death were preserved in a diary kept by the matron, but which, with all her papers, fell into the hands of the enemy subsequently.

This poor fellow had pneumonia, which soon developed into typhoid. He was delirious when brought in and never regained consciousness. Vainly the matron strove to soothe him, stroking back the long, straight hair, black as a raven's wing, vainly trying to close the magnificent black eyes which forever stared into space, while the plaintive voice repeated ceaselessly "*Viens a moi, oh, ma mere,*" and thus he moaned and moaned until at last the white eyelids drooped beneath the gaze of death and the finger of eternal silence was laid upon the fevered lips. * * * * *

Of course, Percy was not told how his friend died until long afterward, when his questions could no longer be evaded. He was deeply moved and cried out, "I don't want to die like that. If I *must* die during this war, I hope I shall be instantly killed upon the battle-field," and this wish was granted.

He sleeps in a soldier's grave, and in the light of eternity the sad mystery which still shadows the hearts of those who live to mourn the holy cause—loved—and *lost*, exists no more for him.

MRS. FANNIE A. BEERS.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

REMINISCENCES OF HOOD'S TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.



It is hard to realize the desperate character of the campaign undertaken by Hood, after the abandonment of Atlanta. With a Spartan band of choice spirits, he sought to redeem the fortunes of the Confederacy. Without provisions, and almost without ammunition, he attempted the recovery of Tennessee and Kentucky, when every place of importance was garrisoned and fortified, and whither the Northern hive could easily pour armed multitudes. Prodigies of valor were performed by his devoted band, but all in vain. The story of their sufferings and heroic daring remains to be told. The silence of the distinguished surviving generals, who repose under the shade of their laurels, should not be imitated by the humbler heroes who, shoulder to shoulder, bought with blood the glory of Hood's forlorn hope.

The following is from the pen of one who, with his musket, followed the Southern Cross "from end to end:"

It is wonderful and remarkable to what expedients the Southern soldier would resort to appease his hunger. In fact, if our Southern country did not abound with indigenous fruits and vegetables, many of our boys would have actually starved. On Hood's raid into Tennessee our soldiers lived on walnuts and pumpkins. We had been taught economy under Bragg, and "learned to live on nothing," and Joe Johnston, to upset, or rather to reverse everything that Bragg had done, "just surfeited" the army with good eating, good clothes, and a good time generally. On our Dalton-Atlanta campaign it was more of a picnic than a war. Old Joe was always fortified. There was about just enough shooting to lend interest to the occasion.

Old Joe knew that it was the last man and the last army that could be raised in the Southern Confederacy, and he knew that our farms were uncultivated, our fields laid waste; that our treasury was void; that our troops were laughed at, jeered, and despised by our foes; that our fleets and navy had been destroyed, and that one blunder or one defeat would finish our disgrace. It came like a clap of thunder in a clear sky that Johnston was removed and Hood in command. President Davis' instructions to Hood were: "You see in what a situation we are. Seek the enemy and give him battle. Sir, it is your last army. I do not insist on your beating, but on your attacking them. If the battle be lost, it will cripple Sherman, so that he will have to halt or retreat, and in either event I will send General Wheeler in his rear to cut and destroy his communications, all the way from the Chattahoochie to Dalton and Chattanooga, leaving him the only alternative of retreating or of attacking you in your strongholds."

Hood and Wheeler carried out to the letter the plans of President Davis. Hood attacked and drove the enemy at Atlanta on the 18th and 22d of July, and also on the 28th, being three desperate battles fought in ten days, and then Hood rested upon his arms for forty days behind his breastworks.

General Hood was just simply left in the lurch, and he, a poor cripple at that, who had lost in the war the greater part of his body. Well may the epitaph be written upon his monument,

"But the half of brave Hood's body moulders here;
The rest was lost in honor's bold career.
Both limbs and fame he scattered all around,
Yet still, though mangled, was with honor crowned;
For ever ready with his blood to part,
War left him nothing whole—except his heart."

General John B. Hood did all that he could. The die had been cast. Our cause had been lost before he took command. He fought with the fierceness of the wounded tiger and the everlasting grip of the bull-dog. The army had been decimated until it was but a mere skeleton, and when he commenced his march into Tennessee he had the following troops: Lee's corps, 4,762; Stewart's corps, 5,221; Cheatham's corps, 3,467; artillery, 1,547; calvary, 1,700; total of all arms, 16,697. Now, out of this 16,697 there had to be quartermasters, commissaries, staff officers, wagon drivers, infirmary corps, signal corps, dead beats, and non-combatants. (I get the above from the annals of Tennessee, published by Col. E. R. Drake.) This would leave about 8,348½ muskets to do the fighting, and these few patriots at the point of starvation. It is a fact that Hood's army lived principally on walnuts and pumpkins on his advance into Tennessee. I have seen soldiers on the march rush like wild when they saw a walnut tree. They would fill their haversacks, and at night, when we went into bivouac, would have some of the nicest cracking you ever saw. I also remember, on one occasion, a big, strapping fellow by the name of Tennessee Thomason (who could, and always did, carry as much on the march as a mountain mule) having a load of pumpkins. He had found a pumpkin-field near Florence, Ala., and, wishing to load himself, had to contrive a plan for carrying them into camp. The way he did was by cutting a number of poles and stringing the pumpkins on these poles, they being formed in a square by tying at the corners, and then another layer of poles above this strung with pumpkins, another in like manner above this, and so on up to the fourth, thus making sixteen poles, with six pumpkins on each pole, would equal ninety-six pumpkins. Well, one evening our company was startled by seeing this load of pumpkins moving apparently without a cause, and when it approached we heard old Tennessee say, "Bully for Bragg; he's hell on retreat." But Tennessee, happening to belong to my mess, was hailed with shouts of joy by the entire company. The pumpkins were cut up and dried, and when Hood commenced his march towards Nashville all of our company had a haversack full of dried pumpkins.

The bloody and terrible battle of Franklin, in which nearly two-thirds of poor Hood's army were simply butchered, and then the terrible campaign around Nashville and its awful results, and the retreat out of Tennessee in midwinter, to which Napoleon Bonaparte's retreat from Moscow was a parallel. After leaving Nashville the army was daily diminished by sickness, by the inclemency of

the weather, by the fatigue of marching through miry clay, and by a most alarming scarcity of food, which distressed even the officers. Amid these circumstances nothing but murmuring and cursing was to be heard in the ranks. All the villages through which they passed had been plundered by the advance guard. Nothing could be more shocking to one who had any sense of humanity than these scenes of ruin. Not an inhabitant was to be seen; the doors and windows of the houses were broken down by Sherman's incendiaries on his "grand march to the sea, while the world looked on and wondered." Within these wretched homes that had not been burned could be traced only the marks of the most diabolical lust of destruction. The beds were ripped up and feathers scattered over the floor. All the linen that the soldiers could not carry off lay torn in shreds, and the rest of the furniture was dashed to pieces. On the way we found a great number of slaughtered cattle, from each of which half, or perhaps only a quarter, of the meat was cut away, and the remainder left to rot in the field. Some of the villages were set on fire after they were plundered. The officers saw all this, but did not prevent it.

Now, the question is, how did this retreating army live? I can tell you; but, lest I startle you, I wish to make a little explanation. I put this here so that you may inquire of any old soldier who followed Hood out of Tennessee, and he will confirm the statement. There is a species of highland turtle in Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida (the shell of which our forefathers used to make soap-gourds out of), and which is called "gopher." Now, then, the soldiers lived upon walnuts and gophers. We could find plenty of gophers, and the way we cooked them was to roast them in the fire like potatoes, but the d—l of it the gophers would crawl out, although we had previously cut off their heads; but no sooner would one crawl out than he was pushed back again, and in this way we would get them thoroughly roasted.

A thousand incidents could be told of how our Southern soldiers lived, but, lest I bear too hard on the bump of credulity, I will close this article for the present.

S. R. WATKINS.



[For the BIVOUAC.]**AN ADVENTURE OF GENERAL LEONIDAS POLK AT THE
BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE.**

When the accounts of the hard battles fought during the war are rendered by the true historian, it will be found that the battle of Perryville was one of the hardest contested and one of the most sanguinary during the war. It was like two huge monsters together in one death-grasp, and each trying to drink the last drop of the other's blood. It was the only battle in which bayonets and butts of guns were used with death-dealing effect.

The battle of Perryville was fought in the afternoon, raging until ar in the night, both sides holding their grounds and fighting like demons in the very pit of hell. It was a battle in which even generals were "seen at the front," even where the fighting was going on, as the following adventure of General Leonidas Polk will show, and as told by himself :

"Well, sir, it was at the battle of Perryville, late in the evening, in fact, it was almost dark, when Siddell's brigade came into action. Shortly after its arrival I observed a body of men, whom I believed to be Confederates, standing at an angle to this brigade and firing obliquely at the newly-arrived troops. I said, 'Dear me, this is very sad, and must be stopped.' So I turned around, but could find none of my young men, who were absent on different messages; so I determined to ride myself and settle the matter. Having cantered up to the colonel of the regiment which was firing, I asked, in angry tones, what he meant by shooting his own friends, and I desired him to cease firing at once. He said, with surprise, 'I don't think there can be any mistake about it, for I am d—d certain that they are the enemy.' 'Enemy!' I said, 'why I have just left them myself. Cease firing, sir. What is your name, sir?' 'My name is Colonel ——, of the —— Indiana; and pray, sir, who are you?' Then, for the first time, I saw, to my astonishment, that he was a Yankee, and that I was in rear of a regiment of Yankees. Well, I saw that there was no hope but to brazen it out. My dark blouse and the increasing obscurity befriended me; so I approached quite close to him and shook my fist in his face, saying, 'I'll soon show you who I am, sir. Cease firing, sir, at once!' I then turned my horse and cantered slowly down the line, shouting in an authoritative manner to the Yankees to 'cease firing.' At the same time I experienced a disagreeable sensation like screwing up my back, and calculating how many bullets would be between my shoulders every moment.

I was afraid to increase my pace until I got to a small copse, when I put the spurs in and galloped back to my men. I immediately went to the nearest colonel and said to him, 'Colonel, I have reconnoitered those fellows pretty closely, and I find there is no mistaking who they are. You may get up and go at them.' So I ordered Siddell's brigade to cease firing and to promptly load their guns, and for no man to pull a trigger or fire a gun unless he had a dead aim on a Yankee. After every one was loaded I ordered the firing obliquely to the left, and, when they did fire, nearly three thousand muskets blazed as one gun, and as with the deafening crash of a platoon of artillery. And I assure you, sir, that the slaughter of that Indiana regiment was the greatest I had ever seen in the war."

The above incident is true in every particular, and given in the very words of General Polk. Co. AYCH.

A NAVAL OFFICER'S RECOLLECTIONS OF LEE'S RETREAT.



THE first days of April, 1865, came warm and welcome upon the Confederate capital. The beautiful linden trees of the capital square were putting forth their buds, and the grass was green and sweet; all nature seemed lovely with the Easter dawn of spring in the beleaguered capital of the Confederate States. The old and young soldiers of the "Lost Cause" were at that time resting, as it were, between the bursts of battle. Grant, with the largest and finest equipped army that the world has ever seen since Napoleon's camp on the English channel, was waiting to strike the stern, old hero, Lee, his death-blow—while the soldiers of Lee, sullenly and silently, waited and watched for the final charge or conflict between the armies of the Potomac and Northern Virginia, each a giant—the Northern giant having regained his strength, from so often being hurled to the ground by the "miserables" of Lee's army. Such was the military situation in the early days of April, 1865. The gallant division of Pickett's Virginians had been decimated at Five Forks, and Pegram's name had been added to the long list of those "who had tried to serve their country and their God." On the Sunday preceding the 2d of April, St. Paul's church, Richmond, Virginia, was crowded with the beauty, elite, and fashion of the capital. President Davis and staff, and nearly or perhaps all of the heads of the

various departments were there. Whatever military movements were on foot, or had been ordered, perhaps, were unknown to the public, and they worshipped as they believed in FAITH and security. The Rev. Dr. Minnigerode was the officiating minister, and perhaps his son, James G. Minnigerode, at that time a midshipman in the Confederate States Navy, may have been present. (Mr. James G. Minnigerode is at present rector of Calvary church in Louisville, Kentucky.) Before the close of the sermon it became evident that some great movement was in progress. Mr. Davis and staff, after a few hasty words with a messenger, left the church. The services were soon concluded, and when the congregation reached the street they then learned, the appalling fact to them, that General Lee was evacuating his lines, and that Richmond, the heart and soul, as it were, of the Confederacy, was to be evacuated at once. The writer of this article was one of the congregation, though stationed at Drury's Bluff, some nine or ten miles distant, and it is needless to say that he stayed but a very short while to say his "adios." A brisk ride soon brought me to my portion of the army, "Custis Lee's division," in which we, the naval brigade, had been placed. Then took place a strange and brilliant scene to the writer. After all the land forces had been mustered, etc., and equipped as far as possible for a long march, suddenly the night was lit by the conflagration of all the officer's quarters in and around the forts, and to this was added the lurid flames of the gunboat flotilla; and as the flames mounted heavenward, they were again and again accompanied by the discharges of the heated, heavy guns, and the bursting of shells, showing very plainly to the Federals our purpose. Amid this scene of destruction the naval brigade marched forth with Commodore Tucker in command, and Major Simms, of the marine corps, in command of the marines—Lieutenants J. P. Claybrook, Gardner, Dan Lee, Dan Trigg, Mortimer M. Benton, Jr., and others of the naval brigade, including the writer, with Commodore Tucker. We were at once assigned to our proper place in the line of retreat, and our division was to support Gordon's, who was bringing up the rear guard, Mahone's division, followed by the remnant of Pickett's, being immediately in our front. I can never forget how strangely I felt as we passed near Richmond and saw the city on fire, nor how I felt when day after day, and night after night, we dragged our slow length along, stopping, perhaps, every half hour to repel some attack, or to meet some Federal force which had gotten ahead of us. Our men being sailors, were well drilled and armed, but had abso-

lutely little or nothing to eat; being unaccustomed to march any distance, it was not long before the muddy and cut-up roads began to tell upon them.

Just before reaching Amelia Court-house, on the night of April 4th or 5th, some Virginia battalions were marching immediately in front of us. There was a broad, open, country road and an old field on the right-hand side of the railway, up which we were marching towards Amelia Court-house. On the right of this was a new ground, freshly cleared—all the brush burnt off, but the logs lying there still. About ten o'clock at night three Federal regiments, having seen our line of march, ambushed us just as the Twentieth Virginia Battalion was about to cross the railway, killing a good many of our men, and, among others, the gallant Major Smith, of Norfolk, Virginia. This stampeded the battalion, and every man took to his heels. In this battalion there happened to be two brothers and a brother-in-law, all from Campbell county, Virginia. At the first cry of "Custer's cavalry" these Campbellites, like the rest of their comrades, fled. Being farmers, they remembered the large logs which were near in the new ground, and they made a bee line for the same. The first one fell over a large *butt log* of an oak, and, as he says, "I thought I was safe sure, but I hadn't got more'n fixed afore a fellow flopped right over on me and lay still as a mouse, and as they was a shootin' and yellin', I thought I had best lay still, as I was pertected in rear, on top and bottom, but, by Jinks, just then come another fellow ker-flop over the same darn log, right on top of me and tother man, and I was 'bliged to say, '*Boys, lighten a little,*' when, darn my buttons, if 'twan't both Sam and Bill" (his brother and brother-in-law).

At Amelia Court-house, where we expected to get rations, ammunition, etc., we found absolutely nothing. Our division filed on wearily and foot-sore; passed this place, leaving General Lee standing in a yard as we passed by. Then the demoralization of the grand old army of Northern Virginia became apparent. Just as I was passing up a hill beyond Amelia Court-house, I saw a party of cannoneers digging a trench. I thought at first they were, of course, burying some of the slain, but was surprised to find out that they were burying their GUNS, having used all their ammunition and no possible means of getting more.

The next day, April 6th, brought us to Sailor's Creek. Here it was generally understood we were to await and support Gordon's division. Early during the day, while our men, tired and worn out,

were quietly sleeping in the road, under a vigorous shelling from two or three three-inch rifle cannon, we were ordered to take position across the creek, and to hold our position *until relieved*. (Custer relieved us.) During this day's fight our brigade was opposed in an almost hand-to-hand fight with the Sixth army corps (Hancock's), in our immediate front. The Second corps (U. S.) being on our left, and the Fifth corps and Custer's cavalry on our right. Custer's corps had to charge across an old field some several hundred yards wide. Our men and the remnant of Pickett's division, including the Twenty-eighth Virginia regiment, were in the old-field pines. We had made but little preparation, and as Custer, on his fine, black stallion, with his flowing hair and black velvet suit, would marshal his men to charge us again and again, he was the object of at least a dozen of the best shots in the Twenty-eighth Virginia, but escaped unhurt. After fighting for eight hours, we surrendered to the troops *in our rear*, between Mahone's division and ours. Among those captured there were, besides myself and all of the officers of the naval brigade, including the Rev. Mortimer M. Benton, Jr., an Episcopal clergyman, now in Louisville; Major J. P. Claybrook, now of Louisville; Rev. Chris. Foule, rector of St. Phillip's Parish, Atlanta, Ga.; General Ewell and Staff, General Custis Lee and staff, and Colonel Tom Ochiltree, to whose staff or to what part of the army he belonged, I never heard.

R. A. CAMM,

Lieut. C.S. Navy.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

THIRTIETH TENNESSEE REGIMENT.



THE following brief sketch of the Thirtieth Tennessee Regiment is the tribute of one who rightly thinks its valor and constancy should not be forgotten. Little is told, but enough to make one wish for more. Do none survive unselfish enough to speak in detail of the noble conduct of some of their comrades? The most precious heritage of freemen is the glorious deeds of their forefathers. Sad is the fate of those, who, though they died for their country, yet sleep in unknown graves, with all the good they did "interred with their bones:"

With malice toward none and good will for all, and bowing humble obeisance to the BIVOUAC and its numerous readers, I have taken

upon myself the task of penning a brief sketch of the regiment whose number stands at the head of this article, but feeling my inability to do full justice to the subject, I hope the "inquiring public" will be lenient in their criticisms when the writer faithfully promises that where style is lacking, *solid facts* will be made to fill the breach; and furthermore, with Fort Donelson, Port Hudson, Vicksburg, Jackson, Raymond, Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, Rocky Face Ridge, Dallas, Resaca, Kennesaw Mountain, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Franklin, Nashville, Bentonville, and scores of other battles of minor importance inscribed upon its tattered and battle-scarred banner, the writer thinks the regiment justly entitled to a short notice, at least.

The regiment was made up principally from the counties of Sumner and Robertson, and if my memory serves me aright, one thousand and fifty men answered to roll-call. John W. Head, of Gallatin, was elected colonel, but only remained with the regiment until the fall of Fort Donelson, when he had the good fortune to escape. Not so with his men, who were surrendered and speedily transported to a Northern prison.

We were accompanied on the journey by a Dutch band, which continued to toot till the end of the journey was reached. After a confinement lasting seven long, weary months, when each one of us had a foretaste of Hades, the regiment was sent to Vicksburg for exchange. From Vicksburg it was transferred by rail to Jackson, where for the second time a reorganization was effected, Major J. J. Turner, of Gallatin, than whom, a more brave and chivalrous soul never drew sword, being elected colonel, after which the ball commenced and continued to roll throughout the remainder of the unequal and bloody struggle. Through all the trials and vicissitudes consequent upon bloody, cruel war, whether in bivouac, on the march, or upon the field of carnage, this regiment was ever ready for duty, and as to how faithfully the last named was fulfilled, the writer has only to point to the battle-fields of the "Sunny South," where sleep in death's cold embrace two-thirds of this little, devoted band, for answer. But, then, scores of other regiments can say as much.

After serving throughout the Mississippi campaign under General Joseph E. Johnston, the regiment was sent to reinforce General Bragg at Chickamauga, where Company "A" went into the fight with forty-one men, leaving thirteen dead and nineteen wounded, some so severely that they died shortly thereafter.

It fought through the entire campaign of Johnston and Hood, where fighting was an every-day business, and finally went down with the Confederacy at Greensboro, North Carolina, with the conscientious conviction that all had been done that was possible for man to do in defense of the loved and cherished "Dixie Land."

I forgot to mention that at Chickamauga there was not enough of the colors left to make a respectable collar, yet the color-bearer clung to the staff as if it was the "staff of life."

H. H. HOCKERSMITH.

"BURY ME ON THE FIELD, BOYS."

Major Wheat's request to be buried on the battle-field was made the subject of several poems which were published in various papers of the South, accompanied by eulogistic notices of his character and services on behalf of the Confederacy. The following verses interpret his request most correctly, and in perfect agreement with his known sentiments upon the subject, were printed clandestinely in the city of New Orleans, during Butler's reign of terror, on sheets of letter paper and circulated in large numbers over the city—none knew by whom or how, simply signed "H."

"Bury me on the field, boys," and away to the glorious fight;
You will come this way again, boys, in your triumph march to-night;
But when you pass this spot, boys, I would not have you sigh—
In holy cause of country, boys, who would not gladly die?

"Bury me on the field, boys," where a soldier loves to rest,
And sweet shall be my sleep, boys, upon my country's breast,
For she is dearer far, boys, than aught this world can give,
And gladly do I die, boys, that she may proudly live.

"Bury me on the field, boys," and away to meet the foe,
Hands that have dug a grave, boys, shall lay their legions low;
Eyes that have wept this morn, boys, shall smile at close of day,
For Southern hearts shall triumph, boys, in the Northerner's dismay.

"Bury me on the field, boys, and then to make a stand,
Which will loose the tyrant's grip, boys, from our Southern sunny land;
And teach the invading foe, boys, in Freedom's holy strife,
The Southern heart will sever, boys, the fondest ties of life.

"Bury me on the field, boys; I do not die in vain,
For Freedom's rose shall spring, boys, from out this bloody rain,
And soon the South shall rise, boys, all beautiful and fair,
With sun-light rays around her, boys, and stars upon her hair.

- “ Bury me on the field, boys ; this vision bright and sweet
Was surely sent to cheer me, boys, in this my own defeat.
There, take my trembling hand, boys ; I thank you for your care ;
But let each soldier's heart, boys, ascend with mine in prayer.
- “ From the battle-field of life, boys, all wretched, weary, sore,
Pray that my fainting soul, boys, may reach the heavenly shore,
And in that land of love, boys, the weary may find rest,
And the poor, repentant soldier, boys, find shelter 'mong the blest.
- “ Bury me on the field, boys ; my life is ebbing fast ;
One moment more of pain, boys, and then the trial's past ;
I can not see you now boys ; there's a mist before my sight ;
But hark ! I hear sweet music, boys ; thank God ! we've won the fight.”

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

A RUNAWAY MATCH IN DIXIE.



IN South-western Virginia, a circle of springs bubble up, unite and make their escape in a bright little rivulet over which a child may step. This meanders along with added force from affluent mountain streams until at Kingsport, it joins its fortunes with another venturesome streamlet where the Holston takes its first leap gulfward, and mingles its waters with the Clinch, at Kingston, to form the broad Tennessee.

These waters flow on gently, past the imposing houses of wealthy land-owners, near the modest cabins of dependent, harvest laborers and wood-choppers, and through a lovely region shut in by a cordon of distant, blue hills.

This favored land of nature is East Tennessee, pronounced there as if spelled *Eastenisee*, and its inhabitants were originally from that section whose *population*, in the language of a native “cawnsists in pitch, tar, and turpentine, and a right smart chance of light'ood;” but whatever their forefathers may have been, the sons are much given to the ways of mankind, and a disposition to obey the divine command to fill up the earth's waste places, furnishes the gist of this incident.

The chinked and daubed cabins are the castles of the representative people, unlettered, brave, honest, and hospitable to the degree that sweetens the meager fare of corn-bread pones, hoecakes, butter-milk and “them molasses;” to a stranger the heartiness of their

"light, sir," explains why the latch-string is on the outside, and "tired nature's sweet restorer" never did a balmier job than when a soldier in the late war was fortunate enough to stretch his tired limbs on an East Tennessee shuck mattress, resting as it usually did, gingerly, on the shaky puncheons of the loft. The war between the States struck East Tennessee fore, aft, and amidships; her sons volunteered on all sides and were on all sides, were either "we 'uns," or "you 'uns," as might be the more politic; but the shrewder class were the "Troglodytes," who either preserved their loyalty to the Union by keeping out of the Confederate army, or showed their devotion to the Confederacy by delving in saltpetre caves for material to blow the invaders of the "sacred soil" over the Cumberland. East Tennessee was debatable ground, and the discussion of four years' duration was of the liveliest character; war all the time, and just how a man, at this soul-trying time, could think of having two wars on his hands by marrying, surpasses all human understanding.

Our story commences on one of those beautiful October evenings whose description may be found in any of Wm. Black's novels, when a couple of equestrians, a man and a woman, might, after the style of G. P. R. James' heroes, have been seen approaching the modest cabin of a parson "passing rich with forty dollars Confederate scrip a year." Their path was lighted up by the glow of the parson's full-moon face in the doorway, made more radiant by the prospect in fee of a jug of "apple sarse." They dismount from the plain-ribbed steeds, enter the house, and stand in the middle of the room, while the flickering flame of a tallow-dipped candle showed that he was a cave dweller, lank and gawky, reaching in height six feet, wearing a ventilated, slouch hat, which shaded a thin nose, flanked by deep-set, watery, blue eyes, and the whole supported by an isthmus of uncollared neck, projecting from between two high-jointed, but narrow shoulders. These promontories, with the intervening chest and arms were coated and waist-coated with a fitless wrap of homespun blue jeans, whose sleeves failed to reach a pair of sun-browned wrists, though an effort seemed to have been made to eke out the precious cloth, at the elbows, with squares of a different color. His breeches were of a butternut-brown, relieved in part by exposed portions of socks of gray yarn and connecting to the superstructure by a pair of mud-coated, home-made boots. If charity covers a multitude of faults, it does it not more completely than an appropriate article of costume gives finish to the "tout ensemble" of a bridal attire, and our groom's manly heart palpitated beneath

the ruffled folds of a calico shirt. The lass was not exactly of the Maude Muller trip-on-the-grass-and-spill-the-milk pattern, but she wore a green sun-bonnet with slats, about five feet above the ground. Her dress was of checked, homespun cotton, high-throated and waist-shortened so as to raise the narrow skirt several inches above a clumsy pair of rough shoes, giving her the appearance of having been thrust too far through her gown.

There stood the bashful bumpkin with his dulcinea edging close to him and timidly clutching at the skirt of his coat, while her unpowdered blushes lent a very complimentary red to the green of the sun-bonnet scoop, and then the tuneful voice of a small boy broke the awkward silence with the startling information "that firing was a goin' on down at Reberville." "Saddle one of the critters, Johnnie, fetch him to the stile, and hurry every other animal off to the woods," said the good man, and turning to the uneasy couple, inquired what he could do for them.

"Waal," stammered the swain, "we 'uns, Jerush and me, kind a thought that being as how we'd a bin keepin' compan fur a long spell, that, that we mought as well git married and settle down, you know."

"Yes, yes," thoughtfully responded the good man, "young folks will marry in spite of these troublesome war times," his reference to the war was just then emphasized by the bangs of distant guns, and the unique marriage ceremony, parenthesized with words of the boy, words for the horses, and interjected sounds of musketry was something like this: "Do you, Con Skrip, take this (bay mare, father) to (get your horses quick) be your lawful and wedded (bang, bang) wife, until death (whip up your nags) do you part (bang). Do you, Jerusha Panzee, take this (blasted stumbler) man to be your lawful (confound the critter) husband, to love, honor and (jerk the bit) obey him, so long as both of you shall (whoa) live (bang, bang); jine your right hands quick; if anybody knows cause (bang) why this couple shall not be jined in holy bonds of matrimony, let him speak out or (check up your horses) ever after hold your peace (bang)."

As there were no witnesses except those urging the clattering hoofs in the chase, no objection was urged, but the poor horses were to their utmost speed while the parson pronounced the couple man and wife. The bridal party took a diverging road toward the mountain and the groom, in the exuberance of his happiness, yelled back that he'd soon send over a bushel of taters, and the itinerant mes-

senger of peace sped toward the dwindling Confederacy, having no old shoe to throw at the happy pair, bade them God speed with this parting advice, which was at once chaste, timely, and impressive, "O, Con, don't forget the taters."

Twenty years have passed and all is peaceful in Eastenisee, occasionally, it is true, the war is mentioned and the young people marry as of yore, but never has so romantic a wedding been celebrated within the sound of the Holston's rushing waters as on the day when Con Skrip galloped away with his bride in 1864.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

ORPHAN BRIGADE GLEE CLUB.



WHEN one is far away and alone in the solemn hours of night, it is only a step in imagination to hear "sounds from home." Haven't you frequently heard the old church bells when the well-known hour for assembling came, and you were a "lonesome picket" between friend and foe? You were surely not dreaming when you heard the soft rumbling of the church organ and the sacred song commence. So now can I hear the old Glee Club of the First Kentucky Brigade. Again, from the hills of Tennessee and Georgia, and the pines of Mississippi and South Carolina, come the welcome strains of "Neapolitan," "Oft in the Stilly Night," etc.

My heart is so full of the thoughts of our jolly, light-hearted "band" that anything I may tell you in this paper will look dwarfed and unsatisfactory to me.

Our club indulged in vocal and instrumental music, and wherever we went we got the best the land afforded. We were petted by the ladies and flattered by our comrades. It was a mere formality to get a pass to go where we wished in the neighborhood, and the officers were quick to volunteer their services in carrying our "music boxes," and rendering willing assistance to those of our number who became over-fatigued or indisposed on the trip. I remember, as if yesterday, the patient, uncomplaining Colonel T——, as he threaded the jagged rocks of the Coffee county hills, with my fiddle box across his shoulder. He could neither play nor sing, but he had a wonderful "ear" for a square meal. Occasionally, we would wan-

der over all the adjoining country without eliciting a response to our "Come Where My love Lies Dreaming," "Take Me Home to the Place," etc. We would spend the whole night trying, and, as the weird, uncertain light of dawn was reflected from our returning faces, the haggard cheeks were eloquent of hunger, and the club and volunteers cursed and swore in single file.

About the first organized effort of the club was at Manchester, Tennessee, where we achieved some wonderful successes. The old paper-mill in the forks of the river was used as a party-hall. We gave several delightful parties there, in the second story, which was well adapted for ball-room, dining-room, and dressing-rooms. The ladies came to the gatherings in force, bringing their large, well-filled baskets. Our club furnished the music, and took the lead in all the fun. I often wonder if the marvelous gate at Mr. C.'s is standing yet. It was made after the manner of a turnstile, with four large wings, and revolved, so that it was always open and always shut. We met there often by request of the ladies, who were also musicians, and enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. C. The song, "Lorena," had just come in full rage, and the ladies and soldiers were constantly singing it. One night, when leaving this house, a large, fat sergeant (a volunteer instrument-carrier) of the Ninth Kentucky, being dazed by the splendor of the entertainment inside, and his good nature being overcome by the strains of "Lorena," got stuck in this terrible gate, and commenced to follow it as it revolved. He was found and extricated by a passer-by, who was attracted by his singing :

"One hundred months have passed, Lorena,
Since last I clasped that hand in mine," etc.

At the same time, he was patiently following the gate, now in the yard, now on the pavement, like a faithful horse on a threshing floor. He still lives, but shuns revolving gates. All along the subsequent campaigns our club was ready to sing and play, but our real, unalloyed pleasure commenced when, weary and worn and scarred and discolored by the soil of the intrenchments and four months' incessant fighting, the joyful news came that we were to be mounted. What glad shouts went up from rank and file. What happy notes went from throat, and fiddle, and flute, and horn. The Glee Club sung and played from Barnesville, Georgia, to Dorn's gold mines, in South Carolina. We met with cordial receptions everywhere. The soldiers vied with each other in pointing out fine-looking houses in our vicinity. Even our general would often ask us, "Boys, ain't you going out to night? I saw a splendid-looking house over there," in-

dicating the direction by a motion of the arm. A citizen was heard to say to him one day, "General, I wish you could send them singin' boys over to my house to-night." The general sent us, and went along with his staff.

We usually opened out with, "We Come Again with Songs to Greet you." Our sergeant-major, who dealt, and still deals, in consistent figures and facts, never could see the propriety of singing that song, for it implied that we had greeted them before, whereas, we had, in many cases, never even heard of them.

Time and space forbid me telling of the many delicious spreads in our honor, and how we dined and supped with the good people on Briar Creek, Georgia; how we gave picnics under the pines in South Carolina, and spread the long leaves (or needles) down for a floor. Those familiar with this subject will remember about it, and wonder why I have left out so much, and, if present, could call to mind many interesting incidents connected with it.

According to my recollection, the club was composed of the following names:

Thomas J. Surran, Fourth Kentucky, first tenor.
 Knox Russell, Fourth Kentucky, second tenor.
 John L. Marshall, Fourth Kentucky, second tenor and violin.
 W. Bat. Moore, Fourth Kentucky, second tenor and guitar.
 Jack T. Brown, Fourth Kentucky, first tenor and banjo.
 Ed. L. Davezac, Second Kentucky, second tenor.
 Jo. Tydings, Ninth Kentucky, first tenor.
 John B. Moore, Fourth Kentucky, first bass and flute.
 Chas. L. Ward, Fourth Kentucky, first bass, cornet, piano, etc.
 G. Hec. Burton, Fourth Kentucky, second bass.
 John H. Weller, Fourth Kentucky, second bass and violin.

FRED JOYCE.

A NIGHT OF ADVENTURE.



OLLOWING is an amusing account which was obtained from the chief actor, whom I shall call Sandy Grim, and is sent because it seems to illustrate the hotel side of Confederate life:

One evening during the month of September, 1864, Sandy Grim registered at a hotel in Lynchburg, with the view of getting a comfortable night's rest. His command was on the point of setting out by rail to Staunton. Some had already gone; others were expecting to

leave at any moment. A company of Stuart's horse artillery was bivouaced in the stable yard, and to kill time till the train arrived, some of the light-hearted youths were holding a free concert. They commenced a little after dark and sung till midnight, stopping from exhaustion only. They sang the soldiers' favorites, such as "Kiss him for his mother," "Her bright smile haunts me still," and others, over and over again. But the one they never tired of singing was "The Cavalier's Glee," Stuart's favorite. Sandy Grim had retired early, but he could not get to sleep. He had a room-mate who had gotten the start, and who at short intervals seemed to be in the last agonies of strangulation. And, when, just as he would close his eyes and the world of consciousness seemed fading away the ever-recurring refrain of "Spur on, spur on," would recall him to the horrors of real life.

Sandy Grim became desperate—after tossing for several hours in torment he got up and put on his clothes. For a long time he sat by the window counting the strokes of the clock and listening to the hum of the "drowsy beetle," at last it occurred to him that he could utilize his leisure time by paying off an old score with two friends of his who were sleeping in the adjoining room.

Walking up to the door he knocked pretty loudly. "Who's that," said Captain G. "Gemmen," was the response, pitched in a servile key, "time to get up if you're gwine on the early train," "All right, old man," said Captain G., "just pass on please, we are not going on the train." Sandy Grim shut the door and went away. In about twenty minutes he returned, wrapping authoritatively. "Who's that," said Captain G. and Lieutenant P. in the same breath. "It's train time, gemmen." "Didn't I tell you, you old fool?" said Captain G., "that we wern't going." "Old man," said Lieutenant P., as if to end the matter, "we have engaged board here and won't leave for several days." "Beg your pardon, gemmen," said Sandy, closing the door.

In about twenty minutes there was the silence of death in the adjoining room. Sandy Grim, like a faithful sentinel, stole softly to the door and just pushing it slightly open, again wrapped. "Hang me if there ain't that old nigger again," Captain G. was heard to groan. "Gemmen," said Sandy, "the train is ready to start." "Didn't I tell you," yelled Lieutenant P., "that we had engaged board here for a month, and besides that we are conscientiously opposed to railroads and *never* ride on trains at all." "And if you come back here any more," growled Captain G., "I'll blow your head off you."

Undismayed, Mr. Grim retired to his own room, and taking his station by the window, looked out on the quiet stars and laughed till he was almost sleepy.

It was now nearly four o'clock. Once more the faithful sentinel sauntered on tiptoe to the half-open door of the doomed room. To make sure that no one was lying in wait to blow his head off, he stopped and listened. All was quiet. The exhausted patriots were sweetly sleeping. "Gemmen," said he, with a bang, "the train—" "Get out of here, you old villain," and an invisible piece of matter grazed his head. Sandy Grim retired now somewhat in disorder, and again seated himself by the window. Seeing that day was breaking and hearing the cry of "morning papers," a bright idea struck him. He went down stairs into the street and interviewed a newsboy. After buying a paper, for which he paid fifty cents, he told the boy that he could tell him where he probably might sell a half a dozen copies.

"They are going on the early train, and if still asleep will be much obliged to you for waking them. If you get them thoroughly aroused they'll buy at least a half dozen copies." "All right," said the boy, "what's the number?" Having given the proper directions, Sandy Grim followed and waited at a respectful distance. In a short time there was the sound of angry voices. Presently the boy appeared in full retreat followed by a broken bottle and the soap bowl. "How many did you sell?" said Mr. Grim, encouragingly. "Sell nawthing," said the boy, rubbing his head, "they was a red-headed fellow there that tried to kill me." After paying the boy a dollar and waiting for a quarter of an hour, Mr. Grim entered the room without knocking. The occupants immediately arose with weapons in their hands; upon recognizing him, they apologized, saying they had taken him for the newsboy.

"Fine morning," said Sandy Grim, going to the window and looking out to conceal his feelings; "hope you all slept well. I had a glorious night's rest." "Rest," cried Lieutenant P., raising up in bed and glaring at him, "I have been marching all night." "Well, sir," said Captain G., "if there was one nigger in here last night there was a thousand; the last one I killed; and I'll have it out with the landlord after breakfast if it costs me my commission."

N. H.

CAPTURE OF CATTLE.

Our army was and had been for some time on short rations, and as our cavalry was stronger than that of the enemy, we determined to forage in the rear of the enemy's position. Scouts reported a large herd of beef cattle near Coggins' Point, and on the morning of the 14th of September, General Hampton took Dearing's brigade and mine and W. H. F. Lee's division, and by making a long detour, crossing the Jerusalem plank road at Belcher's mill, and marching the 14th, 15th, and the night of the 15th, we halted near daylight on the morning of the 16th, as we were nearing the enemy's lines, to dispose of our troops for the attack upon the enemy and the capture of the beeves. W. H. F. Lee was sent off to the left towards Prince George Court-house to amuse Gregg and keep him off. Dearing was sent to threaten Cabin Point, and I was ordered to break through the line at Sycamore church and secure the cattle.

These preliminaries all arranged, I resumed the march. The moon had set and, although the sky was cloudless, the night in the woods was very dark. My men were ordered to march in silence, but the road was hard and in the profound stillness of the night the tramp of the horses could be heard a long distance, and I knew it would be impossible to surprise the enemy, and therefore made my arrangements to fight. I knew that I would find a regiment of cavalry at Sycamore church, and I knew that every man of them would be in position and ready for me on my arrival there, and I brought up the Twelfth Virginia Regiment and gave orders to the commander, Major Knott, a very gallant officer, to charge just as soon as he was challenged by the enemy.

My guide reported that we were near the church, and I was riding by the side of Knott, telling him how to proceed in the event of his being able to dislodge the enemy, when, as if by the flash of lightning, the front was all ablaze by the flash of musketry, but the gallant Twelfth was not the least staggered by the sudden discharge in its face, but as quick as thought the charge was sounded, and the noble old regiment went thundering upon the enemy. But a strong abattis had been thrown across the road, over which cavalry could not pass, and when it was reached the men were dismounted and put to work clearing it away, and, seeing this, I dismounted the next regiment, the Seventh, and ran it up in line as skirmishers, and soon cleared the way for the mounted men of the Twelfth, who were followed by the Eleventh and Twenty-fifth battalions, and before the en-

emy could mount and escape, or communicate with the guard over the cattle, they were our prisoners.

When we captured the regiment at Sycamore church it was barely light enough to see the road, and leaving a strong guard with the prisoners I pressed on in search of the cattle. I had proceeded about a mile when, through the dim light of the early morning, I saw a line of cavalry—about two squadrons—drawn up on a hill in front of me. My command was not closed up, and I had to halt for a few minutes, but a portion of White's battalion coming up we made a dash at this little squad, which broke on our approach, and pursuing we soon came upon the beeves.

When I came in sight of the beeves, they were running rapidly in the direction of James river. The herders had thrown down the fence of the corral, and by firing pistols and yelling, Indian fashion, had stampeded the cattle and they were running like mad. I ordered the Seventh Virginia, which had just overtaken me, to run their horses until they got in front of the herd, then to turn upon it and stop it. This order was not easily obeyed, for the young steers, ran like buffalo, and it was requiring too much of jaded cavalry to force it into a race like this, but after running a mile or so the steers slackened their pace and the cavalry was thus able to get in front of them, and then to "round them up" and quiet them, then turn them about and start them to the pens of their new masters on the Dixie side of the line. When the excitement was all over and the herd was obediently following "the leader," I had them counted and found that our haul amounted to twenty-four hundred and eighty-six head, and all were fat young steers.—*General T. L. Rosser, in Philadelphia Times.*

A DETROIT lawyer received a visit the other day from a farmer in a neighboring county, who stated that he had fallen into trouble with some of his relatives over the division of an estate.

"What's the amount?" asked the lawyer.

"About \$7,000. I was thinking I'd make you this proposition: If you'll take the case and recover the \$7,000 I'll give you \$6,000 of it."

"My dear sir," calmly replied the attorney without the least change of countenance, "you had best consult some Police Court shyster. I should not only want the whole \$7,000, but a retaining fee of at least \$500! I never divide with any man."

The farmer has concluded not to have a suit.



Youths' Department.

THE BOLD GUERRILLA BOY.

I had gotten used to riding through pines; so, laying low on Rebel, I kept up a pretty fast gait. My hat was brushed off, and my face was scratched at every jump, but I still kept on. The Yankees followed me a short distance into the woods, but I suppose they must have been afraid of Captain Jumper's men and turned back, for I soon heard no sounds behind me. I didn't stop, however, for I was afraid they might send around the woods and cut me off. So, I kept up a pretty steady gallop through the woods, across a field, into another woods, through that and out on a cross-road. Being afraid to stop Rebel, I kept up a pretty fast gallop for three miles farther, and then came down to a quiet trot and went home.

Miss Sallie arrived at home about two hours after me, on foot. The Yankees had overtaken her and questioned her about me and Captain Jumper's company. They then took her horse away and let her go. Miss Sallie met me right coolly. She said that I ought not to have left her on the road. But what in the devil could I have done for her if I had staid? I couldn't fight all those Yankees, and I knew they wouldn't hurt *her*. But women are so unreasonable. They won't listen to a man's explanations. I would shed the last drop of my blood for Miss Sallie if it would do her any good, but what's the sense in dying for her if there's no use in it? However, I made allowances for her. She had just lost her horse, and then she was tired after her walk home through the mud. In fact, this morning she took a more sensible view of the case, and told me that she would forgive me if I would capture her a Yankee horse, and I am going to have that Yankee horse if I die in the attempt.

March 13th. Rebel had such a severe race when the Yankees chased me while out riding with Miss Sallie, that I have thought it best to give him a good rest. So, I have been staying close at home during the last two or three weeks, and have been rubbing Rebel every day and feeding him well.

The Yankees have been scouting around the country quite often, and I have thought it best to keep off the roads, as there is no use in being captured, and I can't fight a hundred men. Mrs. Morrison's house is a first-rate place to stay at, as it is some distance from any main road, and, being on a high hill, I can see the Yankees if they come for me, in time to get away. The Yankees have captured several of our fellows lately, and I am on the lookout for them every day, and sleep in my clothes at night with my pistol by my side, and keep Rebel saddled in the stable which is behind the house.

I proposed to Jim to keep watch every night, but he says there is no use in it as the dogs will give us notice if the Yankees are coming. I don't like this thing of going to sleep and being waked up, perhaps by Yankees. It wouldn't be pleasant at all. Besides, they say the Yankees have sworn they will bury any guerrilla they can catch. I'll risk my life in battle any day for the sake of my country, but I don't like the idea of being caught and hung like a dog. So, as Jim won't agree to watch, I generally get up two or three times in the night and take a little stroll around the house.

The sounds are very singular around the country here on moonlight nights. I could have sworn one night that I heard a company of Yankee cavalry coming up toward the house. I ran to the stable, got out Rebel, and mounted him. I then thought that I ought to tell Jim, but I heard the sound of horses' feet coming toward the front gate, and I thought it was no use in both of us getting captured; and besides, I felt pretty sure that Jim would get away, because he is up to all the ways of the Yankees. So I went out of the back gate softly and then rode at a canter to the woods in the rear of the house. I stopped there and listened, but heard no sound.

After staying in the woods about an hour, I began to get cold, and I thought I would ride around to the other side of the house and see if any Yankees had come. After circling around the house at the distance of about two hundred yards, I saw two or three objects like horses at the front gate. I sat on my horse about half an hour, watching them to see what they could be. Then I rode a little nearer and presently could see that no one was mounted on the horses. So, I rode up and found that they were loose horses which had gotten out of the barn-yard and had come up to the front gate. I rode to the stable and put Rebel away. I didn't say anything to Jim about it in the morning, as he don't seem to understand that watchfulness ought to be a prime trait in the character of a soldier.

Another night when I was out watching, several yards from the

house, a confounded big dog, belonging to Mrs. Morrison commenced barking, and finally made a rush at me. I didn't like to shoot the dog, and, besides, I might miss him. So, I set off at a run and tried to course around the house and make a rush into the front door. But Towser followed me so closely that I was obliged to run into a hen-house and shut the door behind me. The fowls then commenced a terrible cackling and raised a devil of a noise. Jim, hearing the racket, threw up his window, and thinking that some one was stealing the fowls, let fly a shot from his pistol at the hen-house. The bullet passed through the door, just above my head. My God! how the sweat did come out on me! I had no objection to risking my life on the battle-field, with the flag of my country waving over me, but I didn't like the idea of being shot in a hen-house.

So, I determined to run the chance of Towser's seizing me, and opened the door and made a break for the house. Jim shot again, but I was running so fast that he missed me. But Towser, hang him! just as I reached the porch, grabbed me by the seat of my breeches (I had on my soldier jacket) and held me fast. I yelled pretty loud, and in a minute or two Jim came out of the door and drove the dog off as soon as he found who it was. Jim told me then that he hoped I would now stop my night-watching, and would stay in bed. I think I will follow his advice. I don't think the Yankees will find out this house, and even if they do, Jim and I can give them a pretty sharp fight.

March 20th. Miss Sallie has been talking a good deal lately about the horse the Yankees took away from her, and has reminded me of my promise to capture her one. So, I am going on a raid to-morrow and will get her a horse, or my corpse will be brought home to her. I will do anything in the world for that girl. She talks so sweet and her eyes shine so bright! I wish to heaven I could tell her how much I love her! But I haven't got that kind of courage. I can fight Yankees, but bury me, if I can find the words to tell that girl that I love her. Every time I try it, I break down; language fails me.

March 22d. I went on the raid yesterday, and a glorious one it was. We'll break those Yankees up if we keep on succeeding as we do.

Captain Jumper and about seventy-five of us set off yesterday at five o'clock, and took the road leading to Uniontown. There was a regiment of Yankee cavalry camped at Uniontown, and they had a company of cavalry out on picket on the road leading to Forrestville.

Our scouts had brought word that the company of cavalry were camped in a woods on the side of the road, and they had pickets out about a mile from them in four directions. They stated also that they had no guard around the camp, but depended on their pickets giving the alarm if any enemy approached.

We had men with us who knew every foot of the ground. So, we felt sure of getting inside the pickets. We marched till sunset, and then stopped at Mr. Butler's, where we got feed for our horses and supper for ourselves. These farmers believe in us and treat us well.

About twelve o'clock at night, we mounted our horses and set off. After half an hour's riding, we left the road and marched through the fields and woods. Not a word was said along the whole column, and we rode as quietly as possible. At about one o'clock we had gotten inside their picket line, and had reached the edge of a woods, from which we could see the camp-fires of the cavalry company. Between us and the woods in which they were encamped there was an open field about two hundred yards wide.

As I looked across the field and saw the fires of the enemy, I began to think that our scouts must have made a mistake, and that there was at least a brigade of cavalry encamped in the woods. I didn't see any use in Captain Jumper's risking his handfull of men against so many. Besides, what was the use in our running the risk of attacking them when they were not disturbing us? I had a great mind to ride up to Captain Jumper and tell him I didn't see any use in our attacking them, and that it would be much better to meet them by daylight. But the captain had treated me so impolitely when I gave him my advice before, that I had not spoken to him since.

Presently I heard some of the men say the captain was going to take a detail of men on foot over to the Yankee camp to capture what they could, and would keep the rest of the men where they were. This seemed to me perfect madness, and I thought he had better send a flag of truce and surrender the men at once, rather than let them run the risk of getting shot before they were captured, as they certainly would be. I made up my mind if he detailed me, I would refuse to go.



[For the Bivouac.]

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

It was near the close of the year 1860. The household of Mr. M., a Southern planter, was a busy one. Christmas was near at hand and in spite of the exhausting labors of Mrs. M., her two daughters, two cooks, three housemaids, and several colored supernumeraries, a fear was entertained that everything would not be ready for the happy day. The one-horse diligence, which furnished the chief means of communication with the village store, had for some time been in constant demand, returning with loads of good things to eat, to wear, and to put on the mantel-piece. Mr. M. had watched the preparations with solicitude. Christmas was coming, and so was the 1st of January, the melancholy day of the year, when annual bills for dry goods and servant hire were punctually rendered.

"Come, my dear," said Mrs. M., on Christmas-eve, "don't look as if you were attending your own funeral. You should see the beautiful presents I have selected for the children and our neighbor's children, and not a single servant has been forgotten."

"Yes, yes, it's charming and all that, but what's to be done with this year's store accounts?"

"O, never mind," said she, "it will all come right; just look on the bright side of things."

Six eventful years passed by. The war had come and gone. "Mr. M.," said his wife, in sepulchral tones one fine morning, when all rosy and bright he took his seat at the breakfast table, "the house girl has gone." "Is it possible," said he, "the infernal hus — well, never mind, my dear, don't fret. May be it's all for the best. Our girls need exercise to put roses in their cheeks."

A few days afterward as Mr. M. stepped gaily into the dining-room, what did he see instead of a comfortable dinner, but his wife and two daughters sitting in mournful silence. "Good heavens," said he, gazing in despair at the empty table, "what *is* the matter?"

"The cook is gone," they all exclaimed, bursting into tears. "Ah, well," said Mr. M., after a pause, "it's not a particle of use to fret. You can't always expect a gang of niggers to be hanging around eating us up. Look on the bright side. You'll never make good housewives till you learn how to cook. So cheer up, scuffle around, and get me something to eat."

In the absence of the cook and housemaid, Thomas, the stable boy, was called upon to earn his salt. Circumstances no longer let

him devote his mornings to straightening up the hen-house and washing the carriage. "Thomas dis, and Thomas dat," said that worthy, "wus dan slave times. I'se goin to leave sho."

Once more we intrude upon the sacredness of the domestic circle. Mr. M. was sitting at the breakfast table enjoying the toast and eggs, prepared by the cunning hands of one of the girls. He was fairly bubbling over with joy. "Sallie," said he, with his mouth full of buttered toast, "Tell Thomas to hitch up the colt (about eleven years old), I am obliged to —." "Thomas is gone, my dear," said his wife, with suppressed emotion. "Gone! Thomas gone?" "Yes, my dear, please don't swoon. Cheer up and look on the bright side." "Bright side of — New York," said he, jumping up and kicking over the chair. "If I catch that hatchet-faced assassin, I'll wear him out with a piece of railroad iron."

BOURBON.

A TALK WITH UNCLE GEORGE.

MR. EDITOR:—I send you some more talk of Uncle George, and I hope you will like it. Some how or other he won't tell much about things that took place in the night.

"Uncle George," said I, the other day, "Were you with Lee in Pennsylvania?"

"Didn't I told you over and over I was with him all de time. In course I was with him in Pennsylvanny. A soldier what druv de headquarter mule team of Jones' division, wuzn't likely to be drapt out. Then dar was Mr. Blakely, de waggon boss. Most of de time I cooked his vittles. *He* wuzn't gwine ter leave me behind, wuz he?"

"What kind of a time did you have on the Gettysburg trip?"

"Middlin', hunny, jes middlin'. Understan' me. A-gwine it wuz good 'nuff. Roads level as a die. Plenty grub fur man and mule. Free fodder, and apple butter by de barrel. Dis wuz agwine, but in de home stretch, sakes alive! It fairly takes de kinks out of my har when I thinks about it.

"I thought Lee whipped the Yankees at Gettysburg?"

"Whipped 'em. To be sure he did, and run 'em out of their works too, but he got out of ammunition and we had to go back across the Potomac to git some more."

"Why was it so unpleasant on the way home?"

"Dar is a heap to 'member about it. I mind de time same as

yesterday. Lemme see. In de fust place, dar wuz a very moanful piece of luck de night after de battle.

"No doubt it was a very sad occasion."

"Sad; you'd have thunk so if you'd been thar. You see, about dusk we moved into an orchit and unhitched de hosses for to eat de grass, which you better believe wuz high and good. Dar wuz plenty of rails for fire, and water rite in de farmer's yard. Yes, sah, circumstances wuz too luvlie to las'. I wuz a settin' on a rail waitin' fur de cake to get dun, when I hyeard a man holler, 'Look out!' Rite away I jis 'spected to see Mr. Yank wid soard in han. But no. De man kep a runnin', slappin' his face wid bof hans. Understan', he had bin stealin' hunney frum de farmer's bees, of which dey wuz fitin' mad and wuz chargin de camp. But I didn't knew it den. When I seed him a-biffin' fru de bushes and a-beatin' hisself so scanlus, think's I, dat man's got a spell. Jes den annudder man jumped and frowed his arms up in de ar and hollered 'murder!'

"'Look out,' ses Mr. Blakely, 'for de hosses.' Sake alive, de hosses wuz a-lookin' out for deyselves, and such annudder wah dance dey had 'round dem waggins."

"'Let me 'outen heah,' ses Mr. Blakely, a-clappin' his hands over his face and brakin' off. But I didn't hav no time to pay 'tenshun to him. 'Tween Dobbin and de bees, I wuz mighty pre-vously engaged. Dey kep arter me till I jumped into de waggin and ropped blankets roun' my head."

"What a time you do have, to be sure!"

"Time! Laws, hunny; you doan know I was that bunged up dat Mr. Blakely said, 'Why, George, you've got a furlough wound,' but he needn't talk.

"Why didn't you rub your eyes with three kinds of weeds, to take the swelling out?"

"Lud, a' massy! how wuz I to find three kinds of nothing when I had to feel my way into de waggin'. When I got out again, arter the 'bees were gone, I stumbled around wuss than a stone-blinc hoss. Bye-and-bye de swellin' wuzn't so bad, and I wuz jis dozin a leetle by the fire, when de orders cum to cook three days' rations. I knowed what dat meant. I tuk some green I had 'fiscated dat mornin and made up all my flour into apple dumplings."

"Apple dumplings?"

"To be sure. The bestest way in the worl to make rashuns keep good and go fur. Well, arter restlin with a harf a dozen or sich like, I sot in fur a quiet night. But it warnt no use, I had jes got into

a luvlie snooze when I heard Mr. Blakely a rippin and a rarin. He larnt to cuss at Manassey and by dis time was a boss at de bizness. I jumped rite up, hustled aroun, and putty soon we wuz a movin' out lively back towards Chambersburg. It started to rain afore day and never hilt up more an a minit or two till we crossed the Potomac. I was monsous sleepy and afore night I cotched myself a fallin' off a Dobbin. After dat I disremember, hunny, how it wuz, cept dat it wuz awful. De mud wuz sumtimes huf deep. Every now and then some onery team would stall'd. Den de whole line would stop till de other teams pulled it out, understan? Sich a yellin' and cussin' and brayin' of de mules. Dobbin, in course, tried hisself whenever de bawlin' stopped a minit he'd raise a tune, and de front and hind teams would take it up, and over de hills and frou de woods de mule music rolled along till it died away down in de holers."

"Why, Uncle George, that is just like a dream."

"Hunny, I aint so sho it wuznt most a dream. De things I seed dat trip mite bery well 'long to a nightmare."

THE SKIRMISH LINE.

Major Paxton was commissary of the —th regiment of Virginia cavalry. He was Fallstaffian in wit and flesh, but in craft Uriah Heapish. Like Falstaff, he lived by his wits and acquired a handsome estate without any means or occupation.

"Mr. Paxton," said a friend, before the war, "how do you manage to prosper so? You are certainly not one of the toilers."

"O," said he, with the customary horse laugh, "I live off the fools."

After the close of the war he was one of the first to fly to Washington to get a pardon from President Johnson, to prevent his farm from being confiscated, going there armed with letters from all the Union men in that part of the country who would listen to him.

Being ushered into the presence of the chief magistrate, he stated the object of his coming, humbly presented his papers, and pleaded his cause with cunning eloquence.

"What have you ever done during the war for the Union cause, Major Paxton, that entitles you to my consideration?" said the President, when the voluble major had finished his little piece.

"This was a stunner (to adopt the major's account). The idea of a man being pardoned because he had been a traitor knocked me all of a heap. But it was no time for crimination or recrimina-

tion. I thought over the whole war—couldn't think of a damn thing I had ever done for a Union soldier. I was desperate. Says I, 'Mr. Johnson, your proclamation of pardon was addressed to the guilty, not the innocent. You called sinners to repentance, not the righteous.' This settled Andy, and I got my pardon."

SCENE.—Court-house square, Cincinnati. A pilgrim Kentuckian while gazing at the ruins is accosted by a citizen.

Citizen—"Taking a look at the battle-field, hey?"

Kentuckian—"Yes. You fellows seem to have had considerable of a row here."

Citizen—"You bet, in Ohio, we don't do things by halves."

Kentuckian—"What made you burn the court-house, any way? There wasn't any criminals in there, was they?"

Citizen (after a pause)—"Well, no, not then. But there's where they generally git protection when they are rich. If you'd a been hauled up afore the judges in there as often as some of the patriotic rioters you'd awanted to wipe the blamed thing out, too."

A PORTION of the Northern press so studiously and maliciously misrepresents the South in the matter of law and order that people are prevented by their fears from crossing the Ohio river. It is true that the South has its murders, but take the country State by State, and the North has three to one. It is true a negro is raided now and then, but if the same man lived in the North he would probably be lynched instead of whipped. There are more burglars, thieves, and bad men arrested in Detroit, Cleveland, and Buffalo in one day than in the whole territory of Georgia or Alabama. You may spend a month South and not hear a quarrel or see a drunken man; you may visit half a dozen jails and not find an average of two white criminals to each. The life and property of a law-abiding man are as safe in any portion of Georgia or Alabama as in the District of Columbia, and the standard of morality far higher. There is more real neighborly feeling in the South to-day for a Northern immigrant than he can find in the West. He is sized up for what he is; and, if he is the man to tie to, the men who fought him in war will fight for him in peace.—*M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.*

THOSE of our readers who receive their magazines marked with an X, are reminded that they owe for Volume II., and, as there is no way to get rid of a debt but by paying it, we hope they will remit at once.

Editorial.

DECORATION day is approaching. Let us hope that it will not pass unobserved. Posterity should have no cause to denounce this generation for neglect of their illustrious dead. Sweet are the uses of adversity, but let them not teach us to repress ennobling sentiments because they suggest the bitterness of our loss. Few monuments proclaim and perpetuate the virtues of Confederate heroes. If the day set apart for keeping green their memory is passed by, soon their resting-place will be neglected and forgotten.

THE Socialists disclaim any share in the Cincinnati riots, yet many insist that they are partly responsible. Can it be that it was a new kind of uprising? For, if capital and labor were parties, did not the mob represent capital and the authorities labor? This is an epoch of rings, old-fashioned oligarchies, under a new name. They are made up of workingmen who are tired of work, and who, feeling the want of capital, contrive to get it by prostituting public office. No law can reach them since they are the law-makers. As of old, so now force is the author and sometimes the keeper of civil freedom. There is no occasion for despair, the course of liberty never did run smooth.

THE decline in the price of breadstuffs recently, on account of Asiatic competition, forebodes evil to the agricultural interests of this country. It is time to realize that the "Star of Empire" has made the circle of the globe and is no longer moving due west. The deserted fields in the old world, nearly connected by rail to the centers of Europe's enterprising population, may soon invite immigrants. The alluvial valley of the Nile, the plains of Phœnicia, and the fertile fields of India, under British culture, may rival in richness of products the prairies of America.

PERHAPS no recent event so clearly reveals the sacrilegious spirit of the times as what took place in Massachusetts the other day. In the very shadow of the Bunker Hill monument two ruffians set upon a lady, garroted and robbed her in sight of several policemen and citizens who were paralyzed by the audacity of the villains.

GENERAL THOMAS ROSSER, in a series of articles recently published in the Philadelphia *Times*, giving an account of the operations of his cavalry command in conjunction with the Army of Northern Virginia, has, like in a cavalry charge, cut and thrust without much regard for those in his way. Among others whom he has criticised severely is General Jubal Early, whose pen is even mightier than his sword, and it is said that the old warrior will turn it against Rosser, with its sharp point not dulled by time. In the contest that will follow, history will get some new facts, and Rosser will have to look out for his laurels. The contest will be watched with much interest by all our readers.

WE know that many of our readers who were members of the old Laurel Brigade will be glad to hear of Major John W. Emmett, our beloved and gallant Adjutant-General, who is now residing in New Orleans, Louisiana with a wife and several children, quietly earning a comfortable support for himself and family, with a heart full of love and tenderness for those who, twenty years ago, were his comrades amid so many trials and dangers that proved the metal of which men were made.

It is said that nearly every Congressman from the North has ready in his pocket a new pension bill. The most extravagant one heard of seriously proposes to pension every man who was enlisted sixty days. This is probably intended to carry the pivotal State of Ohio. During Morgan's raid a great part of its militia were called out. The next move will probably be to pension all who voted for Mr. Lincoln.

THE United States government, says the *Weekly Union* (Manchester, N. H.), is about to award a medal to each soldier who took part in the assault upon Port Hudson. As there are three thousand of the survivors still above ground, it will take several barrels of medals to go around.

Post 88, of the Grand Army of the Republic, Massachusetts, proposes to appropriate \$200 for the purpose of planting trees along the highways as monuments to the Union soldiers. At the foot of each tree it is designed to put a slab with appropriate inscription. Is not this the very phrenzy of patriotic grief? Beautiful thought it doubtless is, to substitute living trees for inanimate stone, and to emblazon the names of the honored dead along thoroughfares rather than hide them in sequestered spots. But how soon does familiarity breed contempt and how long before the fiendish tramp would deface the commemorative slabs?

MR. J. A. McRADY, of Lewisburg, Tennessee, with whom we were a prisoner of war on the steamboat Minnehaha, twenty years ago, sends the BIVOUAC a good club from among his neighbors. We were fortunate, with some others, to make our escape from the steamboat, on her return from Vicksburg, at Greenville, Mississippi, but most of the Confederate prisoners were carried back to Northern prisons, where they were confined for several years. Mr. McRady has promised our readers some account of his treatment while a prisoner, which will be looked for with much interest.

"THE BLUE AND THE GRAY."

The following appeal from the ex-Union and ex-Confederate soldiers at Richmond, Virginia, should meet with a generous response. This, indeed, is mission work, since they would not only clothe the naked and heal the broken-hearted, but would set their light like a beacon on a hill, to commence a new gospel of peace and reconciliation. The subject is already being agitated far and wide. An enthusiastic meeting at New York was recently held, and steps taken to raise funds. Some of the Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic have already contributed. What is the South going to do? Every newspaper in this section should not only approve the project, but point out specifically how it may be aided by works.

If in every town and village of the South public meetings were held and steps taken to collect the little and the big sums that would be readily contributed, the funds could be raised at once. Indeed, there should be established a home for disabled Confederate soldiers in every State. But let us do one thing at a time. First set one going at Richmond and that will open the way for others. The war left so many broken hearts and blighted homes, that the task of relief was too formidable to think of. Now, let him who has prospered not forget the disabled brother who stood with him, shoulder to shoulder in the conflict, and who was wounded for his sake.

PHIL. KEARNEY POST, No. 10, G. A. R.: R. E. LEE CAMP, No. 1, C. V.

To the People of these United States:

The ex-Union and ex-Confederate veterans, resident in the city of Richmond, Virginia, jointly appeal to you in behalf of a movement the object of which—you have been informed by the press of the country and otherwise—is to establish a Home at said city for disabled ex-Confederate soldiers who are unable to take care of themselves, and whose helpless and pitiable condition calls for a liberal charity, in some sense above and more pressing than any other ever brought to your attention. While the response to former calls, especially from the Grand Army members, has been liberal and prompt, a goodly sum is still necessary to make the object a success. Will you help in this work?

If so, send money to D. S. Redford, treasurer, care of Planters National Bank, at Richmond, Virginia, which is the depository for cash contributions.

If you wish to send merchandise or other articles, address J. B. McKenney, 418 East Marshall street, Richmond, Virginia, who has charge of such contributions until the bazar opens.

A grand bazar, for the benefit of the Home spoken of, will be held in the Armory Hall, in this city, on the 14th day of May, to continue during the month. Any merchandise you may send will there be displayed for sale and appropriately placarded with the name of the donor; and the names of all merchandise are given in the columns of the press daily.

"The Blue and the Gray" live in harmony and act in accord in this section. Phil. Kearney Post, G. A. R., and R. E. Lee Camp, C. V., meet at each other's camp-fires and occupy the same hall, which is decorated with the flags of our country, and the walls ornamented by portraits of leaders of each army of the late war.

Very respectfully,

GEORGE B. WALCOTT,

Commander Phil. Kearney Post, No. 10, G. A. R.

WM. C. CARRINGTON,

Commander R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, C. V.

In addition to the large list of newspapers published in the April number, to whom we were indebted, we are under obligation to the following additional ones for notices and kindnesses in many ways:

News, Evergreen, Alabama.
 Examiner, Haynesville, Alabama.
 Index, Marianna, Arkansas.
 Reporter, Waldron, Arkansas.
 Times, Opelika, Alabama.
 Reporter and Watchman, Talladega, Alabama.
 Webster's Weekly, Reedsville, North Carolina.
 Aurora, Shelby, North Carolina.
 Bossier Banner, Belleview, Louisiana.
 Crescent, Brooksville, Florida.
 Lake Star, Tiptonville, Tennessee.
 Gazette, Mamepas, Louisiana.
 Advertiser, Bastrop, Texas.
 Argus, Flatonia, Texas.
 Herald, Cameron, Texas.
 Courier, Taylorsville, Kentucky.
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This magazine is very unpretentious, but has more solid merit than many that are clothed in gaudy trappings.—*Southern Churchman, Richmond, Va.*

It is carefully edited, full of life and grace, and should have a large constituency.—*Gospel Banner, Augusta, Maine.*

Electra deserves a place in every educated home.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

Electra improves with each number.—*Literary Criterion, Balt., Md.*

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1861 vs. 1883.

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The SOUTHERN BIVOUAC is a monthly magazine, published under the auspices of the Southern Historical Society, of Louisville, Ky., and was established to preserve in book form such history and reminiscences of the war as those only who took part in it can furnish. In works now published are found accounts of the movements of armies, and the great battles of the war, made up principally from official reports. The object of the magazine is to supplement these by accounts which picture the soldier on the march, in camp, as well as in the field; his talks around the bivouac fire, foraging exploits, jokes, rations, wounds, hospital and prison life, sufferings, and his heroism and devotion to his country amid it all.

Those, who in '61 and '65 were called boys, are growing old, and they owe to their children, dead comrades, their country, and themselves that these things which made the substance and spirit of war life should not die with them. They should aid this enterprise by their subscriptions and contributions to its columns, which are open to all, especially to old soldiers. And last, but not least, they should preserve the noble deeds of the daughters of the South, who were the "power behind the throne," the unseen force that not only nursed the sick and wounded, but clothed and fed the soldiers, drove the skulks back to camp, and inspired the brave with more than Spartan courage.

Its contents will include, besides the papers of historic interest read before the association, short stories of the war, sketches of soldiers distinguished in battle, poetry, notices of individual heroism on either side, and a select miscellany of other articles, making it interesting to the old soldier, instructive and entertaining to those growing up around him.

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We have a special department for the young, in which real heroes are substituted for the imaginary ones found in most of the literature of the day.

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Major 11th Va. Cavalry.

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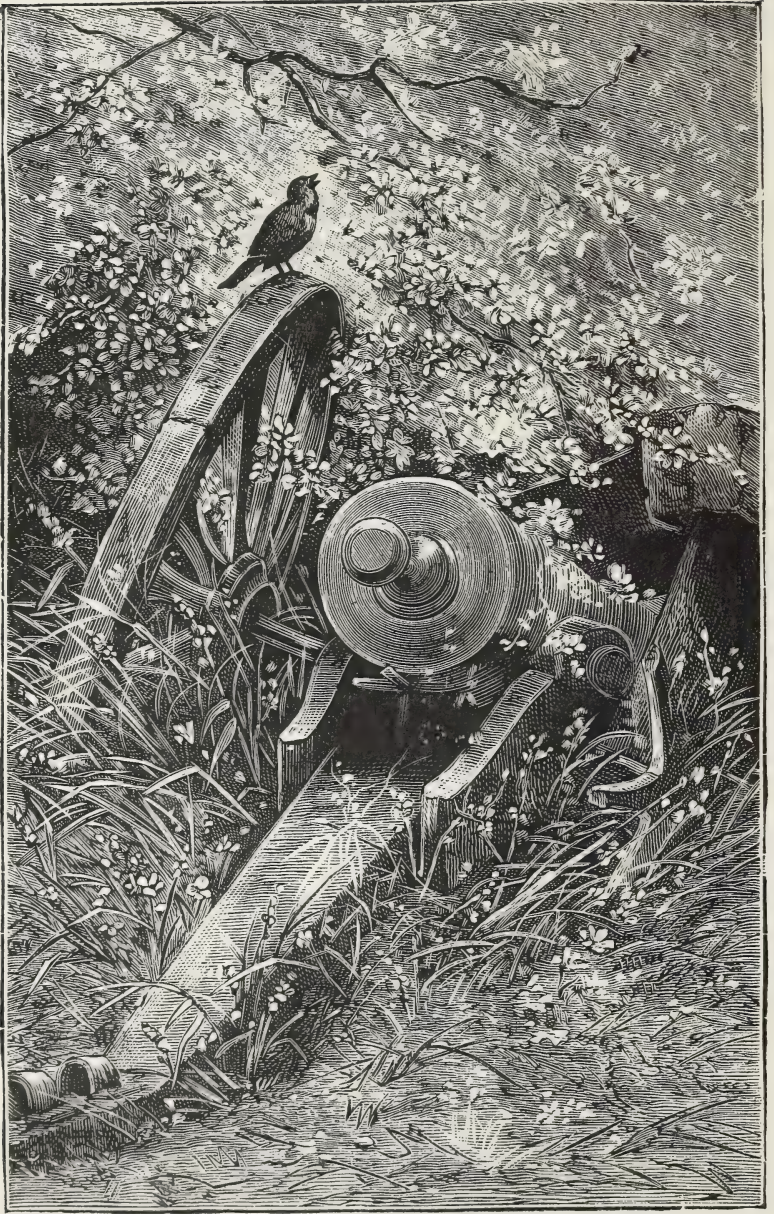
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“No more shall the thirsty Erinns of our soil
Daub her lips with her own children's blood.”

THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

VOL. II.

JUNE, 1884.

NO. 10.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

COLONEL ELIAS C. BOUDINOT.



COLONEL ELIAS C. BOUDINOT was born near Rome, Georgia, August 1st, 1835. His father, a full-blooded Indian, whose Indian name was Killekeenah, at the age of fifteen, was sent by missionaries to be educated at a school in Cornwall, Litchfield county, Connecticut. While at school, Elias Boudinot, of New Jersey, a son of the first President of the Continental Congress of the United States, visited the school at Cornwall, and took a deep interest in the young Indian, who was induced to adopt the name of "Elias Boudinot." John Ridge, afterwards one of the chiefs of the Cherokees, was his cousin and schoolmate. General Stand Watie, also chief of the Cherokees, was a younger brother of Elias Boudinot. Watie is the family name.

After leaving school at Cornwall, Elias Boudinot married Harriet Gold, the youngest daughter of an influential family of that place, in spite of the bitter opposition of all the members of her family. She went with her Indian husband to the land of the Cherokees in Northern Georgia, where she died in the year 1836, leaving six children, three boys and three girls, only two of whom are now living—William Penn, and Elias Cornelius, the subject of this sketch.

John Ridge also married a New England girl of great beauty and accomplishments. One of her sons, John Rollin, won high reputation on the Pacific coast as a poet and writer.

Boudinot and Ridge took the lead in the Indian politics of their time, and negotiated the Cherokee treaty of 1835, under which the Cherokees removed from Georgia to the Indian territory. This treaty gave rise to two factions among the Cherokees, one led by John Ross, and the other by Ridge and Boudinot. In the contest for the supremacy which followed, Ridge and Boudinot were assassinated June 22d, 1839.

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The subject of this sketch was taken to New England at an early age—the home of his mother's family, where he received his education. He returned to the Indian territory in 1853, at the age eighteen years, and has been actively engaged in affairs pertaining to his people ever since. At the breaking out of the late civil war, he obtained authority from General Ben McCullough for Stand Watie and himself to raise a regiment for the Confederacy. This regiment was composed of the best class of Cherokees and Arkansians. Stand Watie was chosen colonel and Boudinot major. After a year's service, in which his regiment took part in various engagements, the chief of which was the battle of Pea Ridge, Boudinot succeeded to the lieutenant colonelcy, upon the death in battle of Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor; but very shortly thereafter was elected a delegate to the Confederate Congress, from the Cherokee Nation, under the provisions of a treaty made by John Ross, at that time chief of the Cherokees, with the Confederate States. He was volunteer aid to General Hindman, in the battle of Prairie Grove.

In September, 1865, he presented the cause of the Southern Indians before the great council held at Fort Smith, where the United States was represented by D. N. Cooley, Commissioner of Indian Affairs; Elijah Sells, Indian Superintendent; General Harney, General Parker, and others.

John Ross and a large number of his followers who had deserted to the Federal army after Pea Ridge, were present claiming to be loyal to the United States, while Stand Watie and Boudinot, the chiefs of that portion of the Cherokees who adhered to the fortunes of the South to the end, were styled "Rebel Indians." Ross and his crowd were well dressed, while Boudinot and his followers could not boast a better wardrobe, or larger purse, than the average Confederate soldier of that year.

Boudinot's arraignment of John Ross for his treachery to the Confederate cause was overwhelming; it is a theme of enthusiastic commendation by General Harney to this day; Boudinot proved by the records in his possession that John Ross made the treaty with General Albert Pike, the commissioner on the part of the Confederate States for that purpose. He read manuscript letters from Ross to Pike, in which he avowed his undying devotion to the Confederate cause, and bitter hate for the Northern States, which he declared had emptied the slums of their cities to ravage the homes and ravish the women of the South. Boudinot denounced him as a base coward who, after standing under the stars and bars, with a regiment he had

raised for the Confederacy around him, and declaring that though all others should desert it, yet would he be true; and after leading that same regiment to the Arkansas line to fight the Federals at Pea Ridge, he had deserted to the Federal camp after the battle, taking all the money of his people and his regiment with him.

In that speech, Boudinot denounced the custom of scalping an enemy, as barbarous and unworthy of civilized warfare. "No one was more horrified," he said, "at the scalping which took place on the battle-field of Pea Ridge, than he and General Stand Watie."



COLONEL ELIAS C. BOUDINOT.

They felt in a measure disposed to overlook this, inasmuch as the disgustingly-savage act was committed by Cherokees; though those Cherokees belonged to the regiment raised by John Ross, and some of whom were then present in the room where Boudinot was speaking. He painted in vivid colors the coward, who after that bloody field was wrapped in the shadows of night, prowled over the battle-field to tear the reeking scalps from the wounded and dead.

Boudinot said, "there is a man in my presence, who is here as

one of the trusted followers of the chief deserter and traitor, John Ross, who came back to Tophagnah after the battle and boasted he had taken more scalps of the Yankees than anybody else, and he showed the bloody trophies dangling at his girdle; this man is before me dressed in 'store clothes,' calling himself loyal and sneering at Stand Watie, the latchets of whose shoes he and his chief are unworthy to unloose, as 'a rebel.'" Then advancing about ten steps, Boudinot pointed his two hands into the shivering face of one of the leaders of the Ross faction, exclaiming, "Thou art the man!"

A gentleman who witnessed this rather tragic episode, was asked what the man said who was thus denounced by Boudinot?

"What did he say?" he replied, "what could he say when Boudinot came at him with *fifteen or twenty fingers all pointing in his face?*"

After the adjournment of the great council at Fort Smith, Arkansas, Boudinot took a delegation of seven of the most intelligent Southern Cherokees to Washington, General Stand Watie being one of the number. The experience he had acquired in the Confederate Congress, and his perfect familiarity with all shades of the perplexing Indian question as it then existed, made his services indispensable; though the youngest of the leaders of his party, the management of this campaign before the departments and Congress was gladly surrendered to him. Chiefly through his exertions the treaty of 1866 was made, which fully recognized all the rights and interests of the so-called rebel Cherokees. John Ross died in Washington before the consummation of the treaty, and the prestige and power of his party died with him.

At the suggestion of Boudinot, Lewis Downing, a full-blooded Cherokee, of some education, who had served as chaplain, and lieutenant-colonel of Ross' regiment, was supported by the Watie party, and elected principal chief; Boudinot's friends, especially Colonel Adair, did not take kindly to this movement; the animosities engendered by the war were very bitter, and Stand Watie was the idol of his party. Boudinot contended that the support of Downing by the Watie party would tend to soften the bitterness between the factions, and result in the defeat of William P. Ross, a nephew of John Ross, who was a candidate for chief, and forever break the power of the Ross family. Boudinot's advice was followed. Downing was elected and the Ross faction wasted away from that hour. William P. Ross has been a candidate for chief several times since, but each succeeding election has shown a falling off of

his vote. The last time he ran for this office was in 1879, when he polled but six hundred votes out of a total of four thousand five hundred.

The great ambition of Colonel Boudinot's life was thus gratified. He had succeeded in destroying the power and influence of the Ross family, who were responsible, as he thought and believed, for the murder of his father. Boudinot was appointed one of the Cherokee delegates to Washington in 1867 and 1868, and his name appears as such to the treaty of that year with the United States. In his speech before the Grand Council at Fort Smith, Arkansas, before referred to, Colonel Boudinot advocated the organization of a territorial government for the Indian territory, and the division of the lands in severalty, his plan was to give every man, woman, and child, one hundred and sixty acres of land in fee simple as a homestead; this homestead to be inalienable and free from tax, or legal interference of any kind, for twenty-one years; while the rest of the land, to which after a division it should appear he was entitled, should be subject to his disposition under such restrictions as might be thought effectual to prevent their sale for less than an adequate consideration. These ideas he formulated in a bill "to organize the territory of Oklahoma," which ever since then has engaged the attention of Congress.

Adair and the leading members of the Watie party opposed this policy of Colonel Boudinot, and with the exception of his uncle, Stand Watie, and a few others, he found himself alone among his people. In 1871, the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad and the Atlantic & Pacific railroad penetrated the territory. Colonel Boudinot, ever willing and anxious to welcome everything which would tend, in his opinion, to elevate and advance his people in the scale of civilization, welcomed the approach of these highways of civilization with enthusiasm at a large concourse of people at Chetopa, Kansas, in 1871. He drove the first spike of a railroad rail ever laid in the Indian territory. Hon. Robert S. Stevens, then General Manager of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad, and now a member of Congress from the Thirty-first New York District, drove the last spike in the road, at the same time in the State of Kansas.

This act of Boudinot was treasured up against him by the anti-progressive party, which from this time on, up to the time of his death in 1880, was led by Colonel William P. Adair, a relative of Boudinot, and a member of the delegation he brought on with him to Washington in 1865.

The bold and aggressive policy which Colonel Boudinot advocated with reference to the division of lands in severalty, the establishment of United States Courts in the territory, and a delegate in Congress, was attributed to unworthy motives. Without the slightest proof, he was charged with being in the pay of the railroads, and with being subsidized by them to procure legislation which would give to them a large part of the lands belonging to the Indians. In vain did Colonel Boudinot point to the provisions of the bills he had drafted and advocated, and showed that it was impossible for the railroads to acquire a single acre under them. The tide of popular prejudice was against him. His old friends, Adair and others, who followed his lead in 1865-6-7, who were now in power, denounced him as a traitor, and his life was threatened and sought.

Even as late as September, 1881, he received the following menacing document. We present it just as it was written:

Cherokee Nation
Sept 14th 1881

Mr E C Boudinot

Sir you have been making speches and uttering sentiments for years that are not only Treasonable but very offensive to the cherokee Nation and people you have advocated the Policy of sectionizing and allotting our country you have sided with Land grabbers and RailRoad corporations and have stood side by side with the enemies of your Race and people and have forfeited your Rights in the common property and government of the cherokee people by every act which defines a traitor and an enemy of his Race you are Therefore ordered to keep out of this country and to remain away from it as we do not intend that you shall enjoy one farthing of Benefit from a country and Fund that you have done so much to despoil, you have sold your Birthright here for a mess of Potage and that is all that we ever intend you to enjoy If you ever enter this country for the purpus of advocating your Hellish Policy you will have to take your own Life in your hand in order to do it We therefore respectfully ask you to stay away remember the fate of your Ancestors and others who have gone before you. A hint to the wise should be sufficint

yours truly
Committee of Safety

Colonel Boudinot was not dismayed or intimidated by these threats; he has not abated one jot or tittle of the views he advocated at Fort Smith in 1865, but has waited patiently for time and reason to do him justice. That time is near at hand. Already his views in respect to the division of lands in severalty, the organization of United States Courts in the Indian territory, and a delegate in Congress, are the avowed policy of the government. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs and the Secretary of the Interior, in their reports,

and the President of the United States, in his late annual message to Congress, recommended these very things, while the sober second thought of the intelligent class of the Indian people are fast convincing them that Colonel Boudinot is their friend whose counsel is worth considering.

The best evidence that Colonel Boudinot is, and always has been, sincere and honest in the advocacy of his ideas on the Indian question, and has that courage of his convictions which should challenge respect from foe, as well as friend, is, that although on these subjects he has been more prominent than any public man in the country for sixteen years, and has been the best abused man in the country in relation to these matters, those who know him best in Washington "believe in him." Such men as Senators Voorhees, Garland, Vest, General Sherman, Joe Blackburn, and scores of others who might be mentioned, have unwavering faith in his integrity and honesty of purpose. With the exception of ingrates who deserted him because he advocated measures not considered popular, the friends he made in 1860, when he was twenty-four years of age, are his steadfast friends of to-day. An interesting incident, illustrative of his capacity for making friends, may not be out of place. General Dudley M. DuBose, of Georgia, was a member of Congress some years ago. A warm friendship sprang up between him and Colonel Boudinot. The general was succeeded by Alexander Stephens, and Boudinot did not meet him for several years. During the interval, General DuBose had occasion to visit that portion of his State where Colonel Boudinot was born. Stopping one night in that region with a friend, his host mentioned the fact that the Cherokees once occupied that part of the country, and that the bones of some of their distinguished people reposed on the hillside close by. He told General DuBose that the grave of Mrs. Boudinot, the wife of a Cherokee chief, was still taken care of on an adjoining hill. General DuBose immediately said, "Why I have a friend of that name in Washington, whose name is Elias C. Boudinot. I wonder if this can be the grave of his relative?" Impatient to ascertain, he borrowed a horse and rode to the grave. Pushing aside the rank grasses and bushes, he read on the tombstone these words:

"Here lie the mortal remains of Harriet Gold, wife of Elias Boudinot, of the Cherokee nation," with the date of her birth and death. General DuBose was convinced that this was the grave of the mother of his friend, Colonel Boudinot. A large hickory tree had grown up at the head of the grave, into which General DuBose

climbed, and cut from its spreading branches a good-sized walking stick, which he immediately sent by express to Colonel Boudinot, and which Colonel Boudinot had neatly and appropriately mounted, with a suitable inscription, telling of the place from which it came, and the kind donor who presented it.

Colonel Boudinot is a lawyer by profession. He is the only Indian who is a member of the Supreme Court bar of the United States. He is a mason of the thirty-second degree.

Though a Democrat in politics, he possesses the confidence and esteem of all classes of the people of Arkansas, without distinction of party. In 1860, he was chairman of the Arkansas Democratic State Committee, and editor of the Little Rock *True Democrat*, the leading Democratic paper in the State. On two occasions since 1866, he has been chosen by Arkansas State Conventions as a delegate at large to national conventions.

Colonel Boudinot is extremely popular in Washington society, and contributes largely to the enjoyment of the many entertainments to which he is invited.

He is, perhaps, the best known man on the streets of Washington, and has a pleasant smile and kind word for every one he meets.

MARCUS J. WRIGHT.

[For the Bivouac.]

UNDER BOTH FLAGS.



HE veteran, like Mark Twain's Arabian horse, looked as if he wished to lean against a fence and *think*, to let his memory run back to the time when, in the late war, he served acceptably under both the stars and stripes of the Union and the battle-cross of the Confederacy.

The interest in his strangely-varied experience is much enhanced because he succeeded in escaping court-martial, and because, unlike most veterans, he can not be persuaded to tell *his* story of the war; but could this reticence be overcome, it would be substantially as told for him by one who served with him in the cavalry branch of the Confederate service.

His political education was entirely neglected, and though the Missouri Compromise, Dred Scott Decision, Squatter Sovereignty, and Territorial Rights were often discussed in his hearing, yet they

seemed to make no impression, and it is not probable that he yet understands their import, but when the Confederates trained their guns on Fort Sumpter, the discussion *pro* and *con* became so violent and animated that every youngster in the Tennessee hills could not but hear it; there were flag raisings, music of drum and fife, speakings, recruitings, and busy preparations for the contest, on every hand. Middle and West Tennessee were on fire with enthusiasm for the Southern cause and the blaze swept apace across the mountains until neither Andy of the people, nor the fighting parson, was sufficiently powerful to stay the advancing flames.

Unionists fled to Kentucky by by-paths, or concealed themselves in the mountain fastnesses; the whole land was vociferous with Southern song, and military camps were everywhere alive with companies in the evolutions of the drill.

The young men of his neighborhood were loyal to the flag which their Wautauga regiment helped to consecrate in the revolution of '76, and, as a consequence of this devotion to the Union, were hiding in the mountain rendezvous, somewhere between Greenville and Rogersville, and were looked upon by the Southern people as bush-whackers.

He was the captain's companion, and was with him one day when a company of Southern cavalry dashed unexpectedly into the retreat, the captain was killed, several wounded, and our friend was made captive. The rebels gathered up a lot of cattle, some bacon in impressed teams, ate every cooked article of food for miles around, drank every drop of whisky in that part of the country, and then turned their horses heads toward their camp in Hawkins county. When this was reached our captive was forced into the Confederate service, but not unwillingly, for, as he did not comprehend political questions, it mattered but little to him if he added to his stock of ignorance, an acquiescence in the principle which the Southrons called "State Rights," so long as the country was as pleasant as his own mountain home, and the prospect for something to eat and drink even more promising than it was at home.

His command was marched through Cumberland Gap into Kentucky, fought at Perryville, skirmished around Danville and then marched back again, contended with the enemy at Stone River, Chattanooga, Knoxville, Winchester, Hagerstown, Martinsburg, Abingdon, in fact, traveled, soldiered, and fought in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Virginia, West Virginia, and Maryland, spent some of the best years of his life in the ranks of the Confeder-

ate soldiery without knowing or caring for what they fought, but always with evident enjoyment of the excitement of the skirmish and battle. He was a general favorite and was exempted from the labor of wood-chopping, or the drudgery of cooking, but submitted uncomplainingly to the imposition of more than his share of blankets and rations when on the long marches, because he well knew that the others were called upon to do the brunt of the fighting.

If he could be made to speak, he doubtless would complain that many of those who served with him under Forrest, Wheeler, Pegram, or Fitz Lee, scarcely give him a look of recognition as they pass, though his poverty compels him still to wear his war clothes, and could he know that the greater number of them have assumed titles which they neither wore in 1861, nor won on the field of battle, and that others having turned away from the burial of the Confederacy, put on sackcloth and ashes, and are now doing penance pleasantly with the salaries and perquisites of office under the government they attempted to shatter. Could he know these things, he would, perhaps, not be displeased at the following account of his conspicuous absence from his command during the waning day of the Confederacy. The controlling powers ordered that he be transferred from a Tennessee to a Kentucky command and he was en route to this when the Federals, who were after the salt of the Confederacy, captured him in the streets of Abingdon, Virginia, and treated him so well that his patriotism, so long dormant, revived wonderfully, especially at the sight of a plenitude of rations, and hillsides as pleasant to look upon in the fading light of State Rights, as his own free hills in East Tennessee.

He, therefore, became once more a follower of the old flag, and was with the legions in blue when the war closed and, then, entirely useless he was discharged, turned out, as it were, to die neglected by all. He is now a decided believer in the peaceful ways of life.

The story ended, the veteran gave us a suspicious look out of his weary old eyes, then a nicker which broadened into a regular "horse laugh," and showed a set of teeth on which any competent farrier would count years to the number of twenty-three. Let us leave the old horse to think on and lean, if he please, on the fence, because he served well under two flags.

W. M. MARRINER.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

FROM SAILOR'S CREEK TO JOHNSON'S ISLAND, LAKE ERIE.



WHEN Ewell's corps surrendered, or rather was captured at Sailor's Creek, after a stubborn fight, it was strange to see the eagerness with which every Federal private soldier desired to capture for *himself* some Confederate officer, so as to get possession of his side-arms. As an example, a lieutenant in our naval brigade was ordered by a *private* in some regiment upon the penalty of instant death, and with his musket leveled, to hand over his side-arms. To this demand the lieutenant, drawing his pistol, quietly replied, "I will only surrender my side-arms to a commissioned officer. I don't believe YOUR gun is loaded, and I KNOW my pistol is, so pop away!" The soldier quietly "shouldered arms," and went his way, the lieutenant in a few minutes thereafter, delivered his arms to a Federal officer, never having been captured before. Our surrender was entirely different from what I had imagined. The Federal soldiers mingled freely with our men; the best feeling prevailed. They all, as far as I could see, freely and eagerly divided their rations with the men they had been fighting all day, and would say, "Well, Johnnie, we have got you. Aint you glad the war is over?" etc. I can't say how the other "Johnnies" felt, but I was truly glad and thankful that I was done fighting and being fought, and I spent that night in an old barn immediately across Sailor's creek, where a great many officers were corraled, in the most perfect security and peaceful sleep I had enjoyed for many a long day. The next morning we were marched off towards Burkville Junction, meeting one continuous line of soldiers, all finely equipped and radiant with success. *They had us at last and Grant's whole army felt it.* I was particularly struck with the negro troops we met; they all wanted to know "whar is dem rebel nigger sogers? dey is de ones we want to git at." The Confederates had raised some negro troops, but how many I never heard, or whether they were ever under fire. We reached Burkville Junction late that evening, and were put in the "bull pen." There were many regiments of Federal troops there. They came to the "bull pen," divided their rations with us, talked with us, and in many instances gave us money, as in my own case: While talking to a lot of them, and telling them "Mars Bob" would whip them yet, a Federal soldier asked

me if I had not been a midshipman, saying he had been in the marine corps and stationed at Annapolis. I told him I had, and he insisted upon my taking five dollars in greenbacks. I heard not one word of reproach or insult, but all were kind, and all seemed glad the war was over, and expected us to feel glad we were whipped, also. The next day we reached Petersburg, Virginia, where, through the kindness of General Roger A. Pryor, I was paroled for forty-eight hours. By this time the town was filled with soldiers paroled at Appomattox, and I could easily have gone home, since when I returned to the Petersburg & Weldon depot, which was used as a guard-house, the guard insisted as I was already paroled, I could not enter; but an officer coming along read my parole, and I was escorted in. From there we were sent to City Point, put on a transport and sent to Fortress Monroe. When we arrived in sight of the naval vessels in Hampton Roads, I noticed all the flags at half-mast. I at once knew that some very prominent man was dead, and supposed that Grant or some of his corps commanders had been killed while pursuing Lee. On reaching the wharf we were told of Mr. Lincoln's assassination by the maniac Booth. My spirits fell two hundred per cent., as I knew that all hope of being paroled on reaching Washington City was over, and I THEN regretted that I had not taken the guard's advice and gone home from Petersburg. Among the many hundreds of prisoners present, I heard but one sentiment, and that was one of horror and disapprobation, and I then believed and still believe, that even had not Lee been captured, and Booth had reached our lines, he would have been promptly surrendered by the army.

On our arrival at Washington City we were marched through the city under the guard of some negro troops. The people were intensely excited, and we were everywhere greeted with yells, etc., of "damned assassins," "kill them," etc. Some officer in our party seeing the situation of himself and of us all, told the sergeant of the guard that "we" (the Confederate) prisoners, did not propose to stand there and be mobbed, and that if he and his guard could not protect us, we would be forced to take their muskets and protect ourselves. All this time an angry and mongrel crowd, composed mostly of negroes and bummers, was gathering around us, uttering all kinds of threats, and demanding the guerrilla, Mosby. To the Confederate officers' request or demand, the negro sergeant replied, "Stand back dar white man. I'se gwine to pectect you." Fortunately, before the mob could find a leader, the authorities sent

down some companies of the "Veteran Reserve Corps," who quickly and without any ceremony dispersed the mob, and we were safely landed inside the walls of the Old Capitol prison, commanded at that time by Colonel Coalby, a West Pointer, I think, but at any rate, a nice gentleman and courteous officer. The mob having made some demonstrations against the prison the night before (the night after, or the night of Mr. Lincoln's death), every precaution was taken by Colonel Coalby to prevent any attack. The prisoners were forbidden to approach the windows, or show themselves at all, and we were told by Colonel Coalby that he had issued orders to his guards to fire on any man seen at the windows. This was a wise precaution, as in the excited state of the community, the least thing would have provoked a riot, and, of course, they would have made for the poor "Johnnies" confined in the Old Capitol. The funeral procession passed by when Mr. Lincoln's remains were carried to Springfield, but I don't think any of us saw anything of the cortege as we kept quiet and "laid low," not wishing, after having escaped so many times, to be then shot.

After remaining in the Old Capitol for nearly a month or three weeks, we were sent to Johnson's Island. While at the Old Capitol, Colonel Coalby was as considerate and as kind as circumstances would admit, he would freely discuss the war, with us, and upon one occasion, while a Confederate major was making the statement that he was about ready to doubt the existence of a God, as the Southern men and women had prayed so truly and faithfully for success, he was interrupted by Colonel Coalby, who said, "Major, I think you are wrong; now *I* believe there is not only *one* God, but *THREE*, and *they are all Yankees*." It is needless to say "that brought down the house."

On our way from Washington to Johnson's Island, we were in charge, when on the train, of a young lieutenant who had recently graduated at West Point, and a guard of about thirty or forty of the "Veteran Reserve Corps," but in marching through Baltimore we were turned over to the care of the home guard—these men had never heard a shot, and I wish I could remember the name of the brute who commanded them—I remember he was a renegade Southron. Here we were taunted by these stay-at-home fellows; but you may rest assured they got the worst of it. While resting on one of the streets a lovely lady walked up and down the lines, evidently looking for some acquaintance, husband, lover, or friend. The officer in command noticed her and ordered, so as to be heard by her and

many of us, two of his guards "to follow her and shoot the d—n rebel officer she spoke to." The lady passed along quietly, looking intently at every face, at length she saw *the face* she was searching for. She made no sign, nor spoke, but *she looked more* than all words could have expressed—then smiled, turned, and left. We were then ordered forward and put on the cars, and taken to Johnson's Island via Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and Columbus, Ohio, where we remained until paroled and sent to our (in many cases) far distant Southern homes.

R. A. CAMM.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

BATTLE AT WINCHESTER.

(From my Diary.)



MUSKETRY and cannon firing began early this morning (*June 14, 1863,*), but not near us. Mrs. D. came over to stay with me, as her house was unprotected and within the range of the shells.

We sat together in the dining-room, before the windows, looking to the west, and had an uninterrupted view of what was going on in that direction. It seemed strange to be sitting quietly in a rocking-chair and watching the progress of a battle, but so we did, and were not very much decomposed. We were yet on the outskirts, and could see the troops deploying, skirmish lines thrown forward, mounted men galloping from one point to another, batteries wheeling into position, and every now and then the thunder of cannon and the shriek of shells greeted our ears. Still they were at a distance, these sights and sounds, and there we sat all the sweet June morning and watched and listened, and occasionally shrank a little when a shell came crashing through the trees not far off. A battery was on the same hill opposite our house that, one year ago, the Confederates stormed and took, and sent its defenders panic-stricken down the hillside, or rolling in the dust. Thick and fast the shells presently come, one after another, from a Confederate battery, and the answering shots are from the fort. We are just in their path—one battery is south of us and the fort is slightly east of north. So they go whizzing, screaming, and coming down with a dreadful thud, or crash, and then burst. We hold our breath, and cover our eyes till they pass. I gather all the children in till the firing ceases.

About noon there is comparative quiet, and Mrs. D. goes home

with her children. I begin to fear that the attack has failed, and the Confederates are retiring, but it is only the lull before another and greater storm.

About three o'clock I went out on the porch to see what was going on. The children were playing in the yard; high on the opposite hill the same battery spouted flame at intervals, and the fort slowly responded. Men were passing and repassing, and many looked pale and anxious. Some wearily dropped down and went to sleep under the trees.

My two little boys, D—— and R——, seemed to forget the shells, and were playing, running and catching the men as they passed, saying, "I take you prisoner." Though there was a cessation of the firing in a great measure, the faces of the passing groups of men, or stragglers, as they were, did not look less anxious. I heard one officer telling another that Mulligan was hourly expected from Cumberland to relieve them. Then I felt comfortable, to know that they needed relief.

I was, up to that time, ignorant of the state of affairs, and of all except what was to be seen from my point of observation.

At five o'clock I again went and stood in the porch, dejectedly fancying that the attempt had failed, and we were again left to our fate. Two officers stood within hearing, leaning against a tree—a linden tree that grew close to the house door, and filled the air with perfume. They were pale, and looked disturbed as they talked in low tones to each other.

Suddenly a blaze of fire from those western hills, from which Mulligan was to issue for their relief. "That is Mulligan," said one. "Mulligan has come!" echoed from all around; but the shout was suddenly silenced when they saw the direction in which the balls were sent. Straight into their works they plunged, and soon a dusky line was seen making its way towards their outer works. Crashing of cannon and rattle of musketry till those were taken, and then the guns were turned on the fort. Then it seemed as if shells poured from every direction at once. One battery rushed through our yard, he horses wounded and bleeding, the men wounded also and pale with fright. More horses, more artillery, and pale, flying men rush by where I stood. Hurrying groups of stragglers, and officers without swords and bareheaded; they were all hastening up to the fort, which they had imagined was a place of safety.

General Milroy, with a few of his body-guard, galloped by. I saw his pale, agitated face as he passed within a few feet of me, and felt

sorry for him; so, following my impulse of being kind, I bowed to him, from pure sympathy, for I really did, at the time, feel for his misfortunes, though I would not have averted them. I knew him, and he had often been kind to me. He may have thought my salutation a piece of mock respect; but, whatever he thought or felt, he bowed low, till his plume almost touched his horse's mane.

The fort was all the time sending its huge shot and shell over and through the town to the place where our troops were, and from the west proceeded a blaze of fire and a cloud of smoke, that carried death into their stronghold, into which they were crowding by hundreds.

Until now they seemed to be flying to the fort for safety, and it was pitiable to see them, as they were hurrying by, turn their eyes to the west, pause, and look bewildered, then look around for a place of safety, and finally avail themselves of the only spot the shells did not reach—the angle of our house. I had retreated there with my little children when the shot and shell began to fly so fast and burst all around the house; and then, as I sat on the porch bench, men came crowding in. Now, a surgeon, bringing a wounded man; he, the surgeon, looked so humble and frightened that I did not at first recognize in him the same one who had behaved so insultingly last winter, when he demanded my house. He goes away, but soon comes back, more frightened and agitated than ever.

I tried to comfort the wounded man who sat on the bench by me, but he was past comfort; a ball was lodged in his throat, and he sat with his poor, wretched face distorted with pain through all those weary hours. Close to me he sat, and the hard breathing, as he struggled to keep the blood from choking him, was dreadful to hear. Crowd after crowd of men continued to pour into the porch, until it was packed full; then they pressed as closely as they could, to be sheltered by the wall. Ambulances were backed up to let out their loads of wounded, and horses reared, frantic with pain from their bleeding wounds; some were streaming with blood, with their poor eyes stretched wide with pain and fear. All made an effort to crowd in there, and the close atmosphere was almost suffocating. I could not move, or hide the dreadful sight from my eyes.

All the while the batteries thundered; the booming of cannon, the screaming of shells (who that has once heard that sound can ever forget it?), and the balls of light go shooting over our heads, followed by that fearful explosion. All this weary while the children were leaning on my lap. I was holding my poor little H——, R——,

and N——, who were perfectly composed, looking up at the shells as they flew over and came crashing down. D——, poor, little four-year-old baby, hid his face in my lap and sobbed. Old Aunt W—— sat not far off crying and wringing her hands. “Oh, Miss ——, you will all be killed!” said she. I did not know whether we would or not; it really seemed impossible that we could come out of that chaos alive. One object my eyes were so fascinated with, that I could scarcely withdraw them; it was the face of Tuss. A more object-looking wretch it would be difficult to conceive of. The expression of woe on his ugly, old face was ludicrous; his eyes were fixed on me with a beseeching look, as if I could help him if I would. He remembered, no doubt, his past misconduct, and that must have given an additional sting to his distress.

At last the sun has set, and the firing is less constant; soon it ceases altogether. Some of the men make a move as if to go away, but only saunter off a few steps and stop in the yard; some get to laughing and talking, the reaction from anxiety and dread. These same men had been fighting for two days. Some looked really happy, and, I doubt not, felt greatly relieved. I went to the kitchen and had some milk boiled for the wounded man that had sat near me. He tried to take it, but could not. I had him taken in and laid on the lounge in the hall; others followed, and, before I knew it, there were at least fifty men in the house. They asked permission to come in, it is true, but it was useless, I knew, to withhold it, for they were many and I was one, and I did not then know the result of the contest. After dark I left the children with Aunt W——, and walked out in the yard. Most of the men and all of the officers had dispersed, except those who were in the house. They had gone, I do not know where. Some of the ambulances, with wounded, and all the horses had gone.

I met two gentlemen, neighbors, near the house. They said our forces had captured nearly all of Milroy's command. While that lull was taking place in the middle of the day, Early was silently making his way around to the rear of the enemy, and suddenly burst on them with his batteries, in the manner I have described. When I went into the house the floors were all covered with men, some asleep, and others preparing for it by stacking their muskets in a corner and stretching themselves on the floor. It was vain to try to get any supper for the children and myself, so I took them up stairs and sent them to bed without even shutting a house door. What is the use? Have I not a strong guard down stairs?

I did lock my chamber door, and went to bed and slept soundly, but the scenes of the day floated through my brains all night—the maneuvering troops, the horsemen scudding over the hills, shells flying, men rushing back and forth, artillery, infantry, and ambulances confusedly hurrying by, and the summer sunshine on all around just as in peaceful and happy days.

June 15th. I was awakened at dawn by cannon; dressed and went down. The floor was still covered with sleeping men, for they were very weary. I pushed one with my foot to arouse him, and told him to wake the others. I waited for them to go, and invited them to depart, but still they lingered. The cannon had ceased. I went to the front door, and there, filing into the yard, was a column of gray coats! I could not refrain, but waved my handkerchief high over my head. They came up and halted before the door. I told an officer the Federals were there, and he asked me to send them out. I told them to go, and each one laid his musket down and walked sadly out. I then went out, and ran through the wet grass of the orchard, up the hill, to the fort. The United States flag was still waving in the fresh morning breeze, but not a soldier was to be seen. They had all gone, and destroyed nothing. I stood looking with amazement at the immense work they had constructed so near me, and I had never seen it before, though I had been consumed with curiosity to do so for a long time, and took the first opportunity that offered to investigate it.

Some one came galloping up the hill. It was a young officer I knew. While I was talking with him a general officer and staff came galloping up, and and I descended and went home.

Some one told me that, in the early morning, long before light, many ladies, expecting our men to come in, had assembled to greet them; and, as the marching column drew near, they, with one accord, burst into singing “The Bonny Blue Flag.” The bands all stopped and the troops stood still till they had finished, and then their shouts rent the air.

C. M.



"ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TO-NIGHT."

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
 " Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks his beat to and fro,
 By a rifleman hid in the thicket."
'Tis nothing; a private or two, now and then,
 Will not count in the news of a battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men—
 Moaning alone, all alone, the death rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
 Where the soldier is peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
 Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
 Through the forest leaves slowly is creeping;
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
 Keep watch—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
 As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
Thinking of the two on the low trundle-bed,
 Far away in the cot on the mountain;
His gun falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
 Glow's gently with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
 For the mother, may heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine as brightly as then,
 That night when the love, yet unspoken,
Leaped up to his lips, and when murmured vows
 Were pledged, to be ever unbroken;
Then, drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
 He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun up to its place,
 As if to keep down the heart swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
 The footstep is lagging and weary,
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
 Toward the shade of a forest so dreary.
Hark! Was it the wind that rustled the leaves?
 Was it the moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary, good-bye!"
 And the life-blood is ebbing and splashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
 No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
 The picket's off duty forever!

[For the BIVOUC.]

A NICE PAIR OF MOCCASINS.



NO doubt many an old foot-soldier of the Army of Tennessee has, since the war, recalled with a pang the march over the rough roads across North Alabama from Birmingham to Florence, on Hood's disastrous flank movement to Nashville, Tennessee. I think it was in the latter part of October, or early in November, 1864. I have a painful recollection that the weather was anything but comfortable, being cold, rainy, and sleety most of the time, and the road we marched sometimes hilly and stony, and at others so muddy and sticky that a poor infantry or artilleryman had to halt every few minutes, and, with his knife or a stick, scrape from his foot the accumulations of mud, which proved a serious impediment to his progress. No doubt that road, when the mud dried up, was found well strewn with old shoes, for there were not many on the soldiers' feet when we reached Florence. Our shoes were not in the best condition when we left Birmingham, none having been issued to our battery, that I recollect, since we had been flanked out of Atlanta. Long before we reached Florence, mine had so completely given out that they had ceased to be a protection to my feet, but were rather an aggravation, the small, rough pebbles working in and causing such frequent halts and unlimberings to dislodge them, and limberings up again to resume the march, that I began to fear I would have to be classed among the stragglers. So, I can't say I felt very sorry when, after limping down a gravelly hill as fast as I could to catch up with the battery, suffering torment at every step, I found my gun (a brass twelve-pound Napoleon) stuck in a mud-hole in the valley. Ah! thought I, here's a chance for a good rest, and immediately sought a rock or a log on the road-side to sit down upon; but before I could locate myself to my satisfaction, the order came, "All hands to the wheels." After a severe tug of horses and men, the gun went on, and so did the men; but, alas, one of them, your humble servant, was in the predicament of "my son John," of the nursery rhyme, "with one shoe off and one shoe on."

However, I did not mourn my misfortune long, for my right foot felt so light and comfortable "going it alone" in the soft mud; and my left so heavy and painful, with about five pounds extra of the same mud to take up and put down at every step, that I thought it

was a great waste of energy, and that I would equalize the forces by discarding the other shoe on the road. It might come handy, I thought, to some poor fellow in the rear who may have lost his left under similar circumstances, or "been left" in some other way. This worked very well for a little while, and I would have been a happy "Confed." if there had been soft mud all the way to Florence. But we soon struck hilly and gravelly roads again, and I then became convinced of what I had often suspected before, viz: that your humble servant was slightly *non compos mentis*. Now, I had, luckily for me, a messmate, whose maiden name was "Uncle Jake," who had been, and remained, my *fides achates*, from the organization to the surrender of the battery. Uncle Jake had long legs, a narrow body, an astonishing appetite, and a very big heart. I often wondered how it was that his heart and stomach did not crowd each other uncomfortably in carrying on their respective operations in such contracted quarters as his narrow frame afforded; but there seemed to be always room for both, and I have often profited by their harmonious action. Especially do I remember, with gratitude, how many a time on the weary night marches between Dalton and Atlanta he has relieved me of the heavy burden of two or three days' corn-pone rations by swapping one of hard-tack therefor; thus manifesting, not only the bigness of his heart, but also the great capacity of his stomach, and enabling me to keep up with the column on several occasions when I might otherwise (weakened as I was by dysentery) have fallen back in dangerous proximity to the skirmishing in the rear. But, besides the good qualities just mentioned, he had others of the head quite as marked. He was noted for his good, hard sense, and was a handy man to have around in almost any emergency, in camp, on the march, or on the battle-field. He could sew as neatly and put on as nice a patch as any woman; could make a better-looking artillery cap than was issued by the quartermaster department; could bind up a wound as well as any surgeon; and, as for getting a gun out of difficulty on a bad road, there was not his equal in the battery. He was full of resources, and could always produce from one or the other of his two capacious haversacks something or other which would prove useful in almost any emergency.

Now, Uncle Jake told me I was a fool when I left my last shoe on the road, remarking that "a half a corn-pone is better than no rations at all;" and, as I said before, as soon as we got out of the bottom and struck the hills again, I found it out. A few hundred yards' marching on hard, stony ground convinced me that a "change

of base" was necessary, and, as was usual with me whenever I got into a bad fix, I relied upon Uncle Jake to help me out. So we held a council of war as we trudged along behind the caisson (which was in his charge), and it was decided to sacrifice the thinnest of the three blankets, which were our common property, and, at the next halt, cut as many strips from it to wrap my feet in as were needed, and to secure his own shoes from deserting him at the next mud-hole, as one of mine had done. In the meanwhile, I was allowed to steal a ride on the caisson (which was strictly against orders) until we got on soft ground again. At the next halt this plan was carried into execution, and I resumed the march on foot. For awhile I was in a comparatively happy frame of mind, my feet being well padded beneath and skillfully wrapped up in such a way as not to interfere with the movement of the ankles. But this did not last long. The strips were soon cut through by the gravel, and frequent halts were required to repair damages, and when we struck a muddy stretch of road again they accumulated such a heavy load that I found it impossible to keep up with the battery thus handicapped, and fell some distance behind.

Straggling along late that afternoon, hoping every moment to find the battery in camp, and scheming how I could improve upon my present foot-gear, I chanced to pass a farm-yard where some beeves were being slaughtered, preparatory to issuing rations. I stopped to rest awhile and watch the operation, and, if a favorable opportunity offered, endeavor to secure a piece of liver, of which I was very fond, for my supper. Having interviewed the butchers for this purpose, and finding that the only liver worth having was already secured for some officers' mess, I was turning sadly away to resume my march when I noticed two shanks with the skin on, which had been thrown aside as worthless. And now a brilliant and original idea seized me, such as, perhaps, comes to a man but once in a lifetime (at any rate, such an idea never came to me but once, and I wished ever since it had stayed away).

"What a nice pair of moccasins they would make!" So I hastily picked up the shanks, still warm, and hurried on as fast as I could to camp, unconsciously hugging my prize to my breast, while through my brain, keeping time to my step and the melancholy "flip-flap, flip-flap" of the wet and muddy strips of blanket around my feet, ran this refrain, "A nice pair of moccasins, moccasins, moccasins."

A few minutes more brought me to our bivouac close by the road-

side, by which time it was nearly dark, and few of the company noticed me enter with my prize, which was lucky for me, as things turned out, or I should have been dubbed "cow-heels" for the balance of the campaign.

Uncle Jake had picked out as dry a spot as could be found in the neighborhood for our couch, and had already a rousing fire burning at the foot of it, metaphorically speaking, when I came in. "Hello!" said he, "what have you got there? Is it roast marrow-bones, or ox-tail soup for supper to-night?" "You can make what you please out of 'em after I have skinned 'em," said I, throwing the shanks down, "but I am going to have a nice pair of moccasins, I am, and I want you to help me make 'em." "What! out of the green hide? How are you going to do it?" "You help me skin 'em," said I, "and I will show you a trick which, I am proud to say, is original." I knew I could rely upon finding among the contents of one of Uncle Jake's haversacks the necessary materials, and felt no uneasiness as to the ways and means of accomplishing my purpose. So, after eating a supper of boiled beef and corn-dodgers, washed down with a pint of corn coffee without sugar or milk, I proposed to commence operations.

"All right," says Uncle Jake, "but, if you will take my advice, you will throw those darned things away, and let me fix you up a trick that is not original." But no, I would have my own way. So, having lighted our pipes, we set to work, and, after much cutting and fitting, I had my feet sewed up in as nice a pair of moccasins, I thought, as Leather Stockings, Sitting Bull, or any other heathen, could have improvised for the occasion.

But "alas! for the vanity of human hope." "The wisest plans of men and mice gang aft aglee," says the poet, a sentiment I fully appreciate.

Uncle Jake had warned me that I was having the "darned things sewed on too tight," and that they ought to have plenty of room to shrink, but I heeded him not. They felt so warm and soft and comfortable to my poor, tired and lacerated feet that I could not imagine they would ever feel otherwise. Besides, I had learned at school that heat expands and cold contracts, and, as I would lie with my feet close to the fire, which would be burning all night, they would have no chance to contract that night, and the mud and slush of the road would be sure to keep them moist and soft on the morrow, and so I should be able to make the balance of the march in comparative comfort.

And thus mentally arguing away all lingering doubts raised by Uncle Jake's warnings, my mind at rest on the subject of shoes, and in a spirit of thankfulness remembering even the quartermasters in my prayers, I wrapped myself in my blanket, and, with head pillowed upon the root of a tree and my feet stretched out close to the fire, fell into a heavy, blissful sleep.

It was near morning when this blissful sleep was broken by a horrid nightmare. I was sitting on a log beside a flowing river, dangling my feet in the water to cool the fever in them, after a hard day's march, when a horrid and curious creature, with the head of an alligator and the horns and hoofs of an ox, seized them in his jaws and tried with all his might to pull me into the water. I quickly threw my arm around a stout branch beside me, and held on for dear life, almost paralyzed with fear. Tug as he would he could not dislodge me. He was crunching my feet, however, and what seemed strange to me was that I was uttering the most agonizing cries for assistance from my comrades around me, who remained perfectly indifferent and apparently unconscious of the tragedy being enacted before their very eyes. At length my strength gave way, my hold of the limb relaxed, and I was just about to become another Jonah when I awoke in the most excruciating pain and with a wild yell that aroused the whole camp.

"For God sake! what is it? what is it?" cried Uncle Jake and several others, who had been rudely aroused from their slumbers, and had gathered around me.

"Oh!" said Uncle Jake, a moment after, as he cast his eyes upon my feet, "it's nothing but those darned moccasins. Look at 'em, all shrivelled up. I told the blamed fool the fire would shrink 'em up, in spite of his science about heat and cold. Quick! cut the darned things off, or they will choke him to death."

It is needless to relate that this latter was a complete and rapid operation, or what relief it afforded, nor with what humility, if not satisfaction, I returned to my blanket strips, a sadder but a wiser man.

The pleasing illusions of my boyhood regarding the heroes of Cooper's novels are quite dispelled. I believe Leather Stockings, and the wild Indians who were said to have been able to annihilate distance, noise, and fatigue by means of their light and fanciful foot-gear, to have been unmitigated frauds, and I feel sure that Cooper himself could have traced an unbroken line of descent from the renowned Baron Munchausen.

All of my comrades who knew anything about this story are dead and gone except Uncle Jake, and if this comes to his eyes, I know he loves me too well to tell who was the hero of "a nice pair of moccasins."

F. B.

NEW ORLEANS, February, 1884.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

FORAGING FOR LITERATURE.

It was a dismal day, and many such days we had while in winter quarters at Dalton, Georgia. Sombrous clouds bent down on every side, and drearily the rain, the wintry rain, pattered upon our humble roofs. The smoke, which was wont to curl up gracefully from our rude chimneys, lazily drifted into the valleys, and there hung in miniature clouds. Occasionally a gust of wind came blustering over the bleak hills, rattling the loose boards over our heads, and lashing harder the rain against our cabins. The smoke then went flying from our chimneys, and the little clouds were whirled from the valleys to be lost in the mist. But these capricious winds only served a moment to break off the monotonous pattering of the rain-drops.

Not a soul could be seen stirring in all the rude villages situated on the hills about us, save the sentinels on duty. The soldiers were within doors by roaring, snapping fires, some reading, some "spinning yarns," some having a quiet game of "draw," and not a few deep in the mysteries of "seven-up," or euchre—anything to kill time, which always hung heavily in camp on a rainy day.

At headquarters, a snug little cabin on the hillside, sat our lieutenant-colonel and quartermaster by a cheerful fire, yet sorely afflicted with the *ennui*. There was a dearth of books, and euchre had lost its charms. Perhaps the rain would last for days, and what was to be done? Our quartermaster, in order to be equal to the situation, proposed to send "Paul" (the acting orderly) out foraging for those silent, yet joyous companions—books. The idea was capital, and soon "Paul" was in the saddle enveloped in a great gum coat, ready for the expedition. He affirmed that he knew a place several miles in the country where there was a well-stocked library; and, no doubt, with the prospect of a "square meal," to be procured at some farm-house, also flitting across his mental vision, "Paul" rode off through the pelting rain, followed by a "God speed!" from our exemplary quartermaster.

Now, "Paul" was not so learned as his renowned namesake, the apostle, yet he pretended to be well up in literature, and our lieutenant-colonel and quartermaster were filled with bright anticipations, and anxiously awaited the result of "Paul's" expedition.

As the day advanced, the weather became more blustering. The wintry storm raged without our lieutenant-colonel's quarters, and the "blue devils" were rife within. The rain dashed and pattered upon the roof, and the wind moaned, hissed, and screamed among the branches of the old oak which overhung his cabin, while the mules in the wagon-yard, not far distant, becoming restless under the pelting storm, set up a yelling and shrieking that was anything else than the harmony of sweet sounds.

The shadows of evening were hovering, and "Paul" had not yet returned. Our lieutenant-colonel sat in silence, and was, perhaps, picturing scenes in the glowing embers of his far-away home, or, perhaps, was contemplating, the "feast of reason" that his faithful orderly would bring into camp. At the same time our quartermaster sat with his feet elevated high upon the rough chimney-board, singing in an undertone a favorite air to keep time with the chirping cricket on the hearth, and drown the noise of that little insect called the "death-watch," ticking in the wall. At last the door swung open and in stepped dripping "Paul." He had a book under his cloak which he soon triumphantly brought forth, at the same time stating that the lady of the house, where he had visited, had kindly invited him into the library to make his own selections.

The volume he produced was new-looking and neatly bound in cloth. Our lieutenant-colonel eagerly grasped it and in silence read the title, "PATENT OFFICE REPORT!" In the meantime "Paul" had extracted from beneath his cloak another neat-looking volume which he handed to our quartermaster, remarking that it was a "purty" good-looking book, but that he thought the print was very bad! Our quartermaster quickly whirled over the pages, and discovered nothing wrong with the *print*, except that it was in *Greek*, and the book had evidently been no stranger in the school-room.

Yes, many such dreary days we had while in winter quarters at Dalton, but never again was "Paul" seen riding forth through the pelting rain "foraging for literature."

J. S. J.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

DADDY PRINCE.



HOUGH not a personage of historic fame, Daddy Prince, as he was familiarly called, was quite a notable character in the town where he lived, and, as he had some *war experience*, a short account of him may not be uninteresting to the readers of the BIVOUAC.

He was by birth an African, but his age no one could tell. His short, crisp hair and scant beard looked as if the snows of a century might have fallen upon them, and his thin face, with its deeply furrowed, leathery covering, made one feel as if he must always have been old. At any rate, he boasted of peculiar privileges, and had done no hard work for many years before the memorable summer of '64.

His master, Mr. C., was among the last to leave R—— before Sherman's army entered the town, and his parting injunction was, "Prince, take care of my servants; and if you need advice or assistance, go to Dr. P."

A detachment of cavalry rode through the place July 5th, and, though nothing was destroyed by them, they gave to lawless women permission to pillage.

Mr. C.'s house shared the fate of all the unoccupied buildings, and was ransacked from attic to cellar.

Aghast, the poor old man saw things that had ever been sacred to the service of his master and mistress desecrated by profane touch and carried off by the rabble. His terror so paralyzed him he made no effort to obtain a share of the spoils until the store-room was broken open and almost everything removed. Then he took that which, though a great luxury in "Confederate times," was of little real value to him—several gallons of kerosene oil!

Two or three days later, and R—— was the seat of a great military encampment. Daddy Prince wandered about the camps, picking up a little here and there, and managed to keep himself and family in tolerable comfort so long as the army remained in the town. He found, however, a great difference between *war-fare* and "massa's bittles," so that his thoughts dwelt often upon the days that had been.

As Christmas approached he began to sigh at the prospect of missing the usual presents, with the "big tuckey dinner," and de-

cides to write a letter to his master. The following is a true transcript of that remarkable production :

“ DECEMBER 24, 1864.

“ *My Dear Maussa :*

“ I yeddy say (hear it said) dat I kin sen' one letter for my maussa ef I kin git one write, an' Mrs. P. say him will hab one writ for me.

“ Dem people 'bout yer (about here) tink dat maussa and de res' of *quality* folks nebber bin agoin' to come back' yer no mo', till maussa M. come; den dey begin to tink dem is comin', and dey done git scared, 'cause maussa M. him is gedderin' up all de furnicher (furniture) wot dey teef (stole).

“ Mis' Cobb, him tek one ax, an' he bruck open dat closet-doo', wot got one lock on, an' Mis' Cobb, him teef all missus' puzzarbs (preserves) and tings. An' wen me see ebery ting bin agoin' me tek de ile, de klobersene ile, an' me put him 'way till me want some bittle (victuals), den me sell him fur some flour in one bag.

“ Me nebber tink say me ought'n to sell him, till I ax Mr. P., an' get him fur tell me how much he wut (worth). Dem people, dey cheats me, too; cause dey tek my taller an' say dey will gi'e me one dollar an' one half fur one poun', an' maussa M. say him wut mo'; so me gone arter it an' sell him agin, 'cause dey nebber bin pay me nuttin' for him. An' me git tree dollar fur one poun' ob my taller, an' maussa ain't got nuttin' fur do wid him, 'cause I nebber mek him out ob yo' fat, maussa. I mek it out dem Yankey fat wot me pick up.

“ One time me an' Tyra an' Judy an' dem git clean out of meat, 'cause Mr. Jones done teef mos' all ob maussa hog, an' when us yeddy say him done kill all 'cept one hog an' fo' leetle pig, I gone to Mr. P. fur git one order fur go arter dem. I git Mr. Owens fur go arter dem, an' I git Luke fur go wid me fur compn'y. Wen us git dar, Mr. Jones no bin dar, but him wife bin dar an' say he is him hog. Us gone to de fiel' wha Mr. Jones been wuckin'. Him no bin had time fur fine out wot him wife been say, else him would hab been tell lie, too; so, when us show him de order, Mr. P. sen', him say him is maussa hog. Us gone back to de house, an' ow! Mr. Jones' wife git mighty mad, an' him *cuss* we, too. But no mind—we git we hog an' de fo' leetle pig. An', maussa, Mr. Jones mus' be teef much ob corn, 'cause him had him in de smoke house, an' I nebber did see so much corn for hog in my life. Why, the floo' been cubber wid cob *wusser more dan a foot long!*

“ I gi'e Mr. Owens one leetle pig, 'cause he gone arter dem; an' I

gi'e Luke one, 'cause he gone wid me fur comp'ny; an' I gi'e Mis' Sout' one, 'cause him say he will gi'e me some money an' some chicken fur him. Mis' P. tell me say I mus' mek him put on one paper how much ob money an' how much ob chicken he gwine pay me for him; but I tell Mis' P. say, 'No; Mr. Sout' *mean* 'nuff fur cheat me ef he kin, but I is too smart fur him'—*but he ain't pay me nuttin' yit!*

"Yeddy me, maussa, wen I tell you dat Judy ain't wut shucks. Him won't wuck, an' Mis' P. tell me dat me an' Tyra is ole folks, an' Judy children, too, is 'bliged to feed, but it is one shame fur him, a big, strong 'oman, fur eat maussa corn an' no wuck. He say my wife mus' git de money an' de wuck fur him, 'cause, you know, maussa, Judy ain't got much sense, but him is doin' berry well now.

"I yeddy say lots ob dem nigger 'omans what dem Yanky car 'way from yer is lyin' dead 'twix' Mayetty an' Chat'noogy, an' me tek the wises' plan, an' nebber gone. But me is been goin' dough, 'cause dem Yanky lub we wussa more dan dey lub you buckra (white people). If dem sogers hurt you buckra, dem Yanky don' care; but jist wait till dey trubbles we, and dey teks dem an' ties dem up by deir tums (thumbs) till dey gits right sorry.

"Dem Yanky keep tell me say I free, an' I keep want fur go wid dem, fur true; but I couldn't gone, 'cause Judy been sick, an' couldn't gone wid me, an' I couldn't lef him, 'cause wen maussa gone 'way from yer him tell me say I mus' tek care ob him nigger.

"Us would been hab corn 'nuff for las' we tree year, only 'cause de war come t'rough yer an' teef all—he teef all we chicken, too—we no save none.

"Maussa, I berry sorry 'bout dat ile, I is, but no mind. I got one ob yo' leetle pig lef', an' I got some ob yo' corn lef', an' ef dem sogers don't come t'rough yer dis winter, I gwine fatten him, an' sell him, an' pay you fur dat ile.

"To-morrow is C'rismas. Us wish you an' missus been yer fur gi'e we somethin' good. Us want fur see you berry bad, but can't tink ob ridin' on dem tings wot go wussa more dan bud kin flee (faster than a bird can fly). Come home wen you kin.

"Yo' 'bejunt sarbent, PRINCE."

Months passed, and the war was over. Some of the refugees had returned to R., but Mr. C. was not of the number, and his house became the property of Mr. A. Daddy Prince mourned over the change, especially as it made his removal to another place necessary. Occasionally, some light work would be given to the old man, for

which he was paid liberally, but, except for the cheerful and bountiful assistance of the people around, he would have suffered from hunger and cold.

His faith in the Almighty was strong and unwavering, but not discriminating. He believed that the righteous would never lack *bread*, but he wanted some luxuries, and rejected the idea of any effort being necessary to secure them.

One day he went up to Dr. P.'s wearing a sorrowful countenance. Mrs. P. saw him sitting on the doorstep, with his head bowed on his hands, and went out to ascertain what troubled him. The cause of his dejection was soon told. Mr. A. had employed a white man to clean up his yard. "An' you know," he said, "wuck ain't plenty, an' I kin clean up ya'd better dan any po' w'ite trash him kin git fur do it."

"Have you ever asked Mr. A. to let you do the work?" inquired Mrs. P.

"No, ma'am; I ain't going to ax him; him know I am dar at my house, an' ef him want me fur do de wuck, *him kin come an' ax me tur do it.*"

"But, Daddy Prince, are you not afraid of needing food and clothes, if you do not look out for such light jobs as suit your strength?"

"No, ma'am," replied the old man. "De Lord's t'oughts is no like to we t'oughts. De Lord know me is dar at my house, an' He know I is *willin' to do we wuck ef Mas. Allen only will ax me*, an' Him is too good fur lem me starve jist 'cause I won't ax for the wuck."

After talking with him some time, Mrs. P. turned to go in the house, but was recalled by hearing him say, with a smile bordering on a grin:

"I wish me could see missus once mo' 'fore I dead! Missus was good lady, fur true, an' mighty kine to we; but sometimes him used to git bex wid me," and he chuckled as he seemed to be thinking of the days gone by. In a minute he resumed:

"I 'member one day, long time ago, w'en the sewin'-society hab meetin' at maussa house. Missus want some 'trawberry fur de ladies, an' tell me say, 'Prince, pick de berry clean.' An' I is pick dem clean, too, 'cause I pick ebery berry off de bush. W'en missus come out in de garden, an' see de green berry an' all in de bucket. him scole me, an' tell me say he mean de ripe berry, an' 'he want me fur tek de stems off clean. I was mighty sorry 'bout it, an' I tek de

bucket an' empty it on the groun' to pick them clean. Missus holler at me; but it was clean san' in de path wha I empty dem, an' I t'ink now same like I ax him den, 'Ain't dem grow out ob de dut (dirt)? How kin it hurt dem to empty dem on de dut?'"

This article, already too long, must not be extended. It may, however, interest the readers to know that, although Daddy Prince's "missus" did not return to R—to live, he saw her many times before he died. His "maussa," too, had a small house built for him, where he lived until three years ago, his only serious discomfort arising from the fact that, to use his own words, "Tyra is the bigges' man of us two, an' she meks me stan' 'round."

ISABEL PRATT.

[For the BIVOUC.]

DALTON DURING THE WINTER 1863-64.



N the winter of 1863-64, Dalton was a lively place during our encampment there. All the devices known to the soldier, and they are legion, were brought into play for the entertainment of the army, and smoothing down the rough and jagged routine of the soldier's life.

Some built nice log cabins, and others pitched their tents extra well, and fortified and ditched against the weather, which was pretty cold and disagreeable. I have almost forgotten how I spent the winter, but it occurs to me that if I say "we had a good time at Dalton" there will be few to say me nay. You see we had General Joe Johnston in charge, and we felt safe. I remember Bill Arp said in one of his letters, that every time Uncle Joe rode by his tent, his game rooster would run out and flap his wings and crow. I think that is as strong as it can be put. We fairly worshipped him, and love him yet, fondly and tenderly.

Well, we went along and had our fun, and drilled when the weather was good, and had dress parades and one or two big sham battles, and the heaviest snowball fight ever known—in which the whole army was engaged for hours, and divisions and brigades were officered just like a real engagement. I was fattening up in the Bragg Hospital at Newnan just at this time, and missed this great struggle, for which I was—am yet I trust—properly thankful.

General Joe did not feed us very well, for he was "saving his bacon" for the coming campaign. How often afterwards we had

cause to be thankful for that—his wisdom and forethought was the cause of our abundance when the great retrograde movement commenced. Dalton was full of life and activity, but alas, it was the stranger's voice one heard and it was the stranger who filled its streets. Nearly the whole of the residents had gone, and the town was left to the army, and the camp-followers. At the depot were the wretched women waiting for delayed trains, and guards waiting for stores, and commissary details waiting for beef and meal.

On the corners of the principal streets punishment was being meted out to offenders. There was a tall, "wooden horse," with a soldier mounted on his back, bearing the nature of his offense printed on a board. On yonder corner, walking a "beat," was a man with a barrel fitted on him like a shirt, and his shaved head sticking ghastly out. Further on were the "stocks" with a row of men standing with their necks and wrists fast in the openings, and two or three men engaged in tickling them with straws and feathers. On all the streets soldiers were wandering to and fro, with empty canteens, watching eagerly for a suspicious-looking place, where they could fill them with "pine top." At Provost Marshal General's headquarters you found a busy scene. Officers reporting, detectives awaiting orders, while Colonel M. H. Cofer (Sixth Kentucky), was busy with every detail of his office. In the discharge of his duties as Postmaster General he was ably assisted by Major John B. Pirtle (now of Louisville), and Captain Thomas B. Winstead, of the Fourth Kentucky.

A revival of religion was kept up in the army for quite a while, and hundreds were baptized in the little river between our camp and Mill Creek Gap. Day and night one could hear the sweet songs of the gospel and the persuasive eloquence of our chaplains. I went over to visit a college mate in a Louisiana regiment one day and expected, of course, to find him and his friends playing poker. What was my surprise to find him holding a prayer-meeting, surrounded by a large crowd of anxious listeners. There was good done at Dalton. This friend of mine held out as a Christian, as well as a soldier, and is now a faithful minister. The Tenth Tennessee played a great many games of "hurl the ball," and it was a caution to see them pound each other with their clubs. They called it "hur'r'l the ba-al," in their Irish brogue. It was usual to see half a dozen men washing the blood from their faces at one time, at the creek. But for a gathering of the masses of the army, the chicken fight was ahead of everything else, and the fine chickens in a camp was a

source of great wonder to me. Around in a large valley, a natural amphitheater, the "mains" would take place. The valley would be packed with soldiers, and all the ludicrous scenes would be enacted that are incident to such places. Vast sums of money changed hands every meeting. Tennessee against Georgia. Kentucky against Louisiana, etc., etc., was the way the fighting run generally. Whenever Taylor McCoy had chicken soup for supper, it was no sign that he was happy at all. On the contrary, it was the sign that one of his famous "reds" had died with his "gaffs" on, and he was not as contented as if he was supping off of a chicken that had tried to bite him, or had otherwise been annoying him. Spies were hung and deserters shot, and many punished in the manner heretofore stated. The great military court was in session continuously, and was a very distinguished body of men. (I wish some one would write a history of this court. It would make an interesting article.)

Wild Bill, Devil Dick, Polk Stone, and Jim Cunningham, and all other wits and wags were boiling over with fun and practical jokes.

On the 7th of May, 1864, we broke up our camp and filed solemnly up on Rocky Face Ridge, and commenced the campaign that lasted one hundred and nineteen days. The metal of the soldiers was plainly discernible, and never was a grander army led forth, or a grander chieftain at headquarters. We were handled with as much care seemingly as an accomplished colonel would drill a single regiment. Without any fighting of great importance, we set our faces south, and entered into a retreat that has never been equaled, and a series of military movements unparalleled in any age.

FRED JOYCE.

A GEORGIA colonel, during the late war, charged the enemy furiously and successfully *without orders*, and, when reprimanded, gave as his excuse that his ammunition was getting low and was about to give out.

A DAUGHTER of the late Reverdy Johnson has been recently engaged in collecting the autographs of United States Senators; the book when completed will be sold to the highest bidder and the proceeds devoted to the "Confederate Soldier's Home" at Richmond. By a common understanding, each Senator gives five dollars, and a wealthy, large-hearted one the other day gave the five dollars and not wishing it known that he had given more than his brother Senators, slyly slipped into the lady's hand a check which required three figures to express its value in dollars.

Youths' Department.

[For the BIVOUCAC.]

SISTER JANE'S STORY.

"Come, Jane, now tell us a story about the good bear," said Jim.

"Yes, do, Jane," cried Josie and little Mamie in chorus.

"No, no, don't," growled George, the eldest boy of nine summers,

"tell us something about the war."

The children were all gathered around Jane in a piece of woods near the house, one bright morning in May.

They had romped and played for several hours, and beginning to feel tired now talked of going into the house.

This Jane was resolved they should not do. Their mother was asleep, and once the children came trooping in she was sure to wake up. Jane was the eldest, and though just in her teens was looked up to as a sort of little mother, and a wise one she was, too,

for her age. She was now engaged in one of her most difficult tasks. The children had to be amused to a certain time, and as they were



tired of playing she had gathered them around her and was conning over her list of tales, true and false.

"Well, children," she said, "I'll tell you a nice story."

"Is there any fighting in it?" asked disagreeable George, "'cause I'm tired of the good bear."

"Yes, there's fighting in it, too," and George at once settled down by a tree to listen.

"Well," said Jane, "once upon a time there lived in Georgia a poor widow with two little children named Sam and Sallie."

"Wuz dey big as me," said Josie.

"Just between you and Mamie. This poor woman had a hard time to get along, and used to take in sewing from the farmers who lived near by. One day when the war was going on between the North and South, this poor, lone woman went away from her house to take some clothes home she had made and to get the money for them. She left Sam and Sallie by themselves. While she was gone a big crowd of Northern soldiers marched near the house and were met by some Southern soldiers, and there was a hard fight between them and they were charging and shooting all around the house."

"Did they hurt the chillun?" said Josie.

"O, hush up," said George, "go on, sister. You said they were charging around the house."

"Yes," continued Jane, "and two officers with plumes in their hats and with flashing swords, met at the front door, and cut and slashed each other just awfully, and a bomb burst in the house and set it on fire."

"What became of the children?" said Jim.

"O, hush up," screamed George, "which whipped?"

"And the house burnt down while the men were fighting. But Sammy and Sallie ran down into the cellar and not a hair of their little heads was hurt. After awhile the Southern soldiers were driven off and the Northern army passed on down that road. But the mother of the children was taken up as a spy and she couldn't get back home for some time."

"Did de chilluns starve to deff?" said Mamie.

"Mighty nearly. For more than a day they were in the cellar crying for a piece of bread and their mamma. In the morning they heard a funny noise and they looked up and saw an old bear climbing down through a hole in the floor."

"Was it the good bear?" asked Josie, with wide eyes.

"And the old bear was hungry and he went to the children to tear

them up, but when he put his head in Sammy's face the boy patted him on the nose, and after that the children made friends with the bear."

"I knew it was the good bear," said Jim, with quivering lips.

"That evening he climbed out of the hole and put a log over it and went away, and the children were sorry he was gone, because he played with them and let them ride on his back. Pretty soon he came back bringing a bag full of peaches and apples, which he set before the little ones, and they had a party. This went on for nearly a week. One day they heard people talking up above them and they screamed with all their might for help. The strangers, after looking around for some time, found the children and took them out. In a few days they were taken to their mother and soon lived in a nice little cottage. They had a happy time now, but they often talked about old Burro, which was the name of the good bear. One day their mother took them to a circus in a village near by. There was a great crowd of people and plenty of funny clowns and performing animals. Presently a man came into the ring leading a trained bear. The children cried out at once, 'Why there's dear old Burro.' The bear broke away from his keeper and rushed into the crowd. Everybody ran, making all the noise they could, except Sam and Sallie."

"Presently the people stopped, for there was a strange sight to be seen. The bear had both children in his hug and they were patting his face. When the truth was learned, a purse was made up by some gentlemen and Burro was bought from the showmen for the children and ——" Just then Jane heard the voice of her mother calling them all in, and so she concluded her story thus: "And I expect Sammy and Sallie are grown up now, and that they are mighty kind to old Burro."

AUNT CHARLOTTE.

A CERTAIN captain of the Fourth Kentucky Infantry, feeling it his duty to reprimand the members of his company for straggling from the line of march, did that needed work to his own satisfaction and to the apparent contrition of the offenders. The good results of the lecture were evident until an apple orchard was spied and its bright, red fruit seemed to invite the plucking. At once, by a common impulse, the newly-disciplined boys broke for the orchard, while the captain completed his work of reform by shouting, "Boys, if you *will* go, bring your captain a few."

THE BOLD GUERRILLA BOY.

I didn't enlist in his company to be turned over to the Yankees, and probably wounded at that. I was willing to fight where there was a reasonable chance shown me, but I didn't think it was my duty to obey any foolish command of his.

Besides, I didn't think I could walk that far, any how. My leg was sore yet at the thigh, where that infernal dog had grabbed me the night I was out watching. So, I made up my mind to tell him I was lame, if he detailed me, and if he wouldn't take that as a good excuse, I was determined to refuse to go.

Just then the captain commenced riding along the line, picking out men as he went along, who were to go with him. I saw him coming, and didn't want to have a difficulty with him, I dismounted, and began to tighten the girth of my saddle. The nearer he came the more nervous I got, for I didn't want to raise a fuss. However, he picked out the man next to me, and then went on. I then mounted my horse, and held the reins of Tom Stone's horse, as he dismounted and walked out to the front.

In a minute or two the captain set out with the ten men he had chosen. I felt sorry for those poor fellows, as I felt sure they would all be taken or shot. They moved across the field in a body till they got near to the opposite woods when they separated from each other. They were soon entirely out of sight. Everything was as still as death.

I thought it was a very risky thing for us to stay where we were. If the Yankees caught those fellows, what good could we do them? And, besides, the chances were that the Yankees would make them tell where we were, and then we would have a hard time to get away. I didn't see any sense in our staying where we were, but, as none of the others moved, I thought I would stand by them to the last and share the danger with them.

In about half an hour (it seemed like a week) we saw some objects coming out of the opposite woods and coming towards us. I soon made out that they were mounted men. I felt sure that they were Yankees. Our men had gone in on foot. Those that were with me, however, sat still on their horses and seemed to think it was the captain and his squad coming back. I was certain that they were Yankees, and that probably they had a party coming to attack us in the rear. So, I turned around and tied Tom Stone's horse to the limb of a tree. If he, by chance, should come back, I wanted the poor

fellow to have his horse to get away on. Besides, if I had to fight or run, the horse would be in my way. I then turned my horse ready to charge either way. All the other fellows held their ground; and I thought I had better stay with them so as to give them the benefit of my help.

Presently the party on horseback came up to us, and sure enough it was the captain and his squad. Every man of them had gotten a horse, and the captain had brought a Yankee captain out with him. I certainly was glad to see those fellows again. I had felt sure that they had been captured. Jim was in the squad, and he rode up to me on a splendid horse.

He told me the thing was done as easily as rolling off a log. They had gone into the camp, and found the horses tied to iron pegs, which were driven into the ground. The Yankees were all fast asleep in their little shelter-tents at some distance. There were no guards around. All they had to do was to pull up an iron peg, mount the horse, and ride away quietly. The captain wasn't satisfied with this. What must he do but go up to a tent, wake up the fellow in it, put his pistol to his head, and tell him he would blow his brains out if he made any noise. Jim said the Yankee came along as quiet as a mouse.

The horses which the fellows had captured were splendid animals. The more I looked at them, the finer they seemed. They held their heads high, and they looked so fat. I felt sorry that the captain hadn't taken me along. While I was walking around, looking at the horses, I found that the bite of the dog hadn't stiffened me as much as I had expected. Accordingly, I made up my mind that I would go on the next detail if the captain picked me out. It was right for a soldier to obey his officer, no matter what danger he got into. Besides, I had promised to bring a horse to Miss Sallie, and here was a good chance to get one. I would run any risk for the for that girl. So, I stood well out on the line when the captain came along for another detail, and he told me I was to go with him. I gave my horse to Tom Stone to hold and off we started.

We kept together as the others had done, until we got about half way to the Yankee camp. When we got about one hundred yards from our party, and I looked around at them, it seemed a pretty long distance to me, and I had a strong misgiving that I wouldn't get back to them. I wasn't used to this fighting on foot. Give me a horse and I would charge a Yankee company by myself. But I felt that this thing of walking into a Yankee camp was very dangerous,

and useless, too. What could I do if those Yankees got after me? I was pretty sure that the Yankees had been roused since the horses were captured. We ten couldn't fight against all of them and I was rather doubtful as to the treatment they would give us if we were captured. They might not like this thing of stealing into their camp at night, and might not consider it the right way to carry on war.

The more I thought of it, the more risky the thing appeared. However, I kept on with the others. We were in a line a few yards apart, and the captain was next to me. I determined to stand by him to the last. He might not understand me if I turned back, and it was no time to have a difficulty with him. He might be a little rough in his talk and I might have to shoot him, and then the Yankees would certainly be alarmed. So I kept on.

Presently we got to the edge of the woods. There were the camp fires burning bright before us, and the little tents scattered about. Everything looked very quiet, but I thought the Yankees were keeping still in order to take us by surprise. We halted, and then one of our squad went towards the horses, and presently came back with one. Then another went in and got one. I wanted each fellow to have his choice fairly, so I waited till all of them had gotten a horse. Then, as I feared that I might arouse the Yankees, and thus bring the whole party into danger, I concluded that I would go back without getting a horse. However, the captain told me that I had better go and get a horse, and, as it was my duty to obey, I started.

The others had thinned out the horses so much that there were no horses left very near us. I had to walk about fifty yards, and had to pass tolerably near some of the tents. I crept along cautiously, getting behind a tree whenever I had a chance, and taking a good look at the tents. Everything seemed very quiet, but hang these Yankees, they lay quiet on purpose sometimes! So I got down on my knees at last and crawled from tree to tree. As I went along within about ten yards of a tent, the Yankee turned over and I heard him say, "Catch him!" I laid flat on the ground, and thought I was gone up, certain! I watched that tent about ten minutes, hardly breathing all the time. However, I suppose Mr. Yank was talking in his sleep, as he made no further motion or noise. I couldn't get back well, so I went on.

Presently, I came to the horses, and crawled up to the first one, and pulled the pin up from the ground. I concluded then that the quickest way of getting out of that camp was the best. So I made a jump on the horse's back and clapped spurs to his sides. The

rascal wasn't used to being ridden bareback, so what must he do but kick up. The noise made by this woke up the Yankee I had been watching, and the first thing I saw was a blaze of light like a streak of lightning, and a bullet went by my head, making a devil of a whistle. I rammed my spurs into the horse again, but this time he kicked so violently, that down I came to the ground. I had no time for picking horses then, so I started on foot in the direction I had come. I did some of the best running through those woods that I ever did in my life. The Yankee sent another bullet after me, but he was so excited, and I was running so fast, that he missed me. The bullet, however, struck a tree near me, and made such an infernal noise that I had better stop and surrender, as there was no use in my risking my life for nothing. But then I thought the Yankees might shoot me anyhow, for coming into their camp; so I kept on at the top of my speed.

When I had got to the place where I had left the captain and the others, I found they had gone, so I kept on across the field. By this time the camp had been aroused, and about two hundred Yankees were running after me, so I judged from the bullets that came whizzing past. I thought my last hour was come, and I prayed that I might be delivered from my enemies. I always was noted for my running, and a Confederate railroad train couldn't have beat me across that field. I found that my pistol was in my way while running, so I dropped it on the ground, hoping that the front Yankee would stop to pick it up. They kept shooting at me every jump I took, but they couldn't shoot straight while running; and, besides, I changed my course every now and then in order to disturb their aim.

Presently I got safely to the woods where we had left our horses, but not a horse was to be seen. I didn't stop to look for them, but went crashing through those pines like a bull trying to brush the flies from his hide. The Yankees didn't follow any farther than the woods, as they were afraid, I suppose, of an ambush. I kept up a pretty stiff run, however, through the woods, across the next field, and into another woods. Then I came down to a slower gait, as I heard no sounds behind me.

I came soon near the place where the pickets were. I dodged them by following a line of fence, and keeping the fence between me and them. It took me nearly an hour to get by them, as I had to be very cautious. Finally I got by safe, and kept on at a pretty steady gait till I reached Mr. Butler's house. Here I heard that the captain

and his party had gone by there some hours before, and had reported me either captured or killed. I didn't like to stay long here, as I was afraid the Yankees would come after me; so, after eating something, I kept on towards home, where I arrived late in the day, broken down, and with feet so sore that I could hardly put them to the ground.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

OLD AND NEW SCHOOL.

"Who flung that spitball against the ceiling?" said Mr. Johnson.

"Me," said Jim Jarvis, the bully of the school.

"I'll teach you, sir," said the master, advancing with uplifted rod, "a lesson in order and decency."

As the birch descended, Jarvis yelled, "Quit that!" then closed with the enemy and fought him desperately.

As the "combat deepened," re-enforcements appeared in the form of a younger brother. Over the benches and against the wall rolled the wave of battle. Jarvis junior did not dare to come to close quarters, but from long range he slung inkstands and books at the head of the teacher, occasionally hitting Jim. Two benches were already broken—one had yielded to the superior hardness of Jim's head, which was cut and bleeding. The teacher's coat was torn, and his watch lay on the floor.

At last, brute force prevailed over pluck, and the Jarvises were suppressed by violence for the third time since the Christmas holidays.

Next day Jim and his brother re-appeared at school, bright and cheerful, Jim with a bandage around his head, of which he seemed to be rather proud. He stepped around lively when called upon, and spoke in tones almost of affection to his conqueror.

At the word of command, "Class in Pike's Arithmetic," Jim was the first to take his seat, and when he and his class-mates were given certain examples to work, they marched straight up to the black-board and obeyed orders.

This occurred in an "old field school," when the curse of slavery and the code enveloped the land in barbaric darkness. Change the scene to a modern "institute," which rejoices in the effulgence of electric-light methods of instruction.

At the tinkling of a little bell a muffled sound is heard, and, with funereal tread, the class in arithmetic file around and occupy the reci-

tation bench. No apprehension of a hereafter disturbs their serenity of manner.

"Mr. Brown," says the professor, "please go to the board and work example number twelve."

"Didn't work 'em," says Brown, with insulting indifference, and a supercilious smile lights up his vacant face for a moment.

"Beg your pardon," says the professor. "Mr. Smith, I shall have to rely upon you, I suppose."

"I don't understand the stuff," says Smith, indignantly and bitterly, as if he was the victim of persecution, for which either the author of the text-book or the teacher should be hung.

"Sorry that you all found these examples so difficult," says the professor, apologetically. "You can say to your mothers that I will explain them to-morrow. I will now hear class in anthropology."

BOURBON.

TALKS WITH UNCLE GEORGE.

"Did the Yankees charge the trains often when you were falling back to the Potomac, Uncle George?" said I, the other day.

"I doan know for a fact they done it, but I hearn 'em say dat at all the cross-roads they would ride in wid a yell and after shootin' de teamsters carry off de mules. Dis wuz de word what passed round among us drivers and kep us so oneasy dat we spected ebery minute would be our next. But I could most in general tell when we wuz a gitten near a cross-roads by de way Mr. Blakely done. He could smell 'em a mile off, and whenever we got near one of 'em he would ride up and down de line hollering, 'Close up.' Us drivers soon got to know what 'Close up' meant, and jes as soon as ever we begin to hear de doleful soun' we would creep into de waggins and leave de mules to take care of deyselves."

"You don't mean that you would slip off your saddles and hide among the baggage?"

"In course, fall ahine de breast-works."

"Why, that was showing the white feather."

"No, indeedy, we showed nothing; but jes laid low and let de mules trot along. Tain't ebery mule what can be trusted to do dis, but Dobbin wuz a fust-class general manager of a team. When de excitement would begin, he'd work his ears and seem to say take 'care of yourself, ole boss.'"

"It's a wonder you weren't killed."

"I believe you, chile; sometimes I think I must have been, but I wuzn't, for I am here yit sho. It wuz awful, wunz dat night, I mind de time well, stragglers wuz runnin' by and I wuz in my hole between de trunks. I had jes dun eatin two or free cold apple dumplins which I allus kep handy in reech when I hyeard the drappin' fire of de squirmishers on de hills. De lands of Jehosaphat and family, and sez I, Sainted Maria, I'se a drawin' near! Jes as a bullet struck de tent kiver, I hyeard a man climbin' in de back eend of de waggin. Says I, never forgettin' my manners, says I, 'Mr. Gentleman Yankee, doan pint your gun dis way, I ain't nuthin but a poor back-slidin' contraband.' Say he, and as soon as he spoke I knowed it wuz Mr. Blakely, says he, 'doan let 'em hurt me, George, I never drewed a bead on any of 'em in my life.'"

"What a coward he was."

"Well you needn't to believe me, if you doan want to; but he wuz dat dog goned skeered he made me feel mean, and he a military man, too."

"Well, did the Yankees get any of you?"

"Hunny, Uncle George always likes to tell de truf to de chillun, and he's boun' to say dere wasn't any Yankees dere at all. Some fool straggler's gun had gone off unbeknown to him, and dat wuz de originator of de misunderstandin'."

"The rest of the night was quiet, I suppose."

"Middlin', leastways for a spell it wuz, but afore day broke things wuz interestin' more an wunce. When de sun riz, we wuz near de Maryland line, but I disremember a good deal of what went on after dat."

"You must have been asleep?"

"Didn't I told you I disremember? I mout, and then again I moughtn't, but I doan know. The las' thing I keep in mind wuz a feelin' sight. The whole face of de yearth wuz kivered with men a-jumpin' aroun' and aroun', a-singin' wuz dan camp-meetin' folks."

"They must have been playing circus."

"Playin' sumthin' wuss, hunny, dough dey did turn han-springs and ride sideways on de hosses. You see, pooty soon after sun-up, a man cum a-gallopin' down de line a-yellin', 'Everybody take a drink! Dar's a still-house full of whisky a stan'in' on yonder hill. Bring along your canteens and water-buckets.' Well, ef dar wuz one straggler aroun' dar wuz a thousand. When dey hearn dis proclaymashins of free whisky, rite akross de fields charged de hole command, wid most ob de drivers a-bringin' up de rear. Where all

de wessels which dey tuk to de still-house cum from', tain't for me to say; but, hunny, sum had milk-crocks, sum jugs, and not a few coffee-pôts. Mr. Blakely carried a big camp-kittle. Pooty soon, here dey come back, a-singin' and a-dancin' and a-ridin' side by side, wid de arms around ich other's wastes. Mr. Blakely looked two foot taller. He sot on his horse like a lieutenant-general, a-talkin' big as he passed the kittle aroun'."

"I know you didn't take any?"

"Well, I didn't want to, hunny, but I had sich a misery in my side, and Mr. Blakely wouldn't take no 'fusal at all. I never seed a man change so quick like Mr. Blakely done. He said he was a-gwyin' to organize a driver core and cut his way back into Virginny; dat, ef de wust cum to de wust, each driver should ride four hosses, or mules, as de case mite be, abreast rite into de jaws of de hennemy; dat it was as easy as fallin' off a log, fur, if de four-in-hand bulge wuz dispelled, dey could fall back ahine de waggins, like de great-granddadies of de German men."

"You mean the Teutons?"

"Jis so; but Brown's Luke, what driv' a hedquatter team, said, when he sot in to make war like any outlandish people, he would fite like the Commanches, who wuz most dangerous when a-fallin' back.

"Pooty soon Mr. Blakely got to singin'. He sed he wuz the kwire leader of his deestrick, and had often tuk the singin'-school prize. Brown's Luke sed he'd sing agin him or any other fitin' man, and so we all went to singin', and de nex' thing I knewed I was waked up in Williamsport by de roar of de Potomac waters." CHIP.

THE SKIRMISH LINE.

MAJOR WALLER was a member of General M.'s "volunteer staff," whom the conscript law had driven into the army. He was the "best fellow" in the world, and was constantly going away from camp, taking with him a pair of old-fashioned saddle-bags and returnin' with them well-filled. The tongue of slander said he brought whisky and maple sugar for the general, but this the major denied. He made no pretensions to being a fighter and even made his infirmity in that respect a subject of jocular remarks. He, however, set up for a Solomon in the art of strategy and the science of government. One

day he was disputing with a lieutenant of the infantry about a clause in the constitution of the Confederacy. The dispute became a wrangle and the lieutenant refused to be convinced. Major Waller got red in the face and lost his temper. Said he, "Do you expect, sir, to survive this war?" "No, sir," said the lieutenant, after a pause. "Well, then," said the major, triumphantly, "what interest have you in the constitution of the Confederate States? For my part, I *intend* to survive the war, and you will, therefore, pardon me for saying that I am not the proper person for you to dispute with."

SHORTLY after the Mexican war a Southern editor wishing to compliment General Pillow, wrote a notice of him in which the general was called the "battle-scarred hero," but the types made the phrase read "the battle-scared hero." On reading the notice the irate soldier hied himself to the newspaper office and demanded a correction. This was promised and the next day's paper spoke of General Pillow as the "bottle-scarred hero." It is not known that any further correction was asked for.

A CAPTAIN of the Twelfth Georgia Infantry refused to surrender his company with his regiment when ordered so to do, and fought his way out. He justified his action on the ground that the women had given him his company flag and he promised to take it back to them.

Colonel Blowblow belonged to that class of soldiers of which "few die and none resign." In winter quarters and in camp he was conspicuous and active; when the fighting began he always managed to have his field officers in front. One day, in the absence of the general, he took command of the brigade, by virtue of seniority. It is quite possible that, in point of seniority, he was the ranking colonel of the Confederacy. As commander of the brigade, he approached the enemy as if the fate of the day depended upon his life, selecting commanding points, whence he could contemplate them through his field-glass. Snyder, one of the headquarter couriers who accompanied him, was asked how he liked the new general. "Wouldn't want a softer thing than courying for him," said he, with the smile of a man who looked forward to a long life. "Why, sir, I feel just as safe with him as if I was a-sittin' at home in my father's parlor."

Editorial.

PEACE.

The Muse unbidden kindles fancy when we would extol the triumphs of peace over those of war. How easy the task! To the flourish of trumpets and the pæans of victory we oppose temples of industry, gorgeous palaces, and gems of art. "Look on this picture and then on that." On the one hand blasted fields and smoking ruins, on the other, waving grain and smiling, happy homes. Yet, the laughing fountains of peace sometimes give forth bitter waters.

The bright day of expectation, when with arms stacked under the white flag we exchanged fraternal greetings, to many has "kept the word of promise to the ear, but broke it to the hope. The castles they built were "castles in the air." In spite of the admonitions of wisdom, they have learned that peace is as much the protector of fraud as war is of open robbery. Under its bright beams the scarred veteran, without honor, still languishes. The civic crown is no longer the reward of the pure and good, but is bought and sold as merchandise.

If we seek what commands unstinted praise, we must go behind the triumphs of peace back to its natal day, when it was an Eden into which greed and ambition had not crept. When the blessing it contained was the promise of rest from the bitterness of strife, a perfect repose as free from the contest for gold as from the shock of armed columns. As in the frontispiece, it was a time when not only the hatchet was buried, but when the deep-throated cannon, the thunderer of Mars lay imprisoned in the embrace of twining rose twigs, while nature's foresters in solitude sung to the rocks and trees their song of universal peace.

THE Hero of Appomattox has suffered a defeat more disastrous than any he ever inflicted upon an adversary. Fortune, to whom he never appealed in vain on the battle-field, deserted him in Wall street. Perhaps the fickle goddess resented his contempt for her higher gifts of military fame and his condescending to seek the prizes of speculation. At any rate, she has hit him such a stunning blow that the most his friends can hope for now is that he may be able to say, "All is lost but honor."

THE *Indiarapolis Journal*, while complimenting the *BIVOUAC*, in a recent issue, taxes it with sectionalism. We thank the *Journal* for its candor, but plead "not guilty."

NOW THAT the Federal government has, by over-taxation, filled its coffers to overflowing, and is practically the great bear among bears, it might prove a good scheme for the government to buy up the cheap stocks, and, with the advance, pay off the national debt.

GENERAL JUBAL EARLY is opposed to receiving money from Northern men to build up a home for disabled Confederate soldiers, and says that all Confederates who need help are dead-beats. This is going quite far. The general has won quite a reputation saying bitter things since the war, in which he does not follow the example of his illustrious chief.

THE *Detroit Free Press* has, more than once or twice, published articles taken from the *BIVOUAC* without giving it due credit. We can not but think that this kind of piracy is without the knowledge of the editor. If it continues, the conclusion will be forced upon us that many of the pieces credited to the *Detroit Free Press* in Southern journals did not make their first appearance in that valuable paper.

By an act of the Virginia Legislature James McDonald, Adjutant-General, has been "charged with the duty of enrolling the names of all the soldiers and sailors contributed by Virginia to the armies of the Confederate States." The plan suggested is for meetings of companies to be held and steps to be taken by those present to forward the lists. In many instances this would be impracticable. Not a few who enlisted in the Virginia regiments reside outside of the State. Let all of these promptly forward to Richmond an account of their service in the Confederate army. The published appeal to the surviving soldiers from Virginia in the Confederate States concludes as follows: "When finished, the record will be Virginia's Roll of Battle Abbey, and the descendants of the soldiers of the Confederacy, for countless generations to come, will search it for the names of ancestors, and will be disappointed and mortified if they do not find them."

NEAR the Henry House, around which surged the tide of battle at the first and second Manassas, stands a stately monument to perpetuate the fame of the Federals who fell on that memorable field.

It was here that Jackson, with a baptism of fire, received the name of "Stonewall" from General Bee. It was here, too, that after an extraordinary hard march, he accomplished the surprise and defeat of Pope's army. There, almost in sight of Washington, were gained by the Confederates two great victories, yet not a stone except a rude pile, where Bee fell, commemorates the heroism of those whose valor shed such luster on Southern arms. It is suggested by the *Charleston Courier* that a monument be erected on this now classic spot to the memory of Jackson and the Confederates killed at the two Manassas.

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, a distinguished Confederate, died May 8th, in Paris. He was a profound lawyer, a brilliant advocate, and in the sectional struggle ranked and exercised a leading influence in the councils of the South. He was born of Jewish parents, in the Island of San Domingo, but at an early age accompanied his parents to Savannah, Georgia. Here he spent the best part of his boyhood. In 1831, he went to New Orleans and began the study of law. At the end of three years he began to practice, and his native talent, aided by untiring industry, soon achieved success. The bar then, as now, was the highway to political distinction. His skill as an advocate soon attracted attention, and he naturally drifted into politics. In 1852, he was elected to the United States Senate, and in that assembly he soon won his way to the front rank. In 1860, when the South seceded, he sided with his own State, and enjoyed such a reputation for legal ability that he was made the Attorney-General of the Provisional Government. The same year he was appointed Secretary of War. Upon resigning that position he was made Secretary of State by Mr. Davis. At the close of the war he migrated to England, and commenced the practice of law in London. At an age when many men retire from active work, he began life anew, and after a hard struggle, achieved most wonderful success. To employ his leisure hours, while waiting for clients, he wrote a book entitled, "Benjamin on Sales." This was well received. Says he: "My book gave me my practice, and now, wonderful to relate, I have, upon looking over my cases yesterday, just one-half the cases from the realm before the House of Lords on appeal."

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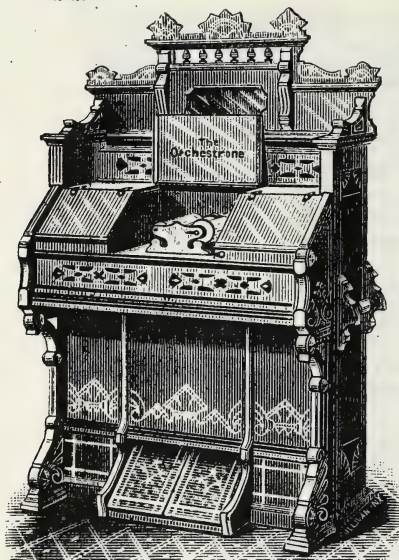
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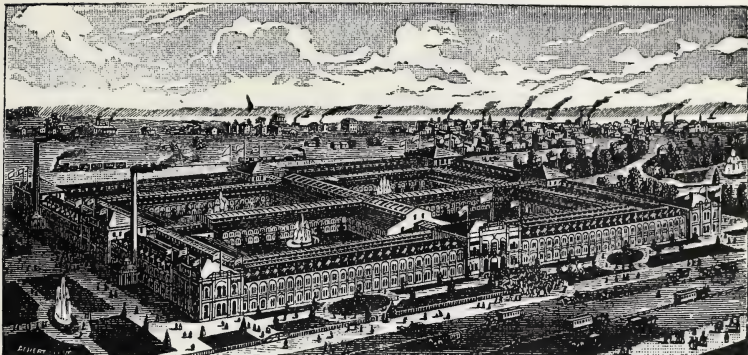
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Those, who in '61 and '65 were called boys, are growing old, and they owe to their children, dead comrades, their country, and themselves that these things which made the substance and spirit of war life should not die with them. They should aid this enterprise by their subscriptions and contributions to its columns, which are open to all, especially to old soldiers. And last, but not least, they should preserve the noble deeds of the daughters of the South, who were the "power behind the throne," the unseen force that not only nursed the sick and wounded, but clothed and fed the soldiers, drove the skulks back to camp, and inspired the brave with more than Spartan courage.

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JULY, 1884.

NO. II.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

COLONEL THOMAS P. OCHILTREE.



OLONEL OCHILTREE is descended from a line of illustrious ancestors, in whose veins flowed the best blood of old Scotland. Malcolm Hugh Ochiltree followed the fortunes of the ill-fated house of Stuart, and was one of the personal staff of Prince Charles Edward. The heroism, the devotion, and unyielding honor of these followers of this unfortunate prince, have been embalmed in history, and a recital of them by the "Wizard of the North" has cast around them the halo of romance and of song. After their defeat in 1745, and the final defeat of the cause, Malcolm Ochiltree migrated to North Carolina. In his suite, among others, was Flora McDonald, the heroine of Waverley. This colony settled on the banks of the Cape Fear, and in the neighborhood of the present town of Fayetteville.

A descendant of Malcolm Ochiltree was David Ochiltree, who removed to Florida, and became a distinguished lawyer and planter in that State. Judge William B. Ochiltree was a son of David, and the father of the subject of this sketch. Judge William B. Ochiltree went early to Alabama, where he distinguished himself as a lawyer. In 1839, he went to Texas, and at once took an active and leading part in the affairs of that young republic, ranking with Houston, Rusk, Wharton, Pinckney, Henderson, Hemphill, and Lipscomb. He was one of the associate justices of the Supreme Court of the republic, Attorney General, and, at the time of the annexation of the republic to the United States, was Secretary of the Treasury. He was called the "Alexander Hamilton of Texas," and was one of the immortal founders of the republic. For a quarter of a century he was the acknowledged head of the Texas bar. In 1861 he was elected to the Confederate Congress, but served afterward as Colonel of the 18th Texas Infantry. He died in 1867.

VOL. II., No. II.—31.

Colonel Thomas P. Ochiltree was born at San Augustine, Texas, 1842. When a mere boy he volunteered in John G. Walker's company of Texas Rangers, and took part in the campaigns of the Mexican frontier against the Apache and Comanche Indians. At the age of eighteen he was editor of the *Jeffersonian*, published at Jefferson, Texas. He was, also, in the same year—1860—a delegate to the Charleston Convention, and also to the Baltimore Convention.



Yours Sincerely
Tom Ochiltree

Colonel Ochiltree entered the Confederate service as a private in the "Marshall Guards" (Captain F. S. Bass), afterward the Texas battalion (Lieutenant-Colonel L. T. Wigfall), and subsequently of the First Texas Infantry, Hood's brigade, A. N. Va.

When General Sibley was dispatched by President Davis, for the conquest of New Mexico, he received authority to raise troops in Texas, and Colonel Ochiltree became a member of his staff. He went to San Antonio and mustered the Sibley brigade into service. He dis-

tinguished himself in the New Mexico campaign as the official reports show. He was sent with dispatches to Richmond and served as assistant adjutant-general to General Longstreet on the peninsula, and participated in the seven days' battles around Richmond.

Returning to the Lower Mississippi he was advanced as chief of General Sibley's staff, in the Army of South-west Louisiana, and participated in all the engagements of that command, ending at Walchetoche, Louisiana. He served also as assistant adjutant-general to General Dick Taylor and assisted in the brilliant campaign in which Brashear city was captured. He was there assigned as assistant adjutant-general to General S. B. Maxey commanding the department of the Indian Territory and took part in the battle of Poison Springs, Arkansas. He afterward did special service under General Rains in the defense of Richmond. He followed the varying fortunes of the Confederacy with skill and fidelity up to the closing scenes. He was wounded and captured at the battle of Salvis Creek, the last pitched battle of the army of Northern Virginia, April 6, 1865, and confined in the old capitol prison at Washington.

Immediately after the war, he visited Europe. In 1866, he became editor of the Houston *Daily Telegraph*, one of the leading papers of Texas. In 1867, he was sent to Europe as agent of T. H. M. Mahan and other merchants of Galveston to secure the establishment of a steamship line to that point, which he succeeded in doing. In 1872, he again visited Europe as commissioner of emigration for Texas. In 1873, he was appointed United States Marshal, by President Grant. In 1882, he was elected to Congress from the Galveston District, defeating George P. Finlay, Democratic nominee, by over 3,000 votes. He is the first native of Texas ever elected to Congress from that State. He visited Europe again in 1882 and was, during his sojourn, received with distinction by such great leaders as Gladstone and John Bright in England, of Clemmenceau, Victor Hugo and Lafayette in France, and of Lasker and Baumberger in Germany. Besides being a constant guest in the most *recherche salons* of London, Paris and other capitals of Europe.

Colonel Ochiltree is most widely known in civil life, however, as the author of the Lasker resolutions.

In his speech of Wednesday, March 19, 1884, the House having under consideration the report of the committee on foreign affairs, Mr. Ochiltree spoke of Lasker and said:

"Good or bad, as it may be, whether calculated to wound the sensibilities or to disturb the technical ideas of etiquette of the great Chancellor, was not

the question or motive with me. Little one reckes, when throwing a garland into the open grave of one who had done only good to his fellow-man, whether the act would be repelled with the thrust of a bayonet. And yet there have been parallels, and one has been brought to my mind by this incident.

"When King Charles IX. of France, after the massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's Day, had viewed the mutilated body of Admiral Coligny, whose hand in hypocritical assurance of friendship he had warmly pressed only a few days before, one of his courtiers called attention to the fact that the corpse was decaying fast, and had become offensive in its odors. 'Let that be,' said the crowned monster, 'a dead enemy always smells good to me.'"

* * * * *

"Among the many who have raised their voices for the advancement and amelioration of the great body of the people of the Old World, no one has been more conspicuous than Eduard Lasker—a man of humble birth, of a proscribed and persecuted race, who had elevated himself to a high position in a country wherein heretofore only those claiming the most exalted aristocratic lineage had been enabled to achieve eminence. What had impressed me most forcibly about him was his advocacy of constitutional government at home, and his relations to well-regulated liberty everywhere else in the world—not radicalism, not socialism, but constitutional freedom. I do not believe there was another German so profoundly versed in the great principles of Anglican and American liberty as was Dr. Lasker. As a writer alone, and a thinker, apart from his active political life, he was entitled to the tribute paid him by that resolution. I mean that such a compliment would not have been amiss had he left nothing upon record except his wonderful literary labors."

* * * * *

"A compliment to Lasker is a rebuke to the Prince Chancellor, for Lasker was personally and politically the antithesis of Bismarck. The present incident in itself shows of what base metal the Chancellor was molded. A courtier, cold, haughty, and insulting to representatives of the people, he has ever been a subtle flatterer and sycophant to royalty. There is not an instance in his whole life where he ever, of his own accord, espoused the rights of the people against the usurpations of the crown. He has never lost an opportunity to denounce popular sovereignty and constitutional government. The proudest boast of this man of 'blood and iron,' who could have said with Napoleon that he was the Rudolph Hapsburg of his own family, is that he and his have served the royal family of Prussia for over two hundred years."

The poet Coleridge well described such a man as one possessed of "intense selfishness, the alcohol of egotism."

The following are the famous Lasker resolutions:

[From the Congressional Record, January 9, 1884.]

"Mr. Ochiltree—I ask unanimous consent to introduce, for present consideration, the resolution which I send to the desk.

"The Speaker—The resolution will be read, after which there will be opportunity for objection.

"The Clerk read as follows:

"*Resolved*, That this House has heard with deep regret of the death of the eminent German statesman, Eduard Lasker.

“That his loss is not alone to be mourned by the people of his native land, where his firm and constant exposition of and devotion to free and liberal ideas have materially advanced the social, political, and economic condition of those peoples, but by the lovers of liberty throughout the world.

“That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased, as well as to the Minister of the United States resident at the capital of the German Empire, to be by him communicated through the legitimate channel to the presiding officer of the legislative body of which he was a member.’

“There being no objection, the resolution was considered and adopted.”

The speech of Colonel Ochiltree upon this occasion showed a thorough and minute acquaintance with the general principles, and the details of parties in Germany and other European countries. It showed a spirit deeply impressed with the ideas of American progress and freedom, and of deep sympathy with these ideas wherever existing. Lasker was the representative of the people as opposed to the ideas of Bismarck. All that savored of human right, liberty, and freedom, found in Lasker a friend, and all that was opposed to the worm-eaten claims of despotism found in him an uncompromising enemy. To this man, Colonel Ochiltree was devotedly attached. The fate of the resolutions is well known. They did not reach their destination in the intended channel, but their moral effect has probably been all the greater from this circumstance.

Colonel Ochiltree, having taken political position in opposition to the great majority of the men who fought with him in the Confederate army, has received the criticism which such independent action may always expect from a purely partisan view; but his friends in the social circle are without number, and he is a welcome and desired guest at all places where genuine talent, sparkling wit, and real culture are appreciated.

MARCUS J. WRIGHT.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

SKETCH OF GENERAL FELIX K. ZOLLICOFFER.



FELIX KIRK ZOLLICOFFER was born on the 19th of May, 1812, in Maury county, Tennessee. His father, John Jacob Zollicoffer, moved from North Carolina, and settling in the rich, blue grass lands of Maury county, was a prosperous farmer, who divided his time between attention to his farm duties and literary pursuits. George Zollicoffer, the paternal grandfather of the subject of this article, was a captain in the North Carolina line in the Revolutionary war. The

family came to America from Switzerland, and is of ancestry ennobled by a decree of Emperor Rodolphus II., dated October 19, 1528. A member of it named John Conrad Zollicoffer, who was an officer in the French army, threw up his commission (being furnished with a letter from Silas Deane, our first commissioner to the French court), and accepted a commission from the Governor of North Carolina, and served in the Revolutionary war until he was taken prisoner, having been afterward released on parole. This old baronial family still preserve a faithful record of their lineage in this country, and it is their custom to keep up a constant correspondence with the American branch of the family. Every marriage, birth, and death in the male branch of the family is promptly forwarded and recorded in the genealogical table in Switzerland. The oldest living male member of the family in this country is by courtesy called "the Baron" and is in regular receipt of a yearly annuity from Switzerland.

Having received a good, plain education, General Zollicoffer's energy and spirit of independence led him, at the age of fifteen, to rely upon his own exertions for a subsistence. Accordingly, he entered a printing-office in Columbia, Tennessee. Shortly after he was sixteen, he formed a partnership with W. W. Gates (since an editor of prominence), and Amos R. Johnson, who subsequently became a lawyer, and was promoted to the bench in Mississippi, and started a paper at Paris, Tennessee. Here he met with disheartening difficulties which only served to develop and prove the pluck and indomitable will possessed by him. In some letters, now extant, from his father to him at that time, his high sense of honor, and his determination, not to succumb to the outward turn of affairs, were much commended. He also complimented and encouraged him, for "I am highly pleased," he wrote, "with the appearance of your paper, and am proud to think that I have a son seventeen years of age who can edit such a one."

The young firm becoming financially involved, quit in debt, and Zollicoffer sought employment, first in Knoxville, Tennessee, under the veteran editor Heiskel, and subsequently in Huntsville, Alabama, where by hard work, strict economy and self-denial, he managed to pay off the whole debt contracted at Paris—his partners subsequently repaying him their portion of it. The printing-press upon which their first editorial venture had been made, was, in 1855, discovered by the Whigs of Henry county, from which they had carved a solid walking-cane, gold-mounted, and presented to Zollicoffer as a testimonial. His literary tastes were very fine, and while still in his mi-

nority he was led occasionally to woo the muses in his leisure moments. One of his prose fancies, which abounds in beautiful word-painting has been preserved to the public amongst the choice selections in Field's Scrap-book. He was said by those who knew him then, to be a model of neatness and youthful manliness. From Huntsville, he returned to Maury county, and located in Columbia, taking charge of the "*Observer*" newspaper. There, he in 1835, formed a happy matrimonial alliance with Miss Louisa Gordon, and in the following year he volunteered as a soldier and served as a commissioned officer with the Tennessee troops in the campaign against the Seminoles in Florida. He returned in 1837, and resumed his connection with the "*Observer*," and continued to edit it with marked vigor and ability throughout the memorable campaign of 1840. He had a strong partiality for agricultural pursuits, and published in connection with the "*Observer*," an agricultural journal which had a considerable circulation, and the columns of which evinced the variety of his attainments and his eminently sound and practical judgment. The great energy, boldness, and ability which he displayed in the management of the "*Observer*," made a decided impression upon the leading minds of the Whig party in the State, and in 1841 he was called to Nashville to a place on the editorial staff of the "*Banner*," the chief organ of the party. He at once made his power felt, and by his zealous energy, contributed greatly to the re-election of Governor James C. Jones, in 1843. After the election his delicate health caused him to lay down the pen; but he was soon called to another field of labor, the Legislature having, on the 1st of November following, elected him Comptroller of the State. He was retained in this responsible position until the spring of 1849, when he resigned. He went into the office without any information as to the routine of its business and without instructions, but his persevering and untiring purpose soon mastered the details of the bureau, and where he found confusion he introduced system and order, and laid down the seals of office, confessedly one of the most reliable and successful comptrollers that had ever served the State.

In August, 1849, he was chosen to represent Davidson county, in the State Senate. Here his powers of intellect and self-culture asserted themselves, and the legislation of the session shows that he made his mark in the Senate and became a leader there among some of the finest minds in the State.

The year of 1851 was an important period in the history of the Whig party of Tennessee, and he was again called to the helm to

take charge of the "*Banner*" in the hope of rallying the slumbering hosts, re-animating their drooping spirits, and overwhelming the Democracy again. The nomination of a candidate for the chief magistracy of the State was eliciting much discussion.

General Zollicoffer favored the nomination of General W. B. Campbell and exerted his influence, which was now second to no Whig leader in the State, in that direction. Devoted to the Whig cause and equally devoted as a friend to General Campbell, the canvass which followed was a labor of love. He prosecuted it with untiring energy and skill, initiating and carrying out many of the measures which conduced to its success. Even when so ill that he could scarcely sit at his table, he stuck to his post with his invincible spirit and indomitable will triumphing over the infirmities of his body. A brilliant victory was the guerdon. The canvass was one of the most remarkable in the annals of Tennessee, and its result added immeasurably to the influence of General Zollicoffer. When at its height, General Campbell was prostrated by disease, and as his competitor, General Trousdale, a war-worn veteran, was exceedingly popular, the Whigs were cast down and well-nigh hopeless, but the gallant Zollicoffer sprang to their relief, snatched up the old Whig banner and bore it until General Campbell recovered. In the following year, that of the presidential contest between Scott and Pierce, he added fresh laurels to his political career. On the 20th of April, 1853, he received the Whig nomination for Congress in the Nashville district, and severed forever his connection with the press. Throughout the six years in which he served in Congress, his votes and acts were in opposition to the party in power, and he won a national reputation as a Southern conservative, and for great ability, strict probity of character, patriotism, purity, and amiability. These qualities gave him great influence as a representative. He was universally esteemed as an honorable, high-minded gentleman, whose fidelity to principle was conspicuous, and who might at all times be relied upon. He sustained himself admirably in debate, and if he did not excel in the graces of rhetoric and oratory, he was so well fortified with impregnable facts that the readiest and wildest adversary had to look well to his cause. His encounter with the Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, the ablest and most adroit representative during the period of his service from the South, was a splendid display of parliamentary and elevated intellectual warfare, and was keenly relished by the members. The distinguished Georgian went out of the contest with a high appreciation of the gallant knight

whose lance had won its laurels. They afterwards enjoyed the most amicable relations and became admiring friends—the great statesman on a subsequent occasion being an honored guest at General Zollicoffer's home in Nashville.

An honorable contemporary, who knew him well in Washington City, thus speaks of him: "In his intercourse with men, he was very courteous and polite, and exacted the same deportment from others toward himself. In the House he held a high position and was esteemed for the excellence of his judgment, the integrity of his character and the firmness with which he adhered to his convictions. He was a very modest, gentle, and dignified man, without pretension, bluster, or bravado; and yet he not only had commanding influence, but was really feared by his opponents."

He retired from political life in 1859, and remained a private citizen until he was elected by the General Assembly of Tennessee a commissioner to the Peace Conference. He accepted the appointment, but came home from the conference sad and disheartened.

Soon after the secession of Tennessee, a provisional army was organized by the General Assembly, and Governor Harris tendered to General Zollicoffer the commission of a Major-General. He declined the appointment, giving as a reason, "that he would not consent to risk by his inexperience the safety and reputation of his fellow-citizens of the volunteer State." He was, however, appointed to, and accepted the position of a Brigadier-General, which appointment he afterwards received from the Confederate Government. Early in the summer of 1861, it became known that the Federal army threatened the invasion of East Tennessee by the way of Cumberland Gap. To defeat this movement, the Confederate Government sent Brigadier-General Zollicoffer, with a force of about two thousand men by way of Knoxville, to the point of threatened attack.

Kentucky was at this time endeavoring to occupy and hold a neutral position in the civil war. General Zollicoffer, on the 14th of September, telegraphed Governor McGoffin that "the safety of Tennessee requiring, I occupy the mountain passes at Cumberland and the three long mountains in Kentucky. For weeks I have known that the Federal commander at Haskins' Cross-Roads was threatening the invasion of East Tennessee and ruthlessly urging our people to destroy our own roads and bridges. I postponed this precautionary movement until the despotic government at Washington, refusing to recognize the neutrality of Kentucky, has established formidable camps in the center and other parts of the State, with the view, first

to subjugate your gallant State and then ourselves. Tennessee feels and has ever felt towards Kentucky as a twin-sister; their people are as one people in kindred, sympathy, valor, and patriotism. We have felt and still feel a religious respect for Kentucky's neutrality. We will respect it as long as our safety will permit. If the Federal force will now withdraw from their menacing position, the force under my command shall immediately be withdrawn."

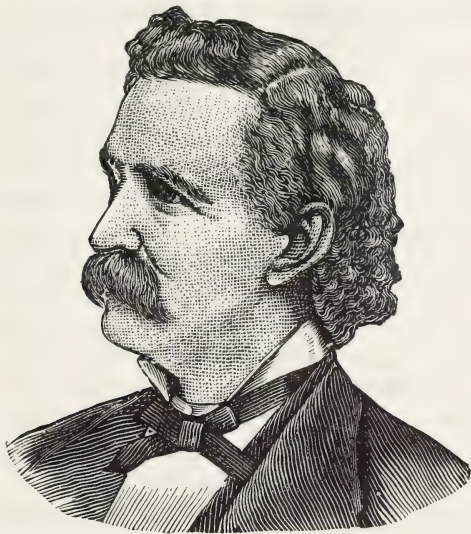
General Zollicoffer also issued a proclamation, which he caused to be distributed over the country, announcing that he came there to defend the soil of a sister State against an invading foe, and that no citizen of Kentucky was to be molested in person or property, whatever his political opinions, unless found in arms against the Confederate Government, or giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

About the middle of September, he received information that a camp of about fifteen hundred Federals was located near Barboursville, Kentucky, and were threatening his position. Accordingly, on the 19th of September, he dispatched a portion of his command to that point and dispersed the camp with but slight loss. He advanced cautiously in the direction of Somerset, driving the enemy before him. A large force of Federals under General Schœpf was sent forward to meet him. He had purposely permitted a captured Federal officer to overhear a conversation between some of his staff officers, which induced him to believe that General Hardee was advancing from Bowling Green with a view to falling on the flank of General Schœpf. This officer was paroled, and mounted, and permitted to go forward to join General Schœpf. His information was no sooner communicated to the Federal forces than it produced a panic, and was followed by what is known as the "Wild Cat Stampede." The frightened soldiers retreated at double-quick for miles, while the route of their retreat was covered with broken wagons, knapsacks, overcoats, dead horses and mules, and soldiers who had fallen from exhaustion.

After this expedition, General Zollicoffer moved with a portion of his command to Mill Springs, Kentucky, on the southern bank of the Cumberland river. He soon afterwards advanced across the river to Camp Beech Grove, fortifying his camp with earthworks, which was located in a bend of the river in the shape of a horse-shoe. This was in January, and he was preparing to go into winter quarters. His cavalry force, about 1,200 men, under command of Colonel McNairy, was across the river in his rear. Soon after General Zollicoffer had established his camp, Major-General Geo. B. Critten-

den arrived and assumed command. On the night of January 18th, a heavy rain fell, causing a sudden flood in Fishing creek, a large stream about nine miles from the Confederate camp, in the direction of Somerset.

A citizen of the neighborhood named Johnson came into the camp and gave information that two regiments of Federal troops had been cut off by the flooding of the creek. A council of war was held, and was resolved to move out a force to attack them. Orders were given and preparations made for a movement of the whole division at daylight next morning. Pending these movements (it has since



E. C. Walther

been developed), General Thomas, of the Federal army, had ordered a force of eight or ten thousand men to Somerset, with a view of crossing the Cumberland at Stagall's Ferry, twenty-five miles above Mill Springs, and falling in the rear of Zollicoffer above Monticello, from which direction the Confederates received their supplies. A portion of these troops had taken up their line of march from Columbia to Somerset on the day of the battle of Mill Springs. The four regiments across Fishing creek were in expectation hourly of a new brigade commander, who had been ordered to assume the command.

On Sunday morning of January 19, 1862, just before the dawn of

day, the Confederate troops moved out through a drizzling rain to attack, as they supposed, two regiments of Federals; advancing nine miles on the Somerset road, the Federal pickets were driven in a half-mile in advance of their already-formed line of battle. Near this point General Zollicoffer formed his men. On the left was placed the 20th Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Colonel Joel A. Battle; on the right, the 15th Mississippi, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Walthall.

The main body of the Confederate brigade was on the left of the Mill Springs road, and in advancing entered a thick forest directly in front. General Zollicoffer, having ordered the advance of his little command, rode forward with several of his staff officers through the forest to inspect the position of the enemy, and passed into the Mill Springs road beyond the Federal line of battle. Discovering his mistake, he endeavored to retrace his route to his own command, but had proceeded only a few hundred yards when he found himself directly in front of the Fourth Kentucky Federal Regiment, under command of Colonel Speed S. Fry. The Federals, who were expecting the arrival of a new brigade commander, mistook General Zollicoffer for their new brigadier, his uniform being enveloped in an oil-cloth overcoat, and he having come from the direction of Somerset, or Columbia. General Zollicoffer quickly discovered his mistake, and, to put a bold front on the matter, rode up to Colonel Fry, and, after the usual salutations, started down the road, accompanied by his staff, in front of Colonel Fry's command and about thirty feet in advance of it. He had not proceeded far when Major Henry Fogg,* of his staff, drew his pistol and fired toward the Federal line. In a moment a volley from the Federal line was discharged, instantly killing General Zollicoffer and Lieutenant Evan Shield, and mortally wounding Major Fogg.

The story that General Zollicoffer was killed by Colonel Fry has gained general belief, but there is very little reason to sustain it. On his body were found two wounds—one made with a musket-ball, which was mortal, and another by a pistol-shot, which produced a severe but not a mortal wound. If Colonel Fry fired, and his ball lodged in General Zollicoffer's body, it was not the missile that caused his death, this having been the result of the musket-shot. In the meantime, the hostile forces were hotly engaged, the battle lasting from sunrise until about noon. The Confederates fought with a

*It is said by some persons who were engaged in this battle that it was Major Ewing, and not Major Fogg, who fired the shot

devotion "never excelled by soldiers on any battle-field;" nearly half of the Mississippi regiment fell in the action, while the mortality in Colonel Battle's command was very great.

Thus fell Felix K. Zollicoffer. A Federal officer who had known him in Washington, and who looked upon him dead on the field, said that "his face bore no expression such as is usually found upon those who fall in battle—no malice, no reckless hate, not even a shadow of physical pain. It was calm, placid, noble. I never looked upon a countenance so marked with sadness. A deep dejection had settled upon it. The low cares of the mouth were distinct in the droop at the corners, and the thin cheeks showed the wasting which comes through disappointment and trouble."

One of his early friends and associates, who had known him well, thus wrote of him soon after his untimely death:

"How he fulfilled the expectation of a people who long entertained such exalted confidence in his courage and capacity, and redeemed the impressions of the thousands of young hearts around him, many of whose first notions of chivalry were derived from his daring, need not be repeated. Up to the hour of his fall, at the head of his troops, whose adoration marks a volume of suggestive eulogy, and answers every question, nothing but an affectionate faith attended him. He was the model and pattern of integrity and manhood. Although a civilian, his military qualifications received the most general trust; what he might lack in experience he could make up in bravery being the prevailing feeling; and this is more than sustained by the circumstance of his death."

One of the most exquisite little poems, called forth by the tragedies of these four years of war, was written by the gifted Henry Flash, to commemorate the death of General Zollicoffer. It is as follows:

"ZOLLICOFFER."

First in the fight, and first in the arms
Of the white-winged angel of glory,
With the heart of the South at the feet of God,
And his wounds to tell the story.

For the blood that flowed from his hero heart
On the spot where he nobly perished,
Was drunk by the earth as a sacrament,
In the holy cause he cherished.

In heaven a home with the brave and blest,
And for his soul's sustaining,
The apocalyptic smile of Christ—
And nothing on earth remaining

But a handful of dust in the land of his choice,
And a name in song and story—
And Fame to shout with her brazen voice,
“He died on the field of glory.”

At his fall a wail went up from over the whole South, each household seeming to feel as if death had crossed its own special threshold—and even the enemy appeared regretfully subdued as if they were reluctant to proclaim such a victory, and by tender respect to the inanimate body of the fallen chieftain, sending it by flag of truce to his people and his family, there to receive in burial, every honor that a loved and sorrowing city could bestow, showed a sympathy—and appreciation of his merits not often bestowed by one hostile army to the head of another. His qualities, as a public character, were well known, but there was a gentler side to his character known only to those who clustered about his family fireside. To them he was indulgent, confiding, and affectionate. His attachment to his children was strong, deep, and tender, and was repaid by a devotion almost amounting to idolatry and as beautiful and pure as it was undying. His loving and loved wife had died in 1857.

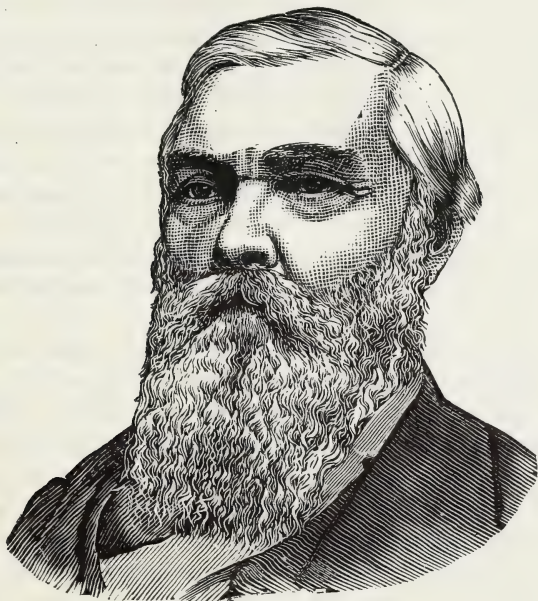
In the preliminary report of the battle of Fishing creek, dated Greensboro, Tennessee, January 29th, 1862, General G. B. Crittenden, says:

“I am pained to make report of the death of Brigadier-General F. K. Zollicoffer, who fell while gallantly leading his brigade against the foe. In his fall the country has sustained a great loss. In counsel he has always shown wisdom, and in battle braved dangers, while coolly directing the movements of his troops.”

His regular report was made without the benefit of any subordinate reports except those of General Wm. H. Carroll and Major Horace Rice, of the Twenty-ninth Tennessee Regiment, and under peculiarly embarrassing circumstances. General Crittenden has, without intention, made several important mistakes, as any one who will carefully examine the records and testimony in regard to this battle, will readily perceive. The writer has no censure for General Crittenden, or for any of the officers and men engaged. Many of the troops had never before been under fire, and the greater number of the officers were wholly unfamiliar with military affairs,

and every command, without exception, engaged in that disastrous affair, afterward achieved reputation for bravery and soldierly conduct. But in the light of history, it is proper to endeavor to find out and record the real facts of the great events of the late war, without partiality or undue censure.

The plan of the battle, as arranged by General Crittenden, appears to have been well conceived, and the reports show that the surprise was complete. Nearly all of the Confederate troops, as before remarked, were raw recruits who had never before been in action, and a majority of the officers were unfamiliar with their du-



COLONEL JOEL A. BATTLE.

ties. The same troops who on that day retreated in disorder, in subsequent engagements, fought as bravely and as well as the oldest veterans.

The two commands, which by official reports were most conspicuous, and bore the heaviest part of the brunt of battle, on the Confederate side, were the Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel (afterward Major-General) E. C. Walthall, and the Twentieth Tennessee; commanded by Colonel Joel A. Battle.

The Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Walthall, followed by the Twentieth Tennessee, Colonel Battle, un-

der orders which they had received, moved forward toward the enemy, and soon encountered their pickets, who opened a brisk fire severely wounding Captain C. G. Armistead, who accompanied Colonel Walthall, and a number of others.

The Federal forces were encamped on both sides of the road, having in their front a thick growth of woods averaging a half mile in extent.

Fronting this wood, were open fields in which there was a slight elevation or ridge. Colonel Walthall moved his command through the open field, crossing the ridge, and met a force of the Federals in the edge of the woods. This force was the Fourth Kentucky Regiment. A fierce encounter at once commenced, and the Fourth Kentucky showing signs of giving way, it was re-inforced by the Tenth Indiana Regiment. Soon afterwards Walthall's command was joined by the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, and the fight continued. This was the most advanced position gained or occupied by the Confederate troops during the entire engagement. At that early period many of the Confederate troops wore blue uniforms and General Crittenden had given warning of this, and had adopted a pass-word by which Confederate troops could recognize their own forces.

When Walthall was advancing through the open fields toward the woods, his skirmishers told him that the force in his front was the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, Colonel Battle. The morning was cloudy and the troops in front could not be clearly distinguished. To make sure that he was not firing on friends, he ordered his command to lie down, and going forward, followed by Lieutenant Harrington (without Walthall's knowledge) he hailed the troops in front, and inquired who they were. The answer was "Kentucky." This was the pass-word which General Crittenden had given out. He repeated his question and received the same answer. Returning to his line, he took his regimental colors and proceeded again to the front and repeated the question, and receiving the same reply he unfurled his colors, when a volley was at once opened upon him from the Fourth Kentucky,* killing Lieutenant

*The following statement is from Dr. Edward Richardson, a well-known physician of Louisville, Kentucky, then surgeon of the Twelfth Kentucky (Union) Infantry :

"My regiment, in company with First and Second Tennessee Infantry, reached Logan's farm, the scene of the conflict, Thursday, January 16th. We had no tents and were, therefore, not noticed by Johnson, the Confederate who reported our numbers to Zollicoffer. We found there in camp upon our arrival the Second Minnesota, Tenth Indiana, and Ninth Ohio. The Fourth Kentucky, under Colonel Speed Fry, with a few hundred of Wolford's cavalry, joined

Harrington, but leaving Walthall untouched. The flag was penetrated by a number of balls, and the staff cut in two.

Walthall then ordered his men to open fire and soon drove their antagonists from under their cover and caused them to fall back a considerable distance, when they were re-inforced by the Tenth Indiana, and the struggle was renewed, Battle at this time, with the Twentieth Tennessee coming up to Walthall's aid, and forming on his right. A fierce engagement ensued at the forks of the road, to which the Federals had been driven, and where the Fourth Kentucky and Tenth Indiana were supported by Wolford's Kentucky Cavalry, and subsequently by the Ninth Ohio Infantry.

The entire Federal line was driven back, but was soon re-inforced, and a Federal regiment having gained the left of the Fifteenth Mississippi, and the Nineteenth Tennessee Regiment which was on Walthall's left having been forced to retire, Colonel Walthall withdrew his command.

On the open space on the left of Walthall's command, General Zollicoffer was killed.

The Nineteenth Tennessee Regiment, Colonel D. H. Cummings, re-inforced the Fifteenth Mississippi and Twentieth Tennessee in the heat of the fight, and was engaged with the Fourth Kentucky under cover of the woods, but was subsequently flanked and forced to retire. The Twenty-fifth Tennessee Regiment and Murray's Battalion of Tennesseans were also engaged during the day, but were forced to retire. Rutledge's battery, though placed in position, did not fire a gun, having been ordered to retire without being brought into action. The right of the Federals pressed closely upon the left flank of the Confederates, and suffered comparatively but small loss, owing to the disparity in their arms, the Confederates having mostly flint-lock muskets of old patterns, while the Federals were armed with the latest-improved long-range guns.

When the Confederate line gave way it made its retreat without pursuit from the Federals. Walthall held the right of the Confeder-

us on Saturday, the 18th. The picket firing began about daylight Sunday morning. It was misty and dark, with occasional showers. The first regiment of infantry which met the rebels was the Tenth Indiana. They were forced back and were re-inforced by the Fourth Kentucky and Second Minnesota. These three, with Stanard's battery, did most of the fighting. By the time my regiment was well in line the Confederates were falling back. I reached the body of Zollicoffer a few minutes after he fell, the spot being not more than twenty feet in front of our line. He was quite dead, and so was Bailey Payton, who lay near him. His body was penetrated by several pistol balls from the rear and by a minie which went clear through, from side to side. I have the general's gum coat now, and would like to send it to some of his family."

ate line, until Battle, commanding the Twentieth Regiment, formed on his right, and held General S. P. Carter's brigade in check until Carter, pressing on his flank, forced him to retire. The Twentieth Tennessee and Fifteenth Mississippi Regiments left the field together and narrowly escaped capture. Colonel Walthall finding a regiment of Federals across his line of retreat, and almost surrounded on all sides by a superior force, moved to the rear with his own immediate command and a portion of Battle's regiment, under command of Captain Rice.

Colonel William Preston Johnston, in his life of his father, General Albert Sidney Johnston, reviewing the battle of Fishing creek, says: "The Mississippi Regiment and Battle's Twentieth Tennessee had borne the brunt of the day. The former had lost over two hundred and twenty men, out of four hundred who had gone into battle. The Twentieth Tennessee lost half as many more, those two regiments thus suffering over three-fourths of all the casualties on that day. They had the advance and were better armed than the other troops. But had they been supported by the remainder of the column with half the valor and determination which the same troops subsequently exhibited on other fields, the result would probably have been different. Their inferior arms, want of discipline, bad handling, and fatigue, sufficiently account for their ill success."

The table of casualties in killed, in eight Confederate regiments (some of them very large), including cavalry and artillery, shows one hundred and twenty-five killed, of which forty-four were in the Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment; three hundred and nine wounded, of which one hundred and fifty-three were in the Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment, and twenty-nine missing out of ninety-nine.

In General William H. Carroll's command, twenty-eight were killed and forty-six wounded in his brigade.

In the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment the killed were thirty three, wounded fifty-nine, and missing eighteen. These figures show clearly what commands bore the brunt of the battle.

About a half mile from the point where Colonel Walthall left the field with the remnant of his command, he was joined by Captain James M. Rice with a portion of Colonel Battle's Twentieth Tennessee Regiment. These commands moved towards their former camps several miles, where they met a battalion of cavalry which had been ordered to take up the disabled men, and assist them in getting into camp. One company of cavalry remained in the rear of the command a short time after Colonel Rice joined Colonel Walthall, but soon passed to the front in the direction of the camp.

From the time that Colonel Walthall and Captain Rice, commanding a portion of Battle's regiment, took the road toward the camp, they did not meet any command or part of command of infantry except the short time when the cavalry company moved in the rear. This command had no rear guard on its retrograde movement except such as was furnished from its own men.

After crossing the river Colonel Walthall's command marched in order without straggling, and it preserved its organization perfectly throughout the whole retreat.

In thus recording the eminent services of Walthall's and Battle's commands in the battle of Fishing creek, no disparagement is intended to the other commands in that engagement. Those who failed to earn laurels on that occasion earned them afterward, and it is deemed due to the truth of history to make the record which is here written.

MARCUS J. WRIGHT.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

A HOT MAY-DAY AT RESACA.

The next time I get into a battle where the shape of our line is a horse-shoe, I want to be on the outside. However, I am very well contented to think I will never be in either again. The army of Tennessee bent around like hot iron at Resaca, and while the right filled their canteens from the Oostanaula, the line bulged out and around the little town (I suppose there was a town, I never saw it), and retired throwing the left on the same stream. The "Orphans" were not like hot iron, but more like steel well tempered. Their voices and arms rung out on the May morning like swelling chimes and the flames from the tortuous line waved like a Damascene blade. The whole army was well-nigh invincible, as a trained hero "sighted" every gun. At the break of day our brigade formed a line on an elevation overlooking a valley and opposite some pretty steep hills. A branch ran through the valley with bushes on its banks. In front and to the right of us was a hill which seemed the objective point of the enemy, for the heaviest fighting took place there. It was about sunrise when company "D", of the Fourth, started out as skirmishers. Bearing to the right we crossed the branch and swung our line perpendicular to the main body, while those on our left started up the hill in front. A halt is made, for we are now far from the regiment. Devil Dick, Lieutenants Williams and Lecompt and Reed Caldwell, want more than we were giving them, and advanced a couple of hundred yards further up the valley. Dick shot at the first blue coat he

saw, and in less time than you can tell it, they were busy fighting their way back to us. And before they reached us the hillside to our left, as well as the valley in front, was swarming with Federal soldiers and flags. It was exceedingly warm before we could get started back to our line. We had to run through this open valley several hundred yards, and the enemy popping away at us making a noise like a monster coffee-mill. We finally reached our position in line, and found a few rails thrown up against a log house for our protection. A company of artillery was strung along the command. The Union soldiers, after some delay, came tearing down the hill to the branch, and pushing through made directly for us. It was exciting. When within about one hundred yards, we turned loose on them, and death in all its appalling forms, commenced by hundreds this 14th day of May, 1864. Column after column came down in full view, and moved right toward us. Their colors were planted within seventy-five yards of us once, and remained for some time standing alone, till another line came up and carried them away. Our boys all had black lips from biting cartridges, and powder-stained faces, in streaks, as perspiration took a fancy to line their countenances.

It was harvest time with the Orphan brigade, and every available contrivance was used for reaping the field before us. The artillery roared and belched great clouds of smoke, which enveloped us and nearly blinded us. The enemy got onto a portion of the little hill to the right of us and enfiladed us terribly when their people were not charging. At the head of a column, four lines deep, rode a splendid-looking officer on a gray horse. John Gordon, of company "D", drew a "bead" on him, but was too anxious to make sure of his prize, and "sighted" too long. A minnie-ball struck him full in the forehead, and his corpse quietly sunk down. All day we fought over him, and crowded his lifeless form, and when night came our much-loved messmate was laid under the sod of Georgia. The extreme left of the Fourth Kentucky encountered an old log-house, and it was hard to say which we feared most, the missiles of the enemy or the tumbling logs. The bullets spatted against it like hail. Our gallant little corps of sharpshooters were called into action early, and were placed to our left, and about the right of the Second Kentucky. Their terrible rifles soon attracted the fury of the Federal artillerymen, and the little command was torn and plowed with shot and shell till over half were killed and wounded. James T. Guillian, one of the bravest of the brave, emerged from this terrible

spot with his right arm hanging to his shoulder by a piece of skin and flesh, and walking back to the surgeon unaided, had it amputated without taking chloroform. He was from Russellville, and was a member of Company "I", Fourth Kentucky, and conspicuous as a fearless sharpshooter.

In the meantime, line after line charged us, and fell back until the little branch in front seemed to be full of men lying down under its friendly bank; they fired incessantly with their repeating guns. Night coming on, we threw pickets a short distance in front, and addressed ourselves to the important business of going in the ground. When daylight enabled our foe to open his batteries again we were "deep down" with sixteen feet of solid clay in front of us. We peacefully laid down in the bottom of our trenches, and slept or listened dreamily to their incessant, though ineffectual cannonading, and the never-ceasing popping of their small arms. By the second night it was known that they were flanking us, and we commenced to undo the horse-shoe, once more stringing silently South. The open part of the shoe was so small that some confusion took place as we entered the little bridge over the Oostanaula. But the presence of our generals re-assured us, and we passed back with no fear of the future.

FRED JOYCE.

[For the BIVOAC.]

SURRENDER—1864.

Come to me and let me tell you, my beloved, my beloved,

What has passed since grief befell you, and your brow a shadow wore,
For my heart has learned a lesson, through the distance, through thy absence,
That it knew not of, nor dreamed of, in the happy days of yore,
In the careless hours of yore,
Brilliant nights of vanished yore.

Once at eve a tale was told me, my beloved, my beloved,

And my heart grew sad within me, and the sun shone dim above—
For a voice within me whispered, "Choose a wreath of Fame's bright holly."
Love is wanton youth's first folly, but the cooing of a dove,
The soft wooing of a dove,
Tender language of a dove.

Other scenes had stretched before you, my beloved, my beloved,

And each circling season bore you further from my small renown.
Every fond word that had wakened my life's morning, youth's bright dawning,
Seemed forever hushed in silence, as Time beat its shadow down,
As my early dreams sank down,
Like fair ships, with woe went down.

Yet a rush of tears came o'er me, my beloved, my beloved,
 As I thought—I know a story that the angels sing above,
 And I answered: "I recall it, tho' 'tis fainter, tho' 'tis dimmer,
 Tho' its tones with time are hoary, yet it gives my heart its love;
 Feeds my hungered soul its love,
 Brings my heart its long-lost love."

Thus was vanquished each temptation! My beloved, my beloved,
 Thy unstudied Life's translation was not syllabeled in vain;
 In my heart it long hath lingered, and when now thy hopes have faltered,
 With its harmony unaltered, it doth come to thee again;
 Comes to conquer doubt again,
 To entreat thy faith again.

For Truth, priceless and enduring, my beloved, my beloved,
 With its steady beams outpouring, yet must light this earth afar,
 If below is bravely anchored, as a harbor, as a haven,
 Still the hallowed home of liberty, where love alone is law,
 Where is mocked the world's stern law,
 Loosed each outward bond of law.

Fresh is Spring and pure its showers, my beloved, my beloved,
 And for us are Nature's flowers, in their daily beauty drest.
 We have struggled, we have striven, by the world's ambitions driven,
 But at last to us is given the sweet harbinger of Rest,
 The long bourne of untold rest,
 Love's fair home of Peace and Rest.

LADY BEAN.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

PATRIOTISM VERSUS LOVE.

PART I.



HE glorious sunlight of a ripe September afternoon shone in unclouded brilliancy, bathing hillside and valley in a flood of golden light. Along the foot of a thickly-wooded hill a laughing, sparkling brook wound its way, mingling its music with the soft tinkle of a distant cow-bell, now in deep shadow of overhanging foliage and now leaping into the broad sunlight again. Hill after hill rises to view, until they grow into very mountains, and the majestic peaks of the grand old Alleghanies are recognized. Along the banks of the stream runs a country road, which, at this time of the year, is usually in a condition unfavorable to rapid travel, leading, as it does, from an iron furnace in the neighborhood to the nearest railway station, and, consequently,

much cut up by the heavily-laden wagons which pass continually over it.

Picking her way carefully along between mud-holes and ruts, might be seen a rustic maiden, mounted on a dark, roan mare, whose plump proportions and shapely limbs accounted for the name of "Dumpling," which her mistress had bestowed upon her. Amy Deering was the acknowledged "Queen of Hearts" all the country around, but more especially in the little village which lay nestled among the hills near the furnace; though, since the breaking out of the war, the ranks of her faithful subjects had become sadly depleted, and the force of circumstances, or, probably, an unerring destiny, had rather inclined her to lend a too willing ear to the suit of a youth who had entered the lists with several others, but who now, having the field to himself, soon won from Amy a promise of undying devotion.

When the war between the North and South commenced, Robin Campbell occupied a lucrative and important position in a furnace which employed numbers of men in the manufacture of iron; it was, therefore, continued in active operation for the first eighteen months, being situated in one of the richest iron counties in North-west Virginia. Far removed as the neighborhood was from the seat of war, and hemmed in on all sides by the everlasting hills, its rustic population knew little, by experience, of the terrible conflict that was devastating the country at no great distance from them, although some of the young men had gone off at the first call to arms—most of them to join the Federal side—and now and then a visit from one of them would excite their quiet village no little.

Amy's thoughtful countenance, as she rode carefully along, was not in keeping with her usual blithesome air, while her dark, brown eyes were a trifle dim. A bunch of the mountain laurel, gathered from a bush that overhung the roadside, was tucked in her belt, while another large cluster swung from her saddle-bow. Her broad-brimmed hat shades a face of unusual beauty, no added charm of dress or fashion disputing with nature's lavish gifts. The glow of health mantles her rounded cheek with a color which would have excited the envy of her paler sister of the city, whose main resort for the great beautifier is usually the nearest drug store.

Presently, the clatter of horses' feet just behind her arrests her attention, and, looking back, she sees Robin Campbell riding rapidly toward her, heedless alike of mud and ruts. Drawing her rein, she waits a moment, and he is by her side.

"Why, Robin, what can be the matter that you are leaving the furnace so early? Has anything happened?" she said, in almost one breath.

"Yes, dear Amy. I was just starting off very unexpectedly, to be gone until to-morrow, and consider myself fortunate to have met you. At last, I am going in the army. Unusual inducements are offered me, and the time has come now, I think, to take the step. The furnace, you know, is to be closed, and, with nothing to do at home, I would be subject to the draft at any time."

Amy listened with a beating heart. This was the fear that had oppressed her, but she scarcely expected it so soon.

"When will you go, Robin, and where?" she asked, in faltering tones.

"O, I have had a fine offer made me—a thousand dollars and the prospect of a commission. Mr. —— is liable to be drafted, too, but he has plenty of money, and means to stay at home. I'll make a right nice thing of it, don't you think?"

"O, Robin," said Amy, in tones of distress, "you surely won't go in the Union army?"

"Why not, my darling. If I had gone when the war just commenced, I expect I would have gone in the Southern army, but, I tell you now, Amy, that it don't pay to be a Confederate, while you are almost sure to be either killed or crippled, and I know you don't want anything of that sort to happen," he added, tenderly, resting his hand on the pommel of her saddle as he rode close beside her.

"If I were a man, I should help the South," presently answered Amy, with spirit.

"I thank the good Lord that you are not a man, my best beloved. Look at me, and let me see one smile of approval, won't you?" plead Robin earnestly.

But Amy kept her face averted while she answered:

"I am disappointed, Robin. I thought, if you ever went to the war, you would help the South."

"Amy, that is all a false sentiment. I have got no niggers to fight for; why should I help the South? I tell you, there is nothing to be gained by it, and a great deal to lose."

"But, Robin, you are mistaken in thinking the South is simply fighting for her slaves. Granny says that she is fighting for a right guaranteed her under the constitution. I don't know much about it myself, but it does seem unjust to try to deprive her of her rights, or take her property without paying for it."

"I am truly sorry that you think as you do, but I hope you will learn to look upon this matter differently for my sake."

"I don't believe I can, Robin. I have thought about it a good deal lately, since there seemed a probability of your going, and the more I think of it, the harder it seems to have you join the Union army. Granny says if he were a young man, he would fight for the South, even if he got no pay, and you know he never owned any slaves."

"O, Amy!" answered Robin, impatiently, "you must not listen to your grandfather; he is behind the times. It seems to me that I should be the one to influence your opinions now. The war can't last much longer, and the North is bound to whip. What will I gain by going into the Southern army? No, no, darling; it would never do. It is your duty to look at it my way."

But Amy did not seem convinced, and rode silently along by his side. Her right hand stroked Dumpling's glossy coat affectionately, while her face was still turned from him, but every outline of her well-rounded figure betokened thoughtful anxiety.

"And your only regret in the matter," continued Robin presently, "is that I am not going in the rebel army? I flattered myself, Amy, that it was anxiety for my safety. If you loved me as you say you do, that would be the way of it."

"It is because I love you, Robin, that I want to see you on the side of right and honor. There is as much danger one place as another, if a man does his duty, and the Northern side is no place for a Southern man."

"I am convinced, Amy, that you do not love me, or you would see the matter with my eyes, instead of letting your grandfather prejudice you, as I see he has done," said Robin, in some anger.

Very little more was said by either before they reached a turn in the road, where their ways diverged.

"I must leave you here, Amy, as I have business calling me to the lower end of the county, but will see you again to-morrow night upon my return. In the meantime, dearest Amy, try and view things from my standpoint, as it is your duty to do, now; will you not, darling?"

Amy put her hand into the one he held toward her, but said nothing except a low, "Good-bye," and, withdrawing it hastily again, gave Dumpling the rein and dashed away from her lover's side, leaving him surprised, as well as distressed, at her sudden leave-taking. Robin's first impulse was to follow her and insist upon a more affec-

tionate dismissal, but he had already lingered too long by her side, and the slanting shadows reminded him that he had not many more hours of daylight in which to make the ride before him; so, after watching her till a turn in the road hid her from his view, hoping for one parting look or signal, which was, however, denied him, he turned his horse's head and rode at fullest speed in the opposite direction. Amy *felt* that Robin watched her, and the consciousness of her power to inflict a disappointment in return for what she had just been made to suffer at his hands, gave her some satisfaction. So, not until the turn of the road was reached, which hid her completely from his view, did she slacken her speed.

"You shan't go fast any more this warm evening, dear old Dumpling," she presently said, in affectionate tones, which the animal recognized by a soft little nicker, and forthwith fell into her most comfortable jog-trot. The most perfect understanding and sympathy existed between the pair, and not the wealth of the Indies could have purchased from Amy her faithful roan.

She soon reached the village, and stopped in front of a picturesque cottage, which stood at the head of its principal street, where she lived with her widowed mother and aged grandfather. Before going into the house, however, she first divested herself of her long riding-skirt, then relieving Dumpling of her saddle, led her away to a green field near by. The dumb animal pressed her nose to her mistress' face, and, with a parting caress from Amy, they separated for the night. Returning to the house once more, she found her mother and grandfather already seated at their evening meal.

"You are late, Amy," said her mother. "You shouldn't ride so far these times; it makes me uneasy about you."

"Why, mother, you need never be afraid of anything when I am riding. What do you suppose could catch me on Dumpling's back? Besides, I met Robin in my ride, and he came part of the way with me."

"What's this tale, Amy, about the furnace shuttin' down?" said her grandfather.

"It is true, granny. Robin told me so this evening," answered Amy, sadly.

"And what will Robin do?" asked Mrs. Deering and her grandfather in almost the same breath.

"He is going into the army," said Amy, without raising her eyes from her plate.

"Well, that's right," exclaimed the old man, fervently. "That is

as it should be. Young blood is not what it was in my day. I couldn't have staid at home this long. Old as I am, it tingles to my finger ends when I hear of the hard-fought battles and glorious victories which the South is gaining every day. Ah! she will be free yet, I know she will."

"When does he leave, Amy?" asked her mother.

"Very soon, I believe," said Amy, with her eyes still downcast.

"Really, Amy, I thought you would be proud to have him go. I didn't expect to see you look so mournful when the time came. Cheer up, my child. They say that a man's weight in lead is always wasted before he is shot, and, going in at this late day, Robin's chances to get through safe are pretty good. I thought you were a better soldier yourself."

But Amy took little comfort from all these assurances. No longer able to control her tears, she leaned forward upon the table, and, resting her head upon her arm, gave way to a violent burst of weeping.

"Why, Amy, my child, what is the matter? What makes you take on so? Don't you want Robin to go?"

"Yes, mother," sobbed Amy at last, "but not in the Union army."

"The Union army!" cried the old man, and his withered form looked almost majestic in its wrath, as, rising from the table, he came to Amy's side. "There must be a mistake. The boy I have promised should wed my little Amy turn traitor to his State? No, no, it can not be, child."

Amy had never seen the gentle, old man so wrought up before, and, for a moment, she flinched before his wrath, but her love for Robin was true, and she tried to plead his cause.

"He has been offered a big sum of money, granny, and will get an officer's place, while he says that nothing is to be gained by being a rebel now."

"My child," said her grandfather, solemnly, "the highest price that treason can command can never make it honorable. No, Amy, if he turns traitor to his State, it is your duty to forget him. He is no longer worthy of your love, and no good could result from a union with such a man."

"I thought better of Robin. He has been tampered with, I know," said Mrs. Deering.

"Tampered with? Confound him, he should be above being tampered with. No, Amy, my child, he is not good enough for you if he takes this step, and the sooner you forget him the better."

Amy soon carried her grief to the quiet of her own chamber, where, after tossing restlessly for some time, she fell into a troubled sleep. In her dreams, she saw Robin at a great distance from her, with outstretched hands and pleading look, but between them stood the figure of her grandfather, grown to the proportions of a hideous ogre. Then again she saw his bleeding form on the battle-field, gasping for one drop from a sparkling spring near him, but, whenever she would advance to administer the cooling draught which he craved, an unseen hand held her back, and the slumber, which should have brought rest and refreshment, only added to her forebodings when she arose from her couch with the early dawn. VERITAS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CAMP NICHOLS—THE LOUISIANA SOLDIERS' HOME.



MUST begin with a digression, for, as thought concentrates itself upon this pleasant subject, one is irresistibly impelled to remember the delightful ride thitherward, and to wonder if any other city in the United States can boast of *street-car routes* so beautiful. The visitor to "Camp Nichols" taking on Canal street a car of the Esplanade and Bayou Bridge line, is borne smoothly along for miles under cool, green arches of oak trees, a broad street on either side, bordered by elegant residences and lovely, fragrant gardens.

Looking back, where the green arcade narrows away in the distance, or forward, to observe how the rough track is made beautiful by the shadows of dancing leaves and boughs—glancing at the rapidly succeeding pictures of beauty and comfort on either side—inhaling the mingled perfume of flowers—one is placed under a spell of enchantment which lasts until at "Bayou Bridge," the end of the route is reached. Leaving the car, a very short walk along the banks of the bayou, brings the visitor to the "Camp." Upon entering the gate, the first thought is "how pleasant, how peaceful, how home-like." The comfortable-looking house is beautifully shaded by large live oaks. Under these the green grass is diversified by neatly-kept walks. Midway between the outer gate and the house, a small stream is spanned by a rustic bridge. As I stood upon this bridge and saw upon the pleasant galleries in front of their rooms the maimed and scarred veterans sitting in groups or apart, tranquilly smoking and

chatting or reading, the dying words of our Stonewall Jackson came into my mind, "Let us cross the river and *rest* in the shade of the trees." To him was given *eternal* rest. The weary spirit even then stood by the river of death and viewed beyond the trees of Paradise. Less happy *these*—who remained—to witness the downfall of hope. Ah, what can be more glorious, yet more deeply sorrowful than the story of their past. The strength and beauty of their youth and early manhood was freely given to the cause they deemed sacred. It was, alas! *lost*—and the tempest of war subsiding, left upon a desolate shore, these wrecks.

Returning after the war to find only ruined homes and shattered fortunes, those who had retained health and strength found them taxed to the utmost. Necessity held them in bonds of iron, and the demands of helpless families absorbed them. *All the same*, manly hearts have been often and painfully stirred by the silent appeals of maimed and suffering comrades, and the faithful few have never ceased to hope and strive for the result now attained in "The Soldiers' Home."

It is pleasant to feel that the first rays of the newly-arisen sun of prosperity have dispelled the darkness wherein these poor fellows have wandered so long, revealing to them the kindly faces of *brothers*, who, having gone in search of them, will lead them to *home* and *rest*.

As I said before, "the Home" viewed from the bridge a few hundred yards in front, suggests ideas of comfort, which are fully realized upon a closer investigation. The rooms are delightfully situated (opening upon a shaded gallery), perfectly ventilated and very cool, furnished with iron bedsteads, comfortable and cleanly bedding, wardrobes or bureaus, and washstands. The library and reception-room is a charming nook embellished with many gifts from loving hands. Immediately opposite the entrance is placed an excellent portrait of General Francis L. Nichols, a hero whom *all* (Louisianians, especially), delight to honor. From the bloody battle-fields of Northern Virginia, he brought back a mangled and shattered body, but enough to hold and enshrine a powerful, active brain, and a heart as brave and generous as ever beat in human bosom. He is idolized by his comrades and beloved by us all. By a unanimous vote of the board of directors, the Home has been called "Camp Nichols," and from a gracefully-proportioned flag-staff placed directly in front of the reception-room (the gift of the army of Tennessee), floats a banner whereon this honored name was embroidered by the daughters of Generals Lee and Jackson during their recent visit to New Orleans.

The dining-room is very large, well-lighted, and fairly *shines* with cleanliness. In short, every appointment is excellent, and every effort of managers and officers is directed toward making the disabled veterans feel that they are honored inmates of a *home* which they have *earned* and *deserve*, not recipients of charity. Camp Nichols may well be called a trysting-place of heroes. Here old comrades meet *as* comrades and *friends*. In the warm grasp of hands there is no suspicion of patronage. Right down into these brave, long-suffering hearts shine glances full of the unforgotten "light of other days," causing eyes, dim and clouded by care and sorrow, to beam with a responsive brightness. Ah! who shall undertake to estimate the value and blessedness of this work?

The Legislature of Louisiana organized this enterprise in 1881, making a yearly appropriation for its support. It is designed for all soldiers of Louisiana who have been disabled by wounds received in her service, or have become incapacitated by age or disability; is controlled by a board of directors also created by the State, consisting of the President, *three* Vice-Presidents, and Recording Secretary of the Army of Northern Virginia, and the President, *three* Vice-Presidents and Recording Secretary of the Army of Tennessee. The harmonious action of this board is nobly sustained by the members composing both organizations.

The President of the Army of Tennessee, Judge Walter Rogers, is an indefatigable worker, as he was once a brave and faithful soldier. He may with perfect truth be written "as one who loves his fellow-men" (*especially his fellow-soldiers*). I believe he will, as long as he lives, stand a faithful sentinel upon "the sands of time," watching lest the ever-encroaching tide of years may obliterate sacred foot-prints. * * * * *

All arrangements having been nearly completed, the Home was opened January 1st, 1884. Eight soldiers were at once admitted, and since the number has been increased to twenty. Under the rules of the institution no compulsory labor is allowed except that necessary to properly police the quarters. Yet all feel so deep an interest in their *home* that they yield willing assistance whenever asked. They choose such occupations as they are physically able to perform and take delight in keeping things in order.

"The Home" has many friends outside of the Confederate organizations, none more zealous and truly kind than the officers and members of the Grand Army of the Republic "Mower Post." These are frequent and welcome visitors to Camp Nichols, and have

shown both generosity and thoughtfulness in their contributions to the comfort of its inmates.

The superintendent, Captain William Bullitt, was selected on account of his soldierly qualities and excellent administrative abilities, and by a unanimous vote of the board elected to fill the position. His record is untarnished and excellent. At the inception of the war, having assisted in raising the First Company Louisiana Guards, he went out as first lieutenant of the same, won by promotion the rank of captain, and afterward of major, which he held at the close of the war. Used, therefore, to command, he also brings to his work a thorough love for it, and an amount of intelligence in interpreting and skill in carrying out arrangements and improvements proposed by the board of directors, which insures success and the satisfaction of all concerned.

"God bless our Home," "and let the light of His countenance shine upon it and bless it."

And may God strengthen the kindly hands which have led these weary ones away from thorny pathways "through green pastures and beside still waters." May they never falter nor fail until the all-merciful Father shall Himself provide the "rod and staff" which shall guide *all* through the dark valley to rest eternal.

FANNIE A. BEERS.

[For the BIVOUC.]

CAPTAIN THOMAS E. KING.

"Every man should be a hero, when his country's liberty is imperiled."



HE "Roswell Volunteer Guards," under Captain T. E. King, was mustered into the service of the Confederate States of America, on the 31st day of May 1861, and was among the first troops ordered to Virginia.

Captain King was certainly a wonderful man.

His character was well balanced; his judgment excellent, and his energy as unflagging as his business capacity was rare. His face wore, almost always, a radiant smile, and he was so genial and sympathetic as to win the affection alike of rich and poor, white and black, adults and children. His men idolized him; and were they to be censured for it? He was dignified and decided when circumstances required; but off duty, he was as intimate with them as a brother; would carry the musket and knapsack of a weary soldier, and fast himself to feed the hungry.

His influence over his men was such as to *reform* them ; from love to him, all, even the most profane and wicked would assemble nightly at his *marqueé* to attend the reading and exposition of a portion of scripture, and his fervent prayer. *No man in his entire company was ever known to profane the name of God in his hearing.*

At the battle of Bull Run, July 21st, he was shot in the ankle, but standing up for sometime on one leg, holding on to the branch of a tree, he coolly gave orders, cheered his men, and prayed, until he was removed from the field. One who assisted in taking him from the battle-ground testifies :

“It is a remarkable fact that while passing through crowds of soldiers of different regiments, his prayers amazed and arrested a company of South Carolinians. At this juncture, the wounded captain espying a body of Zouaves not far distant, cried out to the Carolinians : ‘*Forward, boys !*’ The order was instantly and gallantly executed, capturing a portion, and driving the residue.”

It was fully a year before Captain King could lay aside his crutches, and he walked with a cane to the day of his death. *He could not stand without its support.* Not one step could he take without pain, and if he struck his lame foot against a pebble, or any unevenness, he was thrown to the ground in great agony, unless his staff was strong enough to sustain him. A cripple for life !—he knew this, yet recorded in his note book this resolution :

“As for me, if I fail in every other work and object in life, I will go to the grave and to the bar of God with the happy consciousness that I have done my part toward the deliverance of my country in the day of her sore trial.”

He had a charming family and many loving relatives and friends. He was engaged in an important and lucrative occupation which needed his constant, personal attention ; but with his spirit, it is not surprising that he disregarded all personal interests when his country called so loudly for aid.

He commanded the infantry, cavalry and artillery raised for the defense of Roswell ; but as there was no likelihood of an immediate raid, he obtained a furlough that he might go to a field where a bloody battle was daily expected.

It is emphatically true, that he had no physical power to walk a step, *nor even to mount his horse without assistance ; but when mounted he could ride*, and render his country efficient service.

“My son,” said his father, “you are not *able* to go.”

“Father,” replied the brave soldier, “our State is invaded—our

family is not represented on *that* battle-field—I *must* go!" The response came slowly but distinctly: "Go, my son, and the Lord go with you."

On Chicamauga creek, the Confederate forces under General Bragg, and the Federal army under General Rosecrans, were drawn up in a line of battle, September 19, 1863. It was a well known fact that Brigadier-General Preston Smith was about to enter upon the conflict with an *inadequate* staff. All eyes and hearts were toward the front. An officer in captain's uniform rode up to the general. It was our gallant Captain King; but no one there knew him. A few hurried words were spoken, and then the battle opened. This brave volunteer aid rode rapidly from one point to another in the thickest of the fight, conveying the General's orders.

All day long, through the din of the battle, the thunder of cannon and whizzing of shell, he was to be seen with bright, animated countenance and cheering tone, encouraging the men, leading regiments, or bearing commands.

The duties of the day seemed over. This captain without one acquaintance in the brigade sat by himself, and taking his note-book from his pocket made his last entry.

"*Saturday, 19th, 5 p. m.* Have seen the enemy once more. The roar of the cannon, and the rattle of the musketry, bring vividly to mind the memorable 21st of July, 1861; from which time I have been out of service. Brigadier-General Preston Smith, gave me position on his staff. Through the mercies of a kind providence, who has shielded me with His wings, I have been preserved without a wound, amidst the hundreds of wounded around me, and the thousands of shot and shell, which sung the requiem of our dead boys. Thank God who gave me strength. I feel that so far as I am concerned, I have done my duty. All is quiet along the lines. The result, I do not yet know. Sharpshooters are pegging away, but no brigade is engaged. My loving wife and my little boys, I know, pray for me."

Even then the brigade was startled, and all was astir. The command "*Forward*" had been given by General Polk. The staff were all mounted, when a bystander remarked to Captain King that his saddle did not seem secure. "Thank you, Doctor; that's right," he exclaimed, "see it well fastened; for you know if I once get down, I can't get up again."

As he spoke, the troops moved. The command charged the enemy—a volley was discharged by the retreating foe—not an officer escaped! Captain Donelson fell dead; General Smith lived a half

hour; Captain King, an hour and a half. A few days later, the bodies of these brave men were removed from the field of battle. Captain King's remains were interred in the cemetery of his own little town, amid the tears and lamentations of the people, bond and free, who followed in crowds to pay to him the last honor in their power.

The combination of strength and gentleness in Captain King's character, was conspicuous and rare. It was the admiration of his friends, and the secret of that magnetic influence he exerted over all with whom he came in contact. One man, almost a stranger, in speaking of him, said:

"There seemed to be a 'God bless you' in the very clasp of his hand."

He was brimming full of life and mirth, and no one enjoyed a good joke or anecdote more than he; but one of his most remarkable traits was the facility with which he passed from the lightest to the gravest themes.

His conception of God seemed an ever-present realization, and his heart was kept ever warm with the love of Christ, and his greatest desire was to inspire others with the same loving trust.

This sketch is not overdrawn, nor is it painted in colors clear enough to show the whole truth.

Hear the testimony of one who saw him but for a single day. One of the most distinguished officers of General Polk's staff, on the battle-field, wrote with his own hand in Captain King's war manual, the following encomium:

"His gallantry upon the battle-field was conspicuous; and since this war began, no nobler, braver, or truer heart has been offered a sacrifice to the great cause."

Those who knew him best, may well say: "The half can not be told."

Few people in the South have any idea of the pains taken in the North to preserve the memory of the men who fell in defense of the Union. From the number we have seen we infer that there must be at least fifty periodicals of all sorts devoted partly or wholly to this object. The circulation of some is immense, reaching as high in one instance as sixty thousand. If we were to measure the interest the men of the South take in cherishing the memory of their heroic age by the support lent to the few periodicals devoted to this purpose, we would be forced to conclude that they take very little.

Youths' Department.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

HIDING THE SILVER.

About five years before the war, there lived near the Pamunkey river, in Virginia, a planter by the name of Robinson. He dwelt in an old-fashioned house, with high gables and tall chimneys, and with his wife and three children, was about as happy as a man could well be. As he was the owner of about a dozen slaves of all ages, it may appear strange that he did not suffer from biting remorse, but he did not, and what is, perhaps, stranger still, his slaves seemed happier than their master. His eldest boy, Robert, was a fine young fellow, and though accomplished in the studies and exercises which confer the manly graces, he could do a man's full part in any kind of farm labor.

The two younger children, James and Eliza, whom our story most concerns, were just big enough to be let go out of sight without a nurse. They were so fond of each other that from daylight to sundown, they were always seen together. In the long summer days they trotted about from one object of interest to another, like a pair of little kids. Before the rays of the morning sun could brighten Eliza's room, James was banging at her door, and soon the busy couple began their formal round of sight-seeing and fun. James never liked to stop long at the same place. Eliza was "the other way;" but come what might, she *would* keep up with James. The first thing before breakfast was a visit to the pigeons who always gave them a hearty reception. Upon the approach of the visitors, their wings would flap a little flap, and you could almost hear them laugh, for they were just as sure as pigeons could be, that the children were bringing something nice for breakfast. They would sit in their laps, and eat out of their hands, and not mind being tossed up, and even spanked a little as long as the bread lasted.

After breakfast the first thing was a visit to Billy, the calf. Billy was not allowed to suck his mother, and so he tried to suck everything else that came in his way. This nearly tickled the children to death. They would stand and almost let Billy suck the ends of their fingers off, taking them out of his mouth now and then to "watch him

butt." Their many visits, the cook thought, kept Billy poor, and she tried all she knew how to keep them away. She never could do it, though, till one day their brother Robert brought a land terrapin home. This new monster, with his terrible countenance, shining eyes and snaky tail, was as good as a whole menagerie. The children would gaze and gaze, ready to jump out of their skin if the ter-



rapin would but wink an eye. The cook noticed their fear of the new arrival, and so she put him right by the calf and put a box over him. Never did a dragon guard a treasure from robbers better than the terrapin guarded the calf from the visits of the children. Being thus cheated out of one unfailing source of fun, they quickly resorted to others, and like bees, as it were, went from flower to flower. Well, as a dream, the years rolled by, and the children, as they grew,

were still inseparable. By and by the war came, and though they did not understand it, yet when they saw their brother go off to join the army, and witnessed the tearful parting between mother and son, they knew it was something dreadful.

They missed him much, but they saw that their mother missed him more, and they often now surprised her sitting in silent thought or poring over her Bible. Still the war brought novelties, and at times it seemed to the thoughtless children that it was a sort of a holiday. Gaily-dressed horsemen often passed the house, and sometimes stayed all night. A year was full of events then, and little children grew old before their time. They soon found out what war meant. They watched for the passing troops when Johnston went to meet McClellan at Yorktown, and over the smooth river which washed the edge of their father's farm, they saw gliding by fleets of sloops loaded with provisions for the Southern army. Each day, now, was fateful. Would Johnston fall back? They heard that question often discussed. In their daily rambles through the fields, they could but notice how often the negroes from adjoining farms were talking with their father's slaves. In the kitchen the conversation often stopped when the children entered, and they could sometimes see strange men flitting around the negro quarters after dark. It was not long before James and Eliza got a pretty clear idea of the condition of things, and began to treat the negroes like a Grecian philosopher advised a man to treat his friends, namely, as if they might one day become their enemies.

Well, one day a passing horseman reported that Johnston was falling back. The curse was upon them now and they had to bear it as best they could. To save anything of value, there had to be some skillful hiding from a portion of the household, as well as from the open enemy. The concealment of the bacon had to be entrusted to some of the negroes, but the valuables had to be stowed away by Mrs. Robinson and her children. For soon after the news of the retreat arrived Mr. Robinson had taken two of his negro men and run off the stock.

A council of war was held in the parlor with closed doors, Mrs. Robinson presiding. The most troublesome thing to hide was the family silver. "Mamma," said Eliza, "leave it to Jim and me, we know plenty of places the Yankees will never find." "Those, my child, are the very spots they will find and examine most closely." "Let's put 'em under the floor," said Jim. "Pshaw," said Eliza, "that'll be the very first place they will spy into, you see if they

don't." In the same way the ceiling, wash-house, garret, and chimney were suggested by Jim and rejected by mother and daughter.

"I'll tell you," said Eliza, with a triumphant toss of her head, "Jim and I will just take our basket and spade, and as we do every day, go hunting ferns and roots, and we'll bury the things right out in the field, where they will never think of looking."

After talking it over, this was the plan agreed upon, and the children were directed to go out in the adjoining field and bury them in sight of the house, but never to look around at all. In the meantime, Mrs. Robinson was to keep the negroes busy with hiding the provisions in the kitchen garret.

As soon as the blacks were busily engaged, James and Eliza sallied forth and dug a hole among some ferns. It was quite a torment not to be able to look around, but they went through it heroically, and returned after quite a ramble with their basket full of roots and things. Next day a small troop of Federal cavalry arrived. They did not wait for an invitation to "light," but speedily dismounted and walked in. The demand for dinner was peremptory and was quickly complied with. While the officers were eating in the dining-room, the men were regaling themselves in the kitchen and prowling through the house and appropriating small articles of value.

After dinner the captain rode away, but three stragglers lingered one of whom was a fierce, villainous-looking wretch. Soon he came dragging his sabre into the dining-room. "Hasn't you a little brandy for a sick feller?" said he. Fearing to refuse, Mrs. Robinson gave him a bottle of wine. Pretty soon they wanted more. Flushed with the liquor they now demanded money and valuables. They met with a stubborn refusal and commenced a search, smashing the furniture occasionally. Presently the leader seized James and said, "You rebel pup, I'll jist drown you in the spring if you don't tell me where your mother's silver is," for he had found out from the negroes that it was hidden somewhere near. James was game to the last. Twice was he ducked and still refused, when Eliza fearing he would be drowned, cried out, "Don't tell Jim, here comes some of our soldiers, I saw 'em just now from the up-stairs window." In a moment James was dropped, the horses mounted, and the robbers, at break-neck speed, made for the nearest woods.

AUNT CHARLOTTE.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

UNCLE GEORGE IN DANGER.

"When I woked up next mornin' at Williamsport," continued Uncle George, "I hyeard a rattlin' of de boxes, and speerin' roun' I seen Dobbin's nose a rummagin for cold vitules. You see the ole raskel is jes' like Marse John—bery tickler 'bout havin' breakfas' at de reg'lar time. I knowed it wuzn't no use to try to put *him* off, so I riz rite up, if my head wuz achin' fit to bust."

"Why; what gave you the headache?"

"The way I wuz a layin', hunny, or it might be de crock ob sour cream I tuck and drunk the Sunday afore. When I got out and tuck a look, I seed the big Pertomac a piece off fru de bushes, and jis' behind me wuz a high bank, which I most know wuz nigh half a mile long, and 'tween it and de ribber wuz thousands of white-topped waggins. I didn't think dar wuz so many waggins in de world. Dey had cum, I spec, to cross de ribber, but concluded it was a little too full. I kin tell you more, too, 'bout de posishun if you doant understan', for I wuzn't so long a militarian with General Lee for nuffin. 'Sides de few days I spent dar wuz mity full of lively doin's."

"You remember them, pretty well, I suppose."

"When Uncle George disremembers them, you kin order his buryin' close. Well, arter awhile breakfas' cum and we sot and sot a-drinkin' Chambersburg coffee an' eatin' flopper-jacks a drippin' with Pennsylvania hog grease. Nigh by roared the Pertomac, for de rains had swelled her scanlous, an' she shuck her white caps as much to say 'you needn't to think you are gwyin to git 'cross me soon; you stay on yo' own side next time, you heah me.' Brown's Luke when he seed de ribber gettin' bigger and bigger, 'lowed dat General Lee ort to fell back afore the freshit. Mr. Blakely cum along jes' then an' told him to shet up, that he didn't 'tend to have no treason nor insubbernation in his command; that General Lee didn't kere fo' de Pertomac nor no other runnin' water. He hadn't more 'n got de words out of his mouth afore we hyeard a cannon go off jes' beyant the high bank of which I've dun spoke. Mr. Blakely was stooped down to light his pipe, and he got up agin so quick that he fell over the other way. When he riz up he wuz keerful by a siddlin' motion to git a tall stump 'tween him an' de pint of danger.

"'Marse Zeb's hoss artillery is havin' a little fun,' said I keepin' as cool as a cowcumber 'I wish dey'd practiss a good deal fudder

from de train, dey will skeer de hosses,' said Mr. Blakely a sighten ober de stump.

"I knowed it was a mity honory hoss would skeer afore him, but I kep my mouth shet and looked strait over de bank. Presently I hyearn a soun dat always turns my stummic. It was de drap-drap-drappin fire of the squirmishers. Mr. Blakely smoked orful now for he hyearn it too and we didn't need nobody to tell us it was gittin nearer and nearer.

"'Shootin' off wet guns after de rain,' sed Brown's Luke in a kinder consol'in way. 'Pears to me,' said Mr. Blakely 'our men is fallen back.' Ker boom went a big gun rite over de bank and we seen de smoke rizin up over de tree tops. Jes' then, up de bottom fru de waggins cum a gallipin on his bay mare, young Smith Johnson, Major Moore's clerk. He wasn't much more 'n a boy, but in a fite he was a head of a family. Major Moore, I hyearn say, 'had promised his mother to take keer of him, but you mite jes a well have mistrusted a hen to take care of a young duck. When we wuz in camp Smith wuz allers writin' and fixin' de books, but soon as de shootin' begun he was up and gone. When I seed him cummin' like a blue streak I knowed summin' onkommin was nigh at hand. He stopped whar we wuz a stanin' and said: 'Mr. Blakely, help me to git together quick as you kin all the white drivers and arm them. A heavy colum of Yankees is tryin' to take the camp.'

"'Whar, whar is *our* cavalry?' sed Mr. Blakely. 'Rite over there,' sed he pinting with his han', 'two regements agin six.' 'Come, hurry up.' Boom, bang, and jis beyond us into de Per-tummic busted a bummer shell.

"'Hunny, did you ever when you wuz little keep turnin' aroun' till you was sick and de trees and houses gin to rar up on dar hin' legs and dance a hoe down? You has? Well dat's jis de way I felt when arter de first bummer, more kep a kummin' a-tarin up the land and water. De critters in course wuz a rarin' and snortin' and breakin' loose all aroun'.

"Us drivers took out for de high bank and scrouched close up to it. But Smith Johnson, sakes alive! he jis straitened hisself in de saddle, and wavin' his cocked pistol above his head, called on de white drivers to git guns and sho demselves men.

"'Sam Bowers, what wuz a shoemaker, stepped out fust man. Pooty soon quite a lot fell into line. Bowers wuz a mity sour man and never sed nuffin in camp, but he was full of talk now, pealin' to de men. Smith made him a hosseffer.

"I suppose he put them all under command of Mr. Blakely."

"Don't spose, hunny, you could a got ennything under Mr. Blakely then, not even a knife-blade, he was dat close to de groun' ahind destump. Peared like he was tryin' to dive out of sight. Pooty soon dar was a kind of lull, and I was tryin' to ketch Dobbin, which, of course, had bruk loose, when Smith said, 'Uncle George.' 'Sah,' said I, in a military way. 'Take charge of the cullud drivers and git de hosses under de bank. It'll be tollable hot here directly.'

"You better believe it was all-fired so afore we got dem animals under kiver, but, hunny, I was so concerned about Smith that I didn't mind 'em much. Howsomever, we got 'em dar about de time de yearthquake opened. Brown's Luke got ahind a tree on de top of the bank, and kep' his eyes on de fight, while I was a holdin' his and my teams. 'What are dey doin' now?' said I, jes' as a whole flock of bummers and minnies cum a screamin' froo de air. 'Golly,' said he, 'dey is chargin' our battery. Look at 'em. Here dey cum, cuttin' and slashin' de squirmishers. Our battery is stan'in' up to de work dough. Flugins, how it is a mowin' 'em down! But dey keep a cummin'.' 'Why don't our men charge 'em?' sed I. 'Dey is,' said he. 'Dar goes a squadron. How de sabres flash! But what kin dey do agin a whole brigade?' 'Whose a leadin' dem?' said I. 'A hossifer on a white horse,' said he. 'No, he ain't neither. He's a holdin' up; so ar' de men. De Yankees is too many for 'em. Wait, they are startin' again. Somebody's got the flag, and is ridin' rite at the Yankees.' 'What's de color of his hoss?' said I. 'A dark bay, and a small man,' said he. 'I knowed it,' said I. 'It's our Smith as sho as you are born.' 'Look at him,' said Luke, 'a clappin' his han's. He's way ahead, but de men are fol-lerin' now. De Yankees are stoppin'. On goes de bay horse. Now they are at it. Whoopee! Yankees are runnin'.'

"Hunny, I couldn't stand it any longer. I let the halters go, and run up over de bank, and, sure enough, dar was our men goin' like mad after de Yankees, and I felt so good I jes rolled up my sleeves and spit on my hands, and danced a wah-dance aroun' Brown's Luke."

CHIP.

WILL not some who were in the battle of Franklin, send us their account of it, especially of the men who fell on that bloody field.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

CHARGE OF PICKETT'S DIVISION AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

The following incident, told to the writer by Dr. —, an eye-witness, and a member of Fifth Virginia Infantry, beautifully exemplifies the strong devotional spirit which characterized the army of Northern Virginia.

Since early morning, Pickett's Division had been lying in the woods awaiting the charge which they knew *must* be made during the day. In front of them frowned Cemetery heights and every man fully realized the extreme hazard and danger which yet could not be averted.

About three o'clock in the evening General Lee rode up attended by only a few members of his staff. It happened that Dr. — was so placed that he could hear what passed.

Said General Lee: "General Pickett, I have reserved to your command the honor of capturing those heights" (pointing to them), "they must be taken *at all hazards*." Touching his hat, General Pickett replied, "General Lee, *they shall* be taken." As he turned to his command to give the necessary orders, a captain of one of the companies appeared at the head of the column and begin to sing in a firm, clear voice a familiar devotional hymn which embodied a fervent appeal to "the God of battles."

The words and melody were taken up by one voice after another until a volume of solemn sound swelled upward toward heaven. When the hymn was done, a white-haired chaplain stepped to the front and raised his hands. General Lee and Pickett at once dismounted and uncovered while a fervent prayer was offered. Then came a moment of awful stillness and immediately occurred one of the most memorable and glorious charges upon record.

HARRY.

A KITTEN IN BATTLE.

Children, here's what happened at Resaca while the Federals were charging the Kentuckians and the long row of cannon, the noise nearly made one deaf.

"Boom-boom-bang-bang-rattle-rattle!" Suddenly a little voice is heard "meouw—me—u—ow—meouw." The soldiers looked eagerly over the little rail-piles to see what it was. It was a strange sight, indeed. A little kitten had somehow gotten in front of our lines. You see we were near a farm house and the people had gone away in a great hurry and left the kitten behind. I expect the mother and perhaps

the balance of the little family were separated, too. It dared not run away from its old play-ground, yet those terrible guns pouring fire toward it frightened it ever so much. It did the best it could, and that was to "meouw me-u-ow—me-ow——w."

Presently a brave man that was loading a cannon determined to save the little refugee. It was very dangerous, you will know, when I tell you that the shot and shell, and bullets were falling like hail, and throwing dust and dirt right into our faces, so that we had to lay flat on the ground to escape sudden death.

But this noble man only hesitated a moment and then springing lightly over the works caught the kitten and bore it safely inside. Putting it softly down, it nestled close to ground and seemed contented. When the battle was over he took the stranger with him, and nursed and fed it, and it was the pet of the battery. It was a pretty sight to see perched on the caisson, or across the shoulder of an artilleryman, a large tortoise-shell tom cat. He was called "Resaca," and was in a great many bloody battles, but I never heard what became of him. I hope he and his brave, noble, artillery boy friend were spared and got home after the war.

FRED. JOYCE.

THE SKIRMISH LINE.

"I KNOW what I wish I had been doing during the war," said a Union soldier the other day, as he sat down on a bench and laid his crutches on the ground beside him.

"What better could you have been doing than fighting the battles of your country?" said a patriotic citizen.

"Oh, lots of things. I might have been a contractor, and now be a railroad magnate, or, still better, I might have hired a substitute and edited a newspaper, and been the nominee of the Chicago convention."

A SHORT time before the battle of Fredericksburg, Jackson had his headquarters near the family mansion of the Corbins. This was very fortunate for Dick Corbin, who was a member of Jackson's corps, and who was camped near home. It also enabled him to play the host to occasionally to a man he almost adored. One day Jackson said to Dick that he would like to get his permission to cut one of the lawn trees down, saying that it was already nearly dead.

"Cut a tree down!" said the indignant soldier. "Why, General

you can cut them all down if they are in your way. Move the house, too, if you wish it. In fact, sir, I shall feel honored if you will act just as the place belonged to you."

WHEN Grant, in command of the Army of the Potomac, crossed the Rappahannock, Lee's veterans, though aware of his previous good fortune, were none the less confident of sending him back, as "tattered and torn" as ever were the armies of his numerous predecessors. After he had crossed the river, the first prisoners I saw were some caught by Moseby. Many questions were asked them by curious Confederates; among others, the following:

"What has become of your pontoon train?" said one.

"We haven't got any," replied a prisoner.

"How do you expect to get over the river when you go back?"

"Oh!" says the Yankee, "we are not going back. Grant says that all the men he sends back can cross on a log."

MASKED BATTERIES AND BLACK-HORSE CAVALRY.—The following is furnished by a correspondent:

Not long after the first battle of Manassas I was hunting in the neighborhood of Centreville, Virginia, through which the bulk of the Union army fled. All of a sudden, upon emerging from a piece of woods, I came upon an old woman doing up her week's washing by a spring. After taking a deep draught, I sat down on a log and entered into conversation with her.

"Did any of the Yankees run back this way?" said I.

"Plenty of 'em," she said, stopping the rubbing process and straightening up, holding a dripping garment in one hand.

"Did they give any reason for their running away?" said I.

"Oh, yes. I hyearn 'em say that masked batteries riz up out of the groun', and that thar was a hull division chargin' on black hosses."

"Pretty badly scared they were, I suppose," said I.

"Well, I should say so," she replied, as she laid the wet rag down. "Two of 'em come through my yard, and didn't seem to notice me. They didn't have no arms and mitey little clothes on. One of them was bareheaded and barefooted. Ses he, turnin' aroun' and aroun', 'Bill, take a good look. Do you see any holes in me?' Bill said no he couldn't. 'Well, ses he, thank heaven I am alive.'"

Editorial.

A SHORT time ago Gen. Thomas L. Rosser published in the *Philadelphia Times* some account of his war experience, especially while in command of the brigade of cavalry known as the "Laurel Brigade." The narrative called forth sharp letters from Colonel Munford and General Early, in which Rosser is taken severely to task, not only for alleged inaccuracies of statement, but for taking credit for himself at others' cost, and for unpardonable exaggerations. As the editors of this magazine were both members of Rosser's command, and were present at most, if not all, of the engagements which Rosser is charged with misrepresenting, we desire, in justice to the Laurel Brigade and to our old commander, to say that, in our opinion, Early and Munford have done Rosser gross injustice.

To particularize, General Early says in reference to the capture of the two forts at New Creek station: "The fact is Rosser himself did not get up until after the place had been captured, as anyone can ascertain by inquiring of General W. H. Payne and Major Rob. F. Mason." We are quite sure that neither of the gentlemen referred to will support this statement. It would seem that General Early is ignorant of the fact that at New Creek two forts, each on different lines of approach, were charged and captured. Mason was with one column, Payne, in person, with the other. Rosser was not twenty feet behind Payne. Of this column only one man fired a shot at the enemy, and he was at once rebuked for firing at a sentry, who could be easily seen standing with his arms at a present. As Rosser planned the expedition, was in command, and was near the head of the main charging column, history will unquestionably give him the chief credit. That General Payne deserves a great deal, there is no doubt. We have yet to learn of an occasion where he failed to do splendidly whatever he undertook on the field.

As to the affair at Tom's Brook, Early attributes the disaster to Rosser's disobedience, or willful misconstruction of orders. The night before the battle, Rosser was anxious about the morrow. There was some thought of going back that night, and he would have done so had it not been for Early's dispatch, which, in purport, was as follows: "Keep driving them, and hold all the ground you get." Of course this is related from memory, but one of us at least is quite

certain of its correctness. As to the disgraceful route which occurred the next day, Rosser is accused by Colonel Munford of laying the blame on his (Munford's) brigade, while his own, the Laurel, was the first to leave the field. To us, who are quite sure that we saw Munford's brigade go off in great disorder before any considerable portion of the Laurel was engaged, this statement is incomprehensible. Either our memory or our eyes have greatly deceived us.

This much we have felt called upon to state in justice to an old commander, whose fame rests upon deeds and is above the reach of detraction; and we are ready to go into particulars if occasion demands it.

It would seem, viewing things from a Confederate stand-point, that Blaine's nomination is a good omen. Most any change that promises a new political epoch, must be for the better. Blaine is a type of the working forces of Republicanism; of a class characterized by intellectual and moral aggressiveness, a daring spirit and a desire for movement in the path of American destiny.

The shrewd business men, who have made hay while the sun of Republican progress was shining, are anxious about their hoarded treasures. They more dread the revolutionary and piratical tendencies of Blainism than the perils of Democratic ascendancy. They call upon their old enemies to save them, and under a cry of alarm for the good of the country, mask a solicitude for their property. Well, has anybody heard of their being anxious about the effect of Blainism on the States of the South? So far as the presidency is concerned, for twenty years the men of the South have been disfranchised, no matter to what party they belonged. Many of our leading journals reject Bayard because he opposed coercion and "boom;" McDonald because he was a consistent war Democrat. Availability is that which is popular in the pivotal States. The opinions of a single congressional constituency in Indiana are more regarded than those of the whole South. All of which means that if the old methods continue, the South is as virtually disfranchised as if she was made so by organic law. We hail, therefore, the nomination of Blaine as a piece of good news. In the first place, if elected, he will start new issues, not sectional and readjust the standard of availability. In the second place, he is about the easiest man to beat that could have been found.

THE South may be excused for sending so many brigadiers to Congress. It is the only way she has of showing proper gratitude to her defenders and of pensioning them on Uncle Sam.

IN the June number a wrong reading of the MSS. caused quite a serious error in the sketch of Colonel Boudinot. The sentence immediately below the picture should read, "*They felt disgraced,*" instead of "they felt in a measure disposed to overlook this."

THE Republicans are proud of the tattooed man, and boastingly challenge the Democrats to nominate a foeman worthy of his (steal) steel.

JOAQUIN MILLER suggests that an hour a day in each public school be devoted to instruction in mechanic arts. This is a capital idea. Show a boy beautiful tools for making "things," and open to him the possibilities of a skillful hand and he will give a concentrated attention to instruction in the details, compared to which his interest in algebra or Latin, or even geography is nothing. The talent for mechanical creation in the American boy is almost universal, and needs but little encouragement to develop it. There is quite a difference between solving a problem with chalk and blackboard, on the one hand, and with sharp and glistening steel on the other.

KENTUCKY is shaken with an inquiry into the causes of increased crime in the State and country. There seems to be quite a difference of opinion, but the almost unanimous verdict of the press is that the elective system of judiciary is at the root of the evil. Does not the cause lie deeper? All history proves that men are not deterred from committing crime so much by swift and severe penalties as by an enlightened public sentiment. The fear of infamy is vastly more restraining than the fear of imprisonment or death. And since neither theft nor murder involves ostracism from "the highest circles," if only the swag is salted away, "who's afraid" of the law?

One is almost tempted to say that our "highest circles" are, in a measure, composed of successful criminals, who have escaped the penalties of the law.

Now, who is responsible for this state of affairs? Who more than any other class are the leaders and molders of public opinion? The press, of course. "Physician, heal thyself," or, "throw physic to dogs."

THE "Bold Guerrilla Boy" was, we regret to say, crowded out in this issue.

THE following circular speaks for itself. It is earnestly hoped that the old Confederates will send or bring their relics of the "late unpleasantness." Of course, the Federal side will be well represented. Let us see if all the evidences of heroism or genius, during that struggle, are to be found in the victorious section only.

JUNE 21, 1884.

The Southern Exposition of 1884 desires to make an exhibit of Federal and Confederate relics of the late war, and for this purpose has appointed appropriate committees.

It is desired by the undersigned, in the prosecution of the duty assigned to them, to make the Confederate exhibit illustrate the South as it appeared during the memorable struggle. For this purpose they wish to secure all articles of manufacture, either for war or domestic purposes, arms, uniforms, flags, books, newspapers—in fact, everything used or produced by the South during the war, together with portraits or photographs of distinguished citizens, and manuscripts or papers that will represent the genius and heroism which has given birth to the energy of the New South of to-day.

All persons having such articles which they are willing to contribute or loan for this purpose, are requested to communicate with the committee. Federal soldiers who have captured articles of this character are requested to aid our undertaking, and we promise to give them a conspicuous place, with date and name of captor.

The Southern Exposition is to be conducted on even a grander scale than last year. It will represent the arts, the industries, and the products of Kentucky and the South, while the exhibits from the North will illustrate the activity and energy that has made that section so powerful and wealthy.

More than a million of our countrymen will witness this grand exhibition, and it is eminently appropriate that among the crowded evidences of the prosperity of our common country, there should be these historical relics of that great struggle that in the scale of its operations and the magnitude of its undertakings gave so much character and dignity to the people of both sections.

The newspapers in both the North and South are requested to give publication to this invitation, and thus aid us in an effort that will be instructive in its lesson of the past and productive of good in its reminder of the common interests of the present.

Committee: { E. H. McDONALD, *Army Northern Va.*
D. W. SANDERS, *Army of the Tennessee.*
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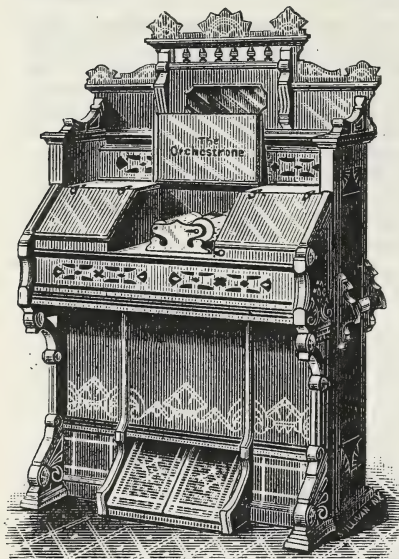
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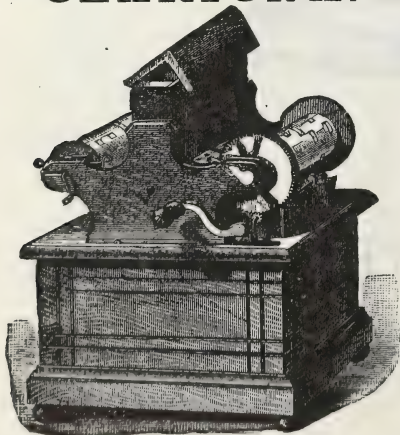
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THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

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[For the BIVOUAC.]

CONFEDERATE CAVALRY AT THE FIRST MANASSAS.

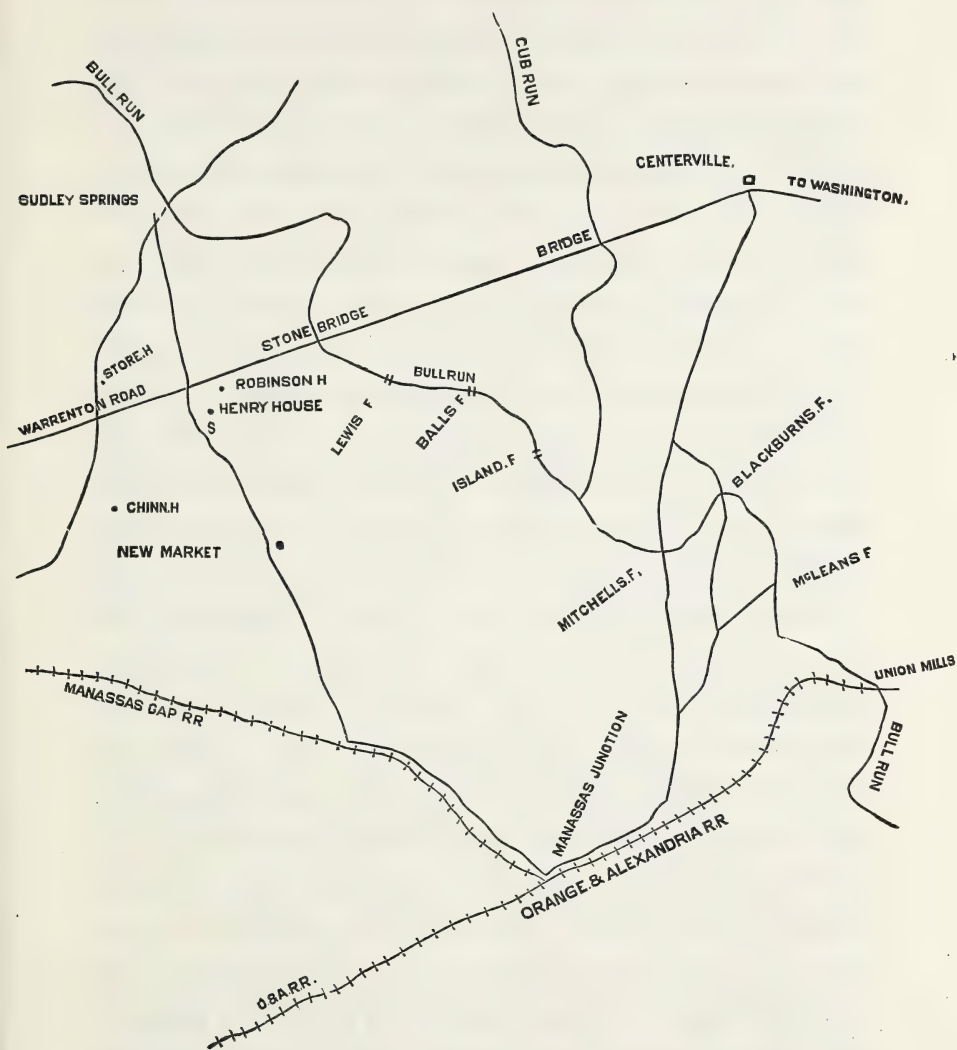


THE interest of readers is attracted more to the first battle of Manassas (or battle of Bull Run, as it is styled by Northern writers), than to any other battle, probably, that was fought during the sectional war. This is due to several causes. It was the arena in which first the prowess of the North was matched in pitched battle against the prowess of the South. Its result was damaging to the South, for it confirmed the hot-headed Southerners in the fallacious idea, which had possessed their minds, that "One Southern soldier could whip three Yankees." Hence, efforts were relaxed, the war was thought to be nearly over, and the reverses of the next year were needed to awaken the Southerners from their lethargy. As a contribution toward a complete history of this celebrated battle, the writer will state in detail the action of the Confederate cavalry on that day (July 21, 1861).

The first regiment of Virginia Cavalry arrived on the plains of Manassas on the evening of July 20th, and bivouacked two or three miles in rear of Ball's Ford. This regiment was commanded by Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, afterward the celebrated leader of the cavalry corps of the army of Northern Virginia. It had been operating in the Shenandoah Valley in connection with General J. E. Johnston's army. On the morning of the 21st, Colonel Stuart kept his regiment drawn up for orders. At about two o'clock he received orders from General Johnston to charge the enemy's flank. Stuart, intending to strike the left flank of the enemy, moved rapidly to Bull Run, crossed at Lewis' Ford, and advanced nearly to the road leading from Stone Bridge to Centerville. Finding the Federals in too heavy force to attack there, he withdrew across the run and moved

to the left flank of the Confederate army where the heaviest firing was heard. There he found Jackson's brigade hard pressed, and he was requested to protect the flanks. Stuart, in compliance, sent half his regiment (he had about three hundred men for duty), under Major Swan to Jackson's right, while he himself moved with the rest to Jackson's left. Hastening forward through the fields and scattered pines in column, Stuart finally emerged from the pines, and, seeing a regiment in red uniform, he called out to the men, thinking they were Southern troops, "Don't run, boys; we are here." Just then, however, he saw a United States flag, and, turning to his men, he ordered a charge. With a yell the troopers dashed at the Yankee regiment (which proved to be the Eleventh New York Fire Zouaves, and was advancing in column to flank Jackson's line), scattered them, and killed many. The cavalry, however, were checked by a heavy fire from two companies held in reserve, and by canister shot from a battery stationed near the Henry House. Stuart, accordingly, withdrew his men, and reformed his line in rear of the pines. Owing to the rapid advance and the difficulty in keeping the column closed up, only two companies, the Loudon Cavalry, commanded by Captain Carter, in front, and the Clarke Cavalry (under command of Lieutenant Wm. Taylor), next in column, were engaged, though some members of the other companies participated in the charge. Captain Carter's company, being in front, received the enemy's fire and hence lost most heavily. Nine men were killed or mortally wounded, and eighteen horses were shot dead. Captain Carter's horse was shot under him. Of the Clarke Cavalry, Lieutenant David H. Allen was mortally wounded. The charge was of great service to the Confederates, as it checked the column which was flanking Jackson, and, above all, it started the panic which so soon afterward pervaded the Federal army. It was, too, the only charge made by the Confederate cavalry before the rout began. The ludicrous is often closely connected with the tragic. In the midst of the charge, C., a gallant private in the Clark Cavalry, saw a Yankee get behind a pine bush, rode up to him and fired four balls into him, and then wheeling his horse, called out to Stuart, who was riding near, "Show them to me, Colonel, and I'll sock it into them!" C. afterward became a Major, and, during the four years, probably "socked it" into a good many.

After the charge, Stuart withdrew behind the pines, reformed his command, and fell in on the left flank of the reinforcements which now came up to the Confederates. In this position he acted as sup-



SCALE OF MILES
1 2 3 4 M.

MAP OF THE BATTLE-FIELD OF MANASSAS.

port for Lieutenant Beckham's battery which occupied the extreme left of the Confederate line as it made its last and successful charge, driving the Federals from the field. After the Federals began their retreat, Stuart followed the column which retired by the Sudley road, and captured many prisoners. "In the pursuit," says Stuart in his report, "Lieutenant William Taylor (of the Clark Cavalry) alone, captured six of the enemy with arms in their hands."

Just as Stuart rode into Bull Run, a cannon-shot, fired by a Confederate battery stationed in the rear, passed over the column and struck the water a few feet in front of him. He, at once, sent a *rapid* messenger to the officer, commanding the battery, with the request not to take his men for Yankees again. Stuart followed the enemy about a mile beyond Sudley Ford, and, then as night was approaching, he returned to Sudley's mill and encamped for the night.

This "Black Horse Cavalry" was organized by Captain John Scott, of Warrenton, Fauquier county, Virginia. He was the author of a celebrated book, called "The Lost Principle," and was an ardent pro-slavery man. The emblem of the founders of the Saxon race in England was a white horse, and, from this circumstance, and also from the fact that the originators of this company were pro-slavery men, the cavalry company was called the "Black Horse," and John Scott was elected as its first captain. Under his command, the company served during the "John Brown raid" in 1859, and assisted with other troops in guarding the prisoners at Charlestown, West Virginia, until they were executed. Captain Scott was a warm secessionist, and, irritated at the delay of the Virginia Convention in passing the ordinance of secession, he resigned the captaincy of the "Black Horse" in January, 1861, went to Montgomery, Alabama, and offered his services to Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy. After the secession of Virginia, William H. Payne (a private in the company) was elected captain of the Black Horse on April 25, 1861, and the company was under his command at the battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861. The company, on that day, together with two other cavalry companies, all under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Munford, was drawn up in the rear of what is known as the "Lewis House." About five o'clock the command was ordered to cross Bull Run and attack the retiring Federals. Crossing below the stone bridge, they charged the retreating column, captured many prisoners, and, pursuing the enemy to Cub Run, they there captured sixteen guns, having driven off some infantry which made an attempt to save the guns. These guns they brought

back with them late at night, and delivered personally to President Davis, at Manassas. A pair of handsome silver spurs was some time afterward sent from New York to Captain W. H. Payne, with the inscription, "Presented to the Captain of the Black Horse at the battle of Manassas, as a testimonial of the knightly distinction he won in that engagement." In 1863, a number of English gentlemen had a magnificent carbine made and sent to the captain of the Black Horse, to be delivered "to the bravest." This weapon was given to Robert Martin, of Warrenton, now dead.

The "Black Horse" became very noted, and attracted recruits from all quarters. After the battle of Manassas it became a part of the Fourth Virginia Cavalry, and was known as company "H." It had, at one time, one hundred and sixty-one names on its roll, and constituted, always, at least one-fourth of its regiment for active purposes. It furnished the Confederate army, from its ranks, one brigadier-general (Wm. H. Payne), two colonels, one major, and six officers transferred to other commands. When Captain W. H. Payne was promoted (September 7, 1861), to be major of the Fourth Regiment, Lieutenant Robert Randolph succeeded to the command of the company. Afterward, when Captain Randolph became major of the regiment (1863), Alexander D. Payne became captain of the Black Horse Company, and it remained under his command to the close of the war.

After the retreat of the Federals across Bull Run, Colonel R. C. W. Radford, at the head of six companies of cavalry, which had been held in reserve in the rear of the Confederates near Stone Bridge, crossed the run, followed the enemy, charged upon them, killed many, and captured about eighty prisoners, and the standard of Colonel Corcoran's Sixty-ninth New York Regiment. This charge, "in connection with that made by the command under Lieutenant-Colonel Munford, composed of Captains Payne, Ball, Langhorn, and Hale, caused the jam at Cub Creek Bridge, which resulted in the capture of fourteen pieces of cannon." Afterward Colonel Radford charged upon a body of "about five thousand infantry, supported by a battery of three pieces," and lost some officers and men from Captain Radford's company, and also from that of Captain (afterwards Brigadier-General) Wickham. Night having now come on, the conflict ceased, and the cavalry busied themselves in collecting and carrying to the rear the cannon, etc., captured at Stone Bridge.

As an illustration of the panic-stricken condition of the enemy,

Colonel Radford says in his report: "Charles, the colored servant of Adjutant Burk, unaided, captured a prisoner armed with gun and pistol, and turned him over to the commanding general of the First Brigade."

J. S. B.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

GENERALS EARLY AND ROSSER AT CEDAR CREEK.



NUMBER of articles have recently appeared in the *Philadelphia Times* from the pen of General Thomas L. Rosser, major-general of cavalry in the Army of North Virginia, giving in a dashing, interesting style, his impressions of events and people, as he saw them while on duty with that command. To some of his criticisms, referring to himself, General Jubal Early has taken exception, and replied to Rosser in his usual tart style. Colonel Munford has come to Early's and his own defense in a long article; and Colonel M. D. Ball, of my own regiment, has also written a long article in defense of Rosser, and in severe criticism of both General Early and Colonel Munford. I am sorry to see that the discussion of these questions should bring about any bitterness of feeling. Rosser was my old commander, and a more gallant, dashing, cavalry officer never drew a sword. General Early was also my old commander, and, though he was not popular with the army generally, especially the cavalry, we all admired his courage and unshrinking devotion to his duty. The battle at Cedar Creek was the turning point in General Early's reputation as a commander.

Prior to that time he had been one of the most trusted leaders under Stonewall Jackson and R. E. Lee. His first independent command was when he was sent with Jackson's old corps to the valley of Virginia to threaten Washington. After his battles in Maryland, and that of Winchester, his troops began to lose that implicit confidence in him as a commander, which up to that time he had enjoyed. But the rout at Cedar Creek was so disastrous to our little army that the troops became clamorous for another commander.

It was my bad fortune to be in that rout, and from my position on the left flank of our infantry, witnessed the attack which started it out. I feel it my duty, as a contribution to history, to tell what I saw. I was with the column of cavalry under Rosser, which made the first attack on Sheridan's extreme right before daylight on the 19th of October, 1864. The enemy made but little resistance to our

advance, and were pushed back continuously until near the middle of the day, when, from some cause unknown to me, we withdrew a short distance in the rear of where our cavalry line had been, and began to feed our horses formed in columns by squadrons in the enemy's deserted camp. Colonel Oliver Funston, who was the colonel of the Eleventh Virginia Cavalry, was in command of Rosser's Brigade, Rosser himself being in command of the division. In the absence of Lieutenant-colonel M. D. Ball, I was in command of the Eleventh Cavalry. We had been in this position about a half an hour, when suddenly there appeared a cavalry guidon of the enemy in front of us, on a hill from which we had retired. Colonel Funston immediately sent a scouting party to ascertain what it meant, but it had gone but a short distance before a battery opened on us from that point, the shells exploding over our heads in rapid succession, which threw the command into considerable confusion. Colonel Funston ordered the brigade to move off by fours at a trot and turned the head of the column to the rear. The movement being so slow the rear squadron of the regiments began to break and follow the column rather than follow in their turn. Seeing the men breaking from the rear of the Eleventh Regiment, I ordered them to move forward as a whole. The two front squadrons heard the command and obeyed it, but the rear squadrons followed the rest of the brigade in its now rapid retreat. I moved the two squadrons to the right of our position, under the cover of a hill and timber, and reformed them. Just then a considerable body of Federal cavalry made its appearance over the hill in front of us, but to our left, in pursuit of Rosser and Lee's brigade, which being on our left, had also retired. The Federal cavalry did not seem to charge with much heart and was very much scattered, so I told the men if they would keep well in line and not fire a shot until commanded that I believed we could drive them back. The men who composed these two front squadrons were as brave and true as any in the army, and were anxious to be led against the enemy. Our position was rather on their flank and we rode back to meet them. When they first saw our little band they began to shout and jeer at our impudence. But as we kept steadily on, and they saw that we meant to cross sabers with them, the few who were some distance in front of the main body stopped as if to wait for their comrades to close up, but those in rear, when they saw their leaders stop, followed their example. We could see the front men beckoning for those in rear to come up, but they would not. As we came up to them with a solid front we

opened fire when they turned and fled. All those in rear did likewise. We followed them until we had driven them from the field, when we turned our attention to the battery, which also retired. We then re-established our old line, extending our videttes as well as we could up to the left flank of our infantry. I then sent word to General Rosser, who was some distance in the rear, that General Early's left flank had no protection but my thin vidette line. The enemy in front was very active, and I felt the importance of having our cavalry to resist any effort to turn our left. Then I rode back to General Rosser, who was some three-fourths of a mile in our rear, and urged upon him the importance of protecting Early's flank. He said that he was not going to take his men back there; that Early had made him lose nearly all of his artillery a few days before at Tom's Brook; and that he did not intend to risk any more of it; that it would not be long before old Jubal would be getting out of there himself, and while he was away he intended to stay. At my solicitation, he sent one of his staff to inform Early of his position. I left him and rode back to join my command. I had not reached it before I saw a heavy column of Federal infantry move up in the gap which my little command was trying to occupy. As soon as this column had marched by Early's flank it wheeled and began to sweep down upon it. Then began the rout, the like of which had never before befallen any part of that army. The Federal cavalry came with their infantry, and we had a lovely race for two miles before we recrossed Cedar Creek. At the ford we found Rosser and the balance of our command well in hand, and when the enemy attempted to cross in pursuit they were driven back by Rosser, whose command was the only one that came off that field organized.

This was the only time during my long service with Rosser that I ever had occasion to doubt his discretion—never his courage. But I have always believed had Rosser been on Early's flank with his division of cavalry, where Early thought he was, that rout would never have taken place. General Early has, so far, quietly shouldered all the responsibility of that defeat, but in his old age some of it ought to be shifted to younger shoulders, where it belongs.

I have written this in a spirit of fairness to both my old commanders, knowing that both have the moral courage to take whatever of responsibility attaches to each for that signal defeat.

Sheridan's troops were very much demoralized by their defeat in the morning, and were easily driven during the day when pressed; and Rosser's division, being well in hand as it was, could have checked any advance on that flank.

E. H. McDONALD.



[For the BIVOUAC.]

JACKSON AND HIS BRIGADE AT MANASSAS.

THE battle of Manassas possesses a peculiar interest for him who still recalls without regret the dream of the Confederacy. Here first met in pitched field the men of the two sections, and the sons of the South, against greatly-superior numbers, bore off the palm. Here was assembled the flower of Southern chivalry, in the ranks of which were so many of those whose names afterwards "filled the speaking trump of fame," and here, last of all, Jackson began his great career and in a baptism of fire received from General Bee the name of Stonewall. So far as a plain statement of a few of the incidents of that day, as seen by an eye-witness, may serve the cause of truth, this narrative will go, borrowing only enough from Johnston's Narrative and Dabney's Life of Jackson to make the general action intelligible.

Jackson's brigade was composed of the following Virginia regiments: The Second commanded by Colonel Allen, the Fourth by Colonel Preston, the Fifth by Colonel Harper, the Twenty-seventh by Lieutenant-Colonel John Echols, and the Thirty-third by Colonel Cummins.* The writer was then a private in company "G," of the Second. On the morning of the memorable 21st July, 1862, just as the first streaks of dawn were lighting up the eastern sky, we were roused from sleep by the roll of the drum and fell into line. Soon we were marched to a point where in front of us was a dense woods. Beyond this was Mitchell's Ford, where picket-firing was heard for a while. In a few minutes it died away, and only the occasional boom of a big gun in the direction of Centerville showed that the enemy was near at hand.

About six o'clock we moved to the left nearly a mile and again halted, with an open woods before us. Sharp firing in front excited momentary expectation of seeing the enemy, but none appeared; and a profound stillness across Bull Run encouraged the hope that the foe had retired.

About nine o'clock, far to our left, was heard cannonading. Soon in that direction the brigade moved off briskly, increasing its speed as the sound of battle became more audible, and at times moving at a double quick. The beams of a burning July sun almost

*Dabney's Life of Jackson.

melted us, as enveloped in woolen garments and weighted down with musket and accouterments, we hurried for at least three miles toward the scene of conflict.

McDowell had deceived Johnston and Beauregard. Having made a specious feint on their center and right, he had stealthily thrown three divisions on their extreme left and rear and there was nothing to oppose them but a detachment under Colonel Evans of eleven hundred men. For a while he faced the multitude with his little band, then fell back closely pressed. General Bee, with two regiments and Imboden's battery, came to his assistance, and for a time held the enemy in check. After a stubborn fight of more than an hour Bee retired before five times his numbers, and was enabled to make his retreat to another position somewhat in order by the timely arrival of Hampton with his battalion or legion.*

It was at this stage of the action that Jackson arrived.

As we ascended the slope beyond which was heard the roar of battle, Jackson rode near the head of the column. Couriers were constantly riding up to him and then galloping off at breakneck speed. As we approached the crest, an officer on a black horse, flecked with foam and bloody with spurring, rode up to Jackson. Every one said it was General Bee. The writer was in a part of the column quite near, but not near enough to hear what was said. Those who were, immediately reported the following as having occurred :

"How goes the day?" said Jackson. "Hard, general, they are beating us back." "Then," said Jackson, "we'll try the bayonet."

The last remark was repeated from soldier to soldier. It indicated that without hard fighting the day was lost. It was the first revelation, too, of the character of the man who led them; for up to that time he had seemed from his slouchy appearance and quiet ways to be more a man of peace than of war. Soon bombs were heard flying over our heads and a stream of wounded met us. Their bloody faces and groans brought us face to face with the stern realities of the business we were engaged in, and were far from encouraging. As each one passed, some of the troops asked how the day was going. Nearly all replied that we were being badly whipped. An artilleryman was borne by on a stretcher, torn and bleeding. "How's the fight going?" was asked of one of those carrying him. The wounded man replied, "Pretty hard, boys, but pitch in and we'll give 'em — yet."

*Johnston's Narrative, page 47.

This was the first word of encouragement we had received, and we cheered the brave fellow lustily. As he passed the column all along the line his brave words were received with shouts. Near the crest of the slope we were formed in order of battle, as follows: Near the center and in the rear of Imboden's, Stanards, and Pendleton's batteries were posted the Fourth and Twenty-seventh; on the right of the batteries, Fifth Virginia; and on the left the Second and Thirty-third regiments. We were ordered to lie down and remain in that position till we saw the enemy, then to fire and charge. The line ran through a dense pine thicket, which entirely concealed us from the enemy as well as the enemy from us, for we could not see ten yards beyond the line.

Soon after we had taken position, when already a good many shells were beating the bushes in search of us, Beauregard rode along the front occasionally halting and speaking to the troops. He stopped near the writer and made quite a speech, telling us we were defending all that was most dear to us. When he had finished, Lieutenant English said: "How long, general, must we stay here?" meaning how long before we charged. Beauregard misunderstood him and replied with arm uplifted, "'Till death!" All were struck with his martial air and animated face, and gazed admiringly till he disappeared in the bushes along the front of the Thirty-third.

Pretty soon the firing was more animated and the shells flew screaming over our heads. In the midst of it there appeared picking his way through the pines a horseman who seemed in imminent danger of being torn to pieces. He walked his horse, pushing the branches aside with great deliberation. Presently we all saw it was Jackson. The countenance and manner of the man was indelibly impressed. So composed was his mien and so natural his tones, that we almost forgot a battle was raging. He attempted no fervent address but spoke a few words to the troops as he passed. He asked what were our orders. Some one answered to stay till we saw the enemy, then to fire and charge. His reply is not distinctly remembered, but something to this effect, "That's right, do your duty, men."

In a short time after this the cannonading was terrific. To the novice peering through the brush in fearful expectancy, fancy was busy and bold. So close were the contending batteries, that sometimes we could not tell the reports of our own from those of the enemy. Discharge followed discharge so quickly that it seemed as if it were two mailed giants hammering each other with

huge battle-axes. In front and on our right we could hear volleys of musketry and loud shouting, but could see nothing. Soon the air was filled with bursting shells, and bullets tore the bushes above our heads and hitting some. Many cried out, "Let us charge, anything is better than this." But the officers yelled at us to keep our places and obey orders.

It was at this point that Bee, amid the flame of battle, gave Jackson his immortal name of "Stonewall." His own men, who had been longer in the fight than Jackson's, and who were more exposed to the aim of the enemy's guns, were disheartened and breaking, overwhelmed by the advancing multitudes. "Look," said Bee, "at Jackson, standing like a stone wall." From where they were on the right they could see Jackson's men lying silent amid the storm.

The Thirty-third, as before said, was on our left and a considerable portion of this line was visible. Presently they arose, fired their pieces, and with fierce shouts rushed toward the foe. In a moment they were lost to view. The shot ceased coming toward us, but the earth shook with the burst of thunder from cannon and musket that received them. Never in the annals of war was a braver charge made by raw troops. In less than five minutes nearly half the regiment was killed and wounded. One company composed of youths in their teens, the "Hardy Blues," lost, out of sixty-six, twenty-nine killed and twenty wounded. They captured the battery (Rickett's) that was doing us such damage, but were soon driven off by a deadly fire from infantry near by protected by an excavated roadway. The remnant of the Thirty-third returned and formed on our left and rear. About this time, or perhaps before, a body of Confederates passed along our rear line towards our left. This was encouraging, for all the bullets came from that direction. "What regiment is that?" cried one. "Forty-ninth Virginia," was the reply. "Who is the colonel?" "Smith." "What Smith?" "Extra Billy, by —," answered in angry tones the gallant ex-governor of Virginia. "Extra Billy" was the name the Whigs had given him as a term of reproach and he felt that the occasion made it a title of honor.

Notwithstanding this re-inforcement, in a short time the left seemed entirely gone and the enemy was on our flank in heavy force. The bullets came thicker and faster down the line, and we could not reply without shooting our own men. Many were struck and there was great impatience to charge. This was increased by a Methodist preacher who had led a company in the Thirty-third, and with vio-

lent gesticulations was imploring us to charge "the battery," saying, that the horses were all killed and the Yankees in confusion. Some of the men, crazed with excitement, rose up and called for others to join in a charge. The officers yelled at them, "Down, down," 'till order was restored. But the enemy was enveloping our left. Still did we wait for the enemy to appear, but none were to be seen, while shells from the front and bullets from the left were playing a havoc of death. In the midst of the uproar, the order was given to "fall back." "What for," cried one (Tom Bristow, of Jefferson.) we are doing very well?" Immediately he fell mortally wounded. The left of the Second now hurriedly retired from a position where no resistance could possibly be made, and formed in the rear of the rest of the brigade.

To repel the onset, Jackson now advanced his remaining force and pushed back the enemy at the point of the bayonet. But the crisis was passed. The reserves now came up and Smith and Early having assailed the left flank successively, victory soon crowned our arms.

W. N. M.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

PATRIOTISM VERSUS LOVE.

PART II.



OR several months Robin has been gone, and the winter of 1862-63 with all its hardships, is present with with the people. Every day the war becomes a more mournful reality, and enterprising raiding parties occasionally penetrate even beyond the fastnesses which surround the little village of Burton. The morning after New

Year is made memorable in its calendar, by the fact that a party of Federal cavalry establishes its quarters there. Very soon notices are conspicuously posted, that a depot for supplies has been opened and all loyal citizens having such to dispose of will receive high prices for same.

Amy Deering had kept closely indoors since the occupancy of the town by these martial marauders, and Dumpling often speculated with her wonderful horse sense 'as to why their delightful rambles had so suddenly ceased. Amy's daily visit to her stable did not satisfy the faithful animal, and her mute look of inquiry was always understood and answered by her mistress. "Never mind, dear, old Dumpling, when these old Yankees go away, then we'll take our rides again."

One very cold morning, haunted by an indefinable fear, she went at an early hour to the stable, what was her dismay upon reaching there to find the door open and Dumpling's stall empty. She gave a loud cry of disappointment and ran hastily back to the house. Bursting into her grandfather's room without ceremony, she exclaimed:

"O, granny, granny, Dumpling's gone! I know she has been stolen—where can she be?"

"What's that you say, Amy?" exclaimed the old man, excitedly, "Dumpling gone! Of course, she's been stolen, and as sure as I am alive it's the work of some of them d—d cavalry. I feared it all the time, but I thought by keeping her up she'd be safe. Now, you understand, child, why I wouldn't let you ride her. It was for her sake as well as yours."

"O, granny, can nothing be done?" said Amy, in tones of despair; "If we go at once to the officer, won't he help us to get her back?"

The old man stood at the window in an attitude of hesitation, the bleak winter landscape without and faint glow of the newly-kindled fire within added little inspiration to any effort he might feel inclined to make for Dumpling's recovery.

"Child," he presently said, "he won't believe that any of his men took the horse unless we can prove it, and how can we do that?"

"O, granny, couldn't Robin help us?" wailed Amy again.

"Would you ask him, Amy?" said the old man angrily, "after the way he has acted. Sooner would I ask help from any other man in that army, than the lad who had my trust and betrayed it. Is that the way you forget the treacherous rascal, girl? Robin help us, indeed! Never, never," and he stamped his foot in emphasis.

The silence was unbroken for the next ten minutes save by a suppressed sob, now and then, from Amy.

Presently her grandfather went toward her, and laying his hand caressingly on her head, said, "I must think a little while, daughter, about what is best to do, but do not mention Robin again; it brings up all the hot blood in my body."

"O, granny, granny, please——"

"Hush! Amy, never let me hear his name again," and going out he slammed the door after him, leaving her to sob out her two-fold grief alone.

It was finally arranged that Amy should go with her mother to the officer's headquarters and make some effort to recover her lost

property. Without any evidence upon which to base her plea, however, she felt many misgivings as to the success of her visit. Upon entering the room where he sat surrounded by an impenetrable barrier of red tape and official dignity, Amy became embarrassed and every word of the little speech, which she had arranged to make to him, escaped her memory, and for a moment she stood before him mute and motionless. Her brown eyes presently sought his face and the red blood surged through her veins, tingling to her finger tips, "My horse has been stolen, sir—my dear Dumpling, taken from the stable last night," and here she came abruptly to a halt.

"I am sorry, indeed, miss; can I help you in any way?" he answered with an amused smile.

"I hoped you could, that's why I came, sir, but——" again she hesitated.

"Have you any knowledge as to who the offender may be?" he asked, looking at her keenly.

"Nothing positive, but granny and both of us think it's the soldiers," blurted out Amy at last.

"Why, my dear young lady, how could you suspect my men of such a thing?" said the officer, in a tone of injured innocence, "every man in my command is well mounted, to my knowledge, and even if they were not, I am quite sure that they would not resort to such means to become so; but leave me a description of your animal, and I will use all the means I can command to help you find her."

Amy, quite reassured by so much unexpected kindness, proceeded to give an account of Dumpling's appearance, having carefully noted which, the officer turned to them again, "I will investigate the matter at once, ladies, and if you will call to-morrow morning, will let you know the result."

Accordingly, on the following morning, at an early hour, they once more made their appearance at headquarters.

"I am happy to inform you, madam," said the officer, with an obsequious air, "that I think I have been fortunate enough to come up with the animal which you have lost."

Amy listened with breathless interest as he proceeded. "A dark roan mare." "That's Dumpling," interrupted Amy, "where is she?"

"If you will have a little patience, miss, you shall hear. As I was going on to say, madam," he continued, "a dark roan mare was brought to one of my men at a late hour night before last and offered for sale, and being a rather fine-looking animal——" "I should think she was," interrupted Amy again—"He willingly paid the big

price asked of him," continued the officer, showing evident displeasure at Amy's frequent interruptions.

"Can't I see her?" said Amy, impatiently, "and make sure if it's Dumpling?"

"I've ordered her to be led around, and presently you shall see her," he answered.

The suspense of the next few moments was terminated by the sound of horse's feet on the frozen earth outside, and in a moment Amy was at the window.

"Indeed, there she is, sure enough," and quick as thought she sped through the room and was beside the horse in the street. The dumb animal showed the most evident delight at once more being caressed by the familiar hand of her mistress, and placed her nose affectionately against her shoulder.

"Can't I take her back home now?" inquired Amy, turning to the officer who had followed her, "I am so much obliged to you, sir."

"Well, not at all, my little lady, not just yet, at least," he answered a little mysteriously, Amy thought, "Come in, come in, there are some little preliminaries to be arranged first, unfortunately," and she followed him into the house again, wondering what the preliminaries could be, and fearing that the long word boded no good to Dumpling.

"Could you refund the money that my man paid the party from whom he got the horse?" said the officer, a little nervously.

"Indeed, I could not," she answered. "And why must I pay for what belongs to me?"

"Of course, the man does not want to lose both horse and money, you understand."

"It seems hard to make you understand," interposed Mrs. Deering, "that she does not want to lose her horse."

"It's a bad business all around," said the officer, as if much perplexed, "let me see—let me see, now I have it I think; I will myself refund the money, and you shall have the horse again, if you will sign this paper."

He took a printed form from his desk and placed it before Amy who read it aloud to her mother.

"I hereby swear that I have no sympathy with the South or Southern people, and will do all in my power to preserve the United States government, and destroy that of the rebels. So help me, God."

"Why, what has this got to do with Dumpling, mother, can you see?" said Amy.

"It is putting a fearful price on her, my child; ten times greater than the sum of money he demands," said her mother.

And the words of Amy's grandfather recur to her in all their terrible meaning.

"The highest price that treason can command, can never make it honorable."

It flashes across her now, perfectly understood for the first time. She read the form of the oath again, slowly and deliberately. The officer watching her meanwhile, with ill-concealed anxiety.

Presently she brings it to the table where he sits. His heart sinks within him. She is going to sign it, and his cunningly-devised plan will prove abortive after all.

Amy laid it down. "I would be swearing falsely, if I signed that paper. I can not see why you ask me, any how."

"Just this, madam," answered the officer, in a relieved tone, "if you are a loyal citizen, you will be entitled to the protection of the government and its officials; but if not, it can protect neither you nor your property."

Amy now walked to the window again, and stood watching her horse with tearful eyes.

"I am truly sorry," said the officer presently, in a tone of assumed sympathy, "but I have already gone a little beyond my orders in the matter."

He didn't tell how long he had looked upon Dumpling with covetous eyes, nor how skillfully he had set this trap to secure her for himself. Amy still stood at the window, and the officer felt that the case might yet be decided against him, and restrained his feeling of pleased complacency. Mrs. Deering, too, was a little anxious, for she well knew of Amy's long-continued devotion to the horse.

Presently turning away she said in a resolute tone, "Come, mother, I am ready to go now," and together they left in silence, while the officer, with difficulty, concealed his delight at the success of his well-planned villainy.

Upon reaching their home, they found the old man waiting for them in the porch. He needed no words to tell him the result of their visit. Amy's despairing looks alone were sufficient.

"It is as I feared, my child; but have no efforts been made to find the horse or catch the thief?" said the old man, as he went before them into the house.

"We saw Dumpling, granny. She's there, but I can't get her," said Amy, in sorrowful tones.

"Can't get her, why not?" cried her grandfather. "There's plenty to prove that she is yours. I'll go at once and see to it myself." And he arose to go.

"It's useless, father," said Mrs. Deering; "they will let Amy have her if she will take 'the oath,' but my brave little girl refused it."

"God bless you, Amy, my child," exclaimed the old man, embracing her while the tears rolled slowly down his furrowed cheeks. "I would sacrifice a thousand horses to such a victory. And she would not swallow that oath with Dumpling in the scale. Child, it is the proudest moment of my life," and the fire of his long-past youth glowed from his sunken eyes, as he contemplated his grandchild. "I shall no longer mourn that I have no son to take my place, when my little Amy can be so brave."

Amy's sobs interrupted him, and he stroked her bowed head gently. "Cheer up, my child, there's hope ahead for such a soldier."

"Oh, granny, what shall I do? Robin's gone—Dumpling gone—all gone."

"Hush! child, haven't you honor left, and is not that worth all?" cried the old man almost fiercely.

The gloomy months of the winter finally drew to a close, and the little village was again visited by a party of Federal cavalry. Their mission this time was to offer the oath to all the citizens, and those who refused were to be sent South, to help exhaust the rebel commissariat, which was already at a low ebb. After canvassing the country for miles around, a train of six wagons packed with those whose convictions would not permit them to subscribe to the oath, left the neighborhood for Dixie. Among them were Mrs. Deering, her old father, and Amy, who were forced to leave all their worldly possessions behind and go South *nolens volens*. This mournful cavalcade reached W. one morning, after encountering many hardships and privations in their journey of three days. Here was encamped a large force of the "Grand Army," guarding the outposts of "the Republic."

A few more miles would bring the train within the Confederate outposts, and a detachment of Federal cavalry was detailed to put them safely beyond their lines. The sorrowful passengers had all congregated at the office of the provost, while their rude carriages were drawn up in line, waiting to be occupied. Soon they were packed again, and all in readiness to start once more.

In the last wagon of the train Amy sat, crouching at her mother's

feet, and vacantly scanning the faces that passed her. Her old grandfather had been allowed a seat in deference to his age, and he sat resting his emaciated hands on the cane which he held between his knees. His long, gray beard was gently swayed by the floating breeze, while a spirit of proud defiance shone from his countenance, as he realized that even he was not too aged to suffer for the cause he loved. Presently the order to "Forward" was given in a clear, ringing, voice, and the officer in command rode rapidly to the rear of the train. Something familiar in his tone caught Amy's ear, and caused her to look up, just as he got near to her. Did her eyes deceive her? Surely that was Robin, and oh, joy unspeakable, he was riding Dumpling!

If the skies had fallen she could not have been more surprised. She had heard nothing of him for some time, and knew nothing of his whereabouts. She looked quickly around to see if he was recognized by her mother or grandfather, but neither seemed to notice him. Raising herself a little, she leaned forward in the hope of attracting his attention.

Sure enough his eye presently rested on her face, and he rode quickly to her side. "My God! Amy, are you here, too?" he exclaimed in an undertone, "don't recognize me as you value my life," and rode rapidly away again. "What's that fellow saying to you, Amy?" said her grandfather, who hadn't recognized Robin in the dashing officer that had ridden away. "I scarcely know myself, granny, he seemed in such a hurry," said Amy, with beating heart. "What could Robin mean," she thought, "and am I not to see Dumpling again? Oh dear, Oh dear," and she strained her eyes in the direction where he had gone. When they reached the outskirts of the town, she saw him coming towards them again, this time he didn't notice her at all, except to dash up to the wagon's side and toss a letter into Amy's lap, which she tore open and read eagerly.

"I can not tell you, dearest Amy, of my mingled feelings of joy and indignation at finding you here. You have, no doubt, recognized your faithful roan, too; I secured her for you very soon after you lost her, and would have sent her back, except that I felt that she was safer with me than at home. The sight of you has decided me to take a step which I have long contemplated, that is, to leave this army and join the Confederates. You must not appear to know me at all, but I shall watch my chances and be with you in Dixie. It is useless to say how I long for this wretched journey to come to an end, till then farewell, when I shall earnestly strive to prove to your grandfather how I can deserve even you, my own brave Amy. ROBIN."

Before driving very far, the Federal out-posts were passed, and those in the wagons could soon distinguish the gray uniforms of the Confederate videttes not far away. Under cover of the white flag they soon passed the line, and the melancholy procession was brought to a halt, to await further orders from the officer in command. But they waited and looked in vain, he did not appear, and after some little delay, the next in rank rode to the front and assumed command. Amy, alone, in all that crowd, could have told where their missing leader was, and she pressed her hand tightly against her heart to still the beating, which, she felt sure, all must hear. "What will granny say?" was the thought which troubled her most.

The poor refugees were soon quartered among the kind citizens in the neighborhood, and rations issued them from the scant stock of supplies at hand. Mrs. Deering had been invited, with her father and daughter, to share the homely comforts of a family living near the lines until they could make some arrangement for their future. The hardships of the journey now began to show their effect on her old father, and he was so prostrated as to be almost helpless by evening. The twilight deepened into night, and still Amy sat at the one window of the little parlor, peering into the gathering gloom. "Why should Robin linger so long? Could he have deceived me again?" but she put the thought from her. Hark! that was a horse's tread galloping along the turnpike, now it comes nearer and nearer. The gate swings back, he must have come in; then again, it shuts with a sharp click. "Its Dumpling's tread," she almost screams aloud as she rushes from the room, out into the darkness, to meet him.

"Oh, Robin," she whispers, as soon as he halts, "I feared you would not come." In an instant her voice is recognized, and flinging himself to the ground, he catches Amy to his heart, and swears by his undying love to avenge her wrongs and atone for his own false step.

The hours seemed all too short in which to confide to each other, their mutual experiences since parting, and they decided to wait until the following morning to make known Robin's arrival to her grandfather.

The first rays of early sunshine were glancing into Amy's window as she was roused from her slumbers by a loud rap at her door. It was a summons from her mother to come quickly to her grandfather's bedside. Scarce realizing what might await her, she went down at once, and just as she entered the door, in accents scarcely audible, she caught his last, faint whisper: "Haven't we honor left, my children?"

VERITAS.

(For the BIVOUAC.)

"GREEK MEETING GREEK."



SOMETIME in the early forenoon of the day on which the battle of Bentonville was fought, I was ordered to report to General D. H. Hill who was commanding Lee's corps of the army of Tennessee.

Reporting promptly, I was told by that officer that I was to command the skirmishers that day of the entire corps, and that details were being made from the different divisions to report at once to me at a point which was designated for that duty.

I was also informed that General Bate's division had not yet taken position in the line of battle, but was arriving, and would take position on the right of Stevenson's division—to which my brigade belonged—and that I would be expected to cover the front to be occupied by General Bate, pending his formation in line, and that very soon I would be furnished with the details from his division necessary to cover his front.

General Hill notified me about where his position would be, and directed me to press the skirmish line as close upon the enemy's position as I could without bringing on the battle, and directed me to keep him advised of any movement of the enemy that might be discovered. I was also informed that at that time Stevenson's division was the extreme right of their line of battle. The skirmish line was formed as directed and ordered forward, and very soon came in contact with the enemy's line of skirmishers which we drove into their rifle-pits, when we halted in plain view of their position.

Up to this time no movement of the enemy's forces had been noticed, but now about three-quarters of a mile in our front were noticed, through the opening in the forest and over the hills and ravines, what appeared to be heavy bodies of Federal infantry moving rapidly to our right.

Going in this direction for some distance they had already passed considerably beyond the right of Stevenson's division when their direction was changed, and they moved forward. General Hill was notified that he was about to be attacked on his right, and that the enemy appeared to be moving upon the position to be occupied by General Bate.

General Hill answered, directing that the skirmishers resist the attack as long as possible. The Federals had now by their movements entirely disappeared in the pine forest, and when they reappeared, they had shortened the distance between us by about half, and their strength was easily definable which we now estimated as one brigade, and which afterward proved to be correct. They had changed their direction from a perpendicular upon Bate's line and were moving diagonal to our left, and if the direction pursued then by them were continued, they would strike Stevenson about the center. Being my own major-general, I felt at liberty to, and did, notify General Stevenson that he was about to be attacked, also notifying General Hill of the progress made by the enemy. On they came, moving in close column and pursuing the direction last indicated, halting at intervals only long enough to correct their alignment.

They swept through our skirmish line like an avalanche, seeming not to feel the weight of our lead in the slightest. On they went, and seemed to feel as if they were irresistible, but, unfortunately for them, and perhaps fortunately for our army on that occasion, this attack fell upon Brown's old brigade of Tennessee troops, then commanded by General Palmer.

The attack was led by an officer in colonel's uniform who, with many of his comrades, fell within a few paces of our line of battle, and were left dead on the field by his command, which was badly cut up and signally defeated. I never looked upon the dead body of an enemy with so much regret as I did the proud form of that officer.

From the movements of his command it was very evident that he was an efficient commander, and his personal bearing on this unfortunate occasion marked him as a brave soldier and most gallant officer, whose name I regret I have forgotten.

The meeting of these two veteran brigades was, indeed, like Greek meeting Greek; but on this occasion the struggle was sharp, short, and decisive, and resulted as usual in the success of the glorious old Brown's brigade, which, in the further progress of that day's fighting, accomplished the feat of cutting clear through the enemy's lines, and after being out several weeks, escaped capture around his flanks, bringing with them a number of prisoners. I may detail this incident to the BIVOUAC at some future time.

J. P. McGUIN.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

THE TRIALS OF AN ANTE-BELLUM LOVER.

I am an editor, very near-sighted, and I have to shave every day. My beard is an extraordinary beard. It grows very rapidly and in every conceivable direction. I have very long legs, a long neck upon which my abominable beard grows in its erratic manner likewise; I never ride on horseback, am an old bachelor, and very diffident in the society of ladies. In the summer of 185— I determined to take a horseback journey of several days; but the truth is, I had fallen desperately in love. The lady who had caused this strange transformation in my life lived in an adjoining county and entirely away from any railway communication. It was in July, and a very hot July, when I made up my mind to take this journey and learn my fate, and I proceeded, secretly, to prepare for my journey, as being a very bashful man, I desired to keep my trip a secret from my intimate friends. Having selected what the livery-stable man declared was the best and easiest-going saddle-horse in the city, and packed a pair of old-fashioned saddle-bags with what clothing I thought was necessary, I started on my fateful journey before any of my acquaintances were on the street. At noon on the third day, I came in sight of a country tavern. The day was intensely hot. My horse, I had found out early on my journey, was capable of only one gait—a hard trot—and as my time was limited, I was forced to go at this gait whenever the condition of the roads would admit. As I rode up to the tavern, situated in a clearing on the road-side, with not a single shade tree near it, and with the exception of some cur-dogs lying panting upon the porch, and a few chickens in the barn-yard, without any sign of life. A shingle was nailed to one of the posts of the porch and on it was written in rude characters “Entertainment for Man and Beast,” “by ’Squire Jones.” After a few “hello’s,” ’Squire Jones, in his shirt sleeves, appeared, followed by a lazy-looking negro man and a small negro boy. He politely invited me to “light.”

“Light, stranger. Here, Jim, take this gentleman’s horse and tend to him.” But to “light” was a thing more easily said than done. Every bone in my body was aching, but with Jim’s assistance, I managed to dismount. While I was washing the dust off and attempting to cool myself, the ’Squire being all the time present, I concluded to ask him some questions.

“’Squire,” said I, “I suppose you know Colonel Bruce?”

“Oh yes, sir! know’d him many a year. Lives down on the river.

Got a fine place; plenty of niggers; rich; got a nice gal; member of the Legislature; going thar?" To the last query I replied that I knew the family, and was going there to see *Colonel Bruce on business*.

"Oh, yes! I see! I see!" said the Squire "I guessed you was one of them city chaps gwine down to see the colonel's gal, soon as I seed you." After, perhaps, a half hour's talk with the Squire, I found that Colonel Bruce lived not very far from there, and his daughter was a great belle; but that it was doubtful whether the colonel would be at home that evening, as one of his negroes had just run away and the colonel, with some of his neighbors, was out looking for him.

Upon going to the small looking-glass to arrange my hair, before going to dinner, I was horror struck. My horrid beard had grown prodigiously. Shave I must, at all hazards. I had brought no razors with me, and so I asked the 'Squire if there was any possible chance of getting shaved before reaching Colonel Bruce's. He told me there was none, except there; that his man, Tony, had waited in a barber-shop, and that he had no doubt that he could shave me, that he was now plowing corn; but he would send for him, and have everything ready by the time I finished my dinner. This relieved my mind, and we went down to dinner.

The dining-room was provided with something like fans, suspended from the wall, and worked by a small, half-grown negro boy by pulling a string, which set all the fans in motion. Dinner over, I went out on the porch, and the negro man, Tony, who had been sent for by the 'Squire to do the shaving, came riding down the road. Tony was a genuine specimen of the old-fashion corn-field hand; he was very large and very fat, and black as a bucket of coal-tar, but with a very open face. After the necessary preparations, Tony appeared with a towel and a hame-string, which he deposited on a goods-box and retired, soon reappearing with a hammer, nails, and an old-time, long-handled gourd, filled with fresh, new, home-made, country lye-soap. Then he went for his "*rasser*," as he called it, and some water. Having procured these, and a chair with a back to it, his happiness seemed nearly complete. He said: "Boss, 'pears like I'se seed you befo'." Upon my assenting to the possibility of such a thing, his grin broadened, and his ardor in making preparation rapidly increased. The hame-string was nailed by one end to one of the logs of the house; the chair was placed on the flat side of the goods-box; the water was poured into the soap-gourd,

and the lather made, and *such* lather! I took my seat in the chair, and resigned myself to fate. The towel was placed around my neck, and my position made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Tony then brought forward his soap-gourd, and vigorously lathered my whole neck and face with that new country-soap; he then proceeded to "strop" his "rasser" on the hame-string, all the time carrying on an animated conversation. At the first application of the lye-soap upon my sunburnt face and neck, there was a small tingling sensation of pain. I thought that would soon wear off; but before Tony had finished "stropping" his "rasser," the pain became unendurable. I bounced from the chair and stuck my face in the *tub* of water which Tony had provided for his shaving operations. This gave me some relief, and I proposed to Tony that he should shave me without the lathering process. He said: "Boss, I never is herd of any gemmens shavin' 'doubt de soap; but I will try."

The razor was old, rusty, dull, and full of gaps; every stroke caused intense pain. Tony was first on one side, and then the other—at my back, and then immediately in front of me—standing up and then kneeling down, turning, twisting, and pulling my head and face in every conceivable direction. Every now and then he would have to stop to "strop" his "rasser" and to wipe the blood from my face, where he had gashed it. He was so much occupied in his labor that he forgot to talk—he would rush from me to the hame-string, give his razor a dozen vigorous wipes on the long piece of leather, and return to his work with increased ardor, the perspiration pouring off his face, and he had an almost hopeless expression upon his countenance, as, rising from between my legs, where he had been kneeling, trying to get at my beard under my chin, he wiped the streaming perspiration from his face, and said in puzzled tones: "'Clar to grashus, I'se naiver seed no sich beards befo'." Then his face brightened; his mind had solved the problem of reaching the "beards" under my chin. With a happy and contented smile, he said: "Boss, won't you please stand on your hed, just a little while, so I can get at dem beards under your chin."

This was more than I could bear. I knocked the negro down and then gave him a silver half dollar. I washed my face and went to my room; the damage done by the improvised barber was so great that my face looked as if it had been run over a "hackle machine." To go on to Colonel Bruce's that evening was out of the question, and I resigned myself to the inevitable and determined to make an early start in the morning.

Tony brought me some cream for my gashed features. I said, "What do you call this place, Tony?" "Vengeance Ridge, sah." Thinking that perhaps some bloody affray had occurred here, that had caused the place to be thus called, I said, "Tony, why did the people call this place Vengeance Ridge?" "Well, boss, you see dey was obleeged to call it something, so dey called her Vengeance Ridge."

In the morning, after many careful directions from 'Squire Jones, as to the proper roads, etc., I again started for Colonel Bruce's. Leaving "Vengeance Ridge" in the early and cool morning I jogged along, and in the pleasant morning shade and air, I soon was lost in thought. In the meantime my horse left to his own guidance had followed the straight-forward road and I was not recalled to consciousness until I came to a blacksmith's shop; here, awakening as from a dream, I inquired the way to Colonel Bruce's. To my horror I found I had gone several miles out of my way. The hot sun had brought the blood to my face, and the wounds inflicted by Tony began to bleed again: my clothes were drenched with perspiration, and my spirits for the first time began to fail. But remembering the old adage, "Faint heart never won fair lady," I pushed on. After going several miles I came to a flat and marshy stretch of timber, covered with a heavy growth of black-jack oaks. Here a countryman came along going in the opposite direction. From him I learned that Colonel Bruce was the magistrate of that district, and that his house was not over a mile or so off, on the road right ahead, also, that the colonel and his posse had not succeeded in catching the negro, and that it was reported in the neighborhood that the negro had been run off by an abolitionist kidnapper, and that the "boys" were out now looking for him. Bidding the man good-by, I rode on. Coming to a very thick part of the woods I determined to ride down into the woods and bathe my face. After bathing my face in the stream I was startled by some one exclaiming, "Here he is, boys! Come on!" I was soon surrounded by a half a dozen or more determined-looking countrymen who immediately ordered me to mount, and I was informed that they had tracked my horse down through the woods, and that I was the "damned abolitionist kidnapper" they had been looking for; that I had "run off one of Colonel Bruce's best niggers," and that they were going to take me immediately before Colonel Bruce, who was a magistrate. No argument of mine had any effect whatever on them. My face was against me. "No use of jawing," said the leader, "you is adjactly the man we are

arter; your face is all tow to pieces riding and dodging under the black-jacks." I was made to mount and my hands were tied behind me by *one of my own suspenders*. In this condition I was escorted to the house of Colonel Bruce. My feelings may be imagined much better than described, but my case was now no laughing matter—these were determined men, and I knew it.

Upon reaching Colonel Bruce's house, the colonel was called out and I was led forward as the "abolitionist kidnapper." Now, though I had fallen very much in love with the colonel's daughter, I had never before met the colonel. I was escorted to the colonel's office in the large yard, some distance from the house where the family lived—followed, of course, by my captors, and nearly everyone else on the place. Here, after some little delay, I was fortunate enough to convince the colonel, without having to send for the young lady, who I was. Of course, I was immediately released, much against the wishes of my captors. I was shown to my room and a servant sent to wait on me.

On awaking next morning I heard the following conversation between the man servant, who had been detailed to wait on me, and the coachman: "Well Jim! you don't mean to tell me dat dis man have come to see Miss Margarett." "Yes, I does; leastways dat's what de cook says, and specs she got it from Miss Margarett's maid, Lizy." "Well, as ole marster says, 'dat does beat de Jews.' Why, Jim, dis man don't war but one gallus. You know Miss Margarett ain't gwine to hab no man what don't war but one gallus." "No, I hear de cook say ole marster like to kill hisself laughing last night after 'Squire Jones, from Vengunce Ridge, comed down here and told him about Tony shavin' dat man."

At breakfast I was formally introduced by Miss Bruce to her father and mother, and the colonel apologized for the rough treatment that I had received at the hands of his neighbors. I could see that it was all the colonel, his wife and the young lady could do to keep from breaking into a hearty laugh. After breakfast the colonel kindly invited me to ride over his large and well-kept farm, but I excused myself and spent the morning in the society of Miss Bruce, who so completely put me at my ease by her kindness and gentle manners, that, by the time the colonel returned and dinner was announced, I was, if possible, more in love than ever, and determined that I would know my fate before the sun went down.

At dinner I was radiant. I talked as I am sure I never talked before or since; I seemed to breathe a rarified atmosphere; my

ideas came without effort, and words seemed to flow naturally. In the midst of all of this happiness, after the first two courses had been served, and after my plate had been bountifully helped to corn-pudding, and the waiter was handing the plate to me, by some mishap the whole dish of corn-pudding slipped and struck my poor lacerated throat. I had read of hot things and hot places, but never in my wildest flights of fancy had I dreamed of anything as hot as that cursed pudding. The agony was intense, I tore my collar off, grabbed the pudding which was frying around my neck, and threw it at the family, jumped up, yelled and laid down and rolled upon the floor. The Colonel, Mrs. Bruce, Miss Bruce, and the servants screamed with laughter. I rushed from the dining-room, and that night, much against the wishes of my kind host, I started for home. It is needless to say that I am still a bachelor, that I walk wherever I go, that I never leave town, and that I never eat corn-pudding.

This is how I got shaved in Charlotte——.

R. A. C.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

OLD PETER—A SKETCH OF HOSPITAL LIFE.



KNOW not is he far or near, or does he live, or is he dead; only this, that my dreams of the past are often haunted by the presence of this brave soldier and humble, loyal friend. I seem to see again the lined and rugged face ("harsh" others thought) wearing for me a smile which reminded me of the sunlight brightening an old gray ruin. And the toil-hardened hands which yet served me so tenderly. I seem to hear once more the rich, Irish brogue which gave character and emphasis to all he said, a *naughty* character and a most unpleasant emphasis sometimes, I must admit, fully appreciated by any who chanced to displease him, but to me always as sweet and pleasant as the zephyrs blowing from "*the groves of blarney*."

Peter was an Alabama soldier. On the first day of my installation as matron of Buckner Hospital, located then at Gainesville, Alabama, immediately after the battle of Shiloh, I found him lying in one of the wards, badly wounded, and suffering, as were many others, from scurvy. He had been morose and fierce to all who approached him. At first I fared no better. "Sure what wad a

lady be wantin' in a place like this?" said he crossly. "Why, comrade," I replied, "I thought you would *like* to have a lady to nurse you." "Divil a wan," growled he, and drawing the coverlid over his face, refused to speak again.

I felt disheartened for the moment, but after a consultation with Dr. McAllister, surgeon in charge—than whom a better disciplinarian or a kinder-hearted man never lived—it was decided that Peter should be induced or compelled to receive my ministrations. For several days, however, he remained sullen and most unwilling to be nursed, but this mood softened, and long before he was well enough to leave the ward, the warm, Irish heart had melted and I had secured a friend whose unalterable devotion attended me through all the vicissitudes of the war.

Being permanently disabled, by reason of his wound, from service in the field, Peter was detailed for hospital service, and by his own request attached to my special corps of assistants. He could and did in a hundred ways help me and contribute to my comfort. No matter how many times I met him during the day, he never passed without giving me a military salute. If I was detained by the bedside of one very ill, or dying, hoping to save life, or at least to receive and treasure "for the loved ones at home" some word or message, I was sure to hear Peter's limping step and his loud whisper, "Sure it's dying he is, can't ye lave him in the hands av God an' go to your bed?"

He constituted himself, in many cases, my mentor, and deeply resented any seeming disrespect towards me. I recall a case in point which highly amused the whole "Post." While located at Ringgold, Georgia, it was considered desirable to remove some of the convalescents to a camp hospital at Cherokee Springs, some three miles out of town. It became my duty to see these patients every evening, and I rode out on horseback attended by Peter. Riding into camp one evening, I dismounted near a tent, in front of which a group of officers were standing in conversation with Dr. —, of Kentucky. We exchanged a few words of greeting as I passed on to attend to my patients. Returning, to mount my horse, I noticed that Peter rather rudely pushed before Lieutenant —, who came forward to assist me. I also noticed that his face wore the old sullen look, and that his manner was decidedly unpleasant. Before we had gone far, he broke out with, "Dade, ma'am, ye'll go there no more, if ye plaze." Amazed, I questioned *why?* "Sure thim fellers wuz makin' game av ye, an' callin' ye out av yer

name." "Toby Peter," cried I, "you are crazy; *who* called me names, and *what* did they call me?" "Thim offshurs, ma'am—sure I couldn't make out their furrin worruds, but I belave 'tis a *sinner* they called ye. Faith, an' if *yer a sinner, where wad the saints be?*" Of course, womanlike, I became furious, and, on our arrival at headquarters, indignantly reported the "offshurs" to the surgeon in charge, who promised to investigate.

The sequel is most amusing. It turned out that Peter had overheard a conversation between the officers above mentioned and Dr. —. They having made some kindly remarks as to my hospital service, Dr. —, as kindly replied, "Yes, she is a '*sine qua non*.'"

My amusement was mingled with chagrin at my hasty anger, but Peter remained unconvinced and never forgave the offenders.

Upon another occasion, I was compelled to interfere to protect an innocent victim of Peter's wrath. One of my "boys," about returning to his command, came to take leave of me, and to offer a little keepsake. This was, or appeared to be, a crochet needle prettily carved, and *having one end fringed out*. I took it with thanks, saying: "I hope I may use this needle to crochet a pair of mittens for you." Cried the donor, "that ain't no crochet needle." "No?" "Well, what is it?" "It's a *dipping stick*; don't you chaw snuff?" Upon my indignant denial, the crest-fallen man exclaimed, "Well, Lor', lady, I made sure you did, you're *so yaller complected*." (I had shortly before recovered from an attack of jaundice.)

Now, it chanced that Peter, knowing my fondness for a pine-knot fire, had collected a quantity of knots, which he just then brought in, and, hearing the uncomplimentary remark of my soldier-friend, turned upon him with the utmost fury, and *such a tirade* of abuse as followed baffles alike my power to recall the words, or to describe the rage which prompted them. I was compelled to interfere and order Peter out of the room.

"When, in the course of human events," those who for four years had shared the fortunes of war, separated to seek their several homes, I lost sight of my devoted friend.

He was "*Old Peter*" *then*, and, in all probability, no longer lives, save in my memory. If he be dead, "peace to his ashes." If living, may God bless and sustain him in the days that are "full of trouble."

VIOLETTA.

LORENA.

A subscriber from Louisiana has asked us for the words of "Lorena," a "war song." We give it *from memory*.

The years creep slowly by, Lorena—
 The snow is on the grass again—
 The sun's low down the sky, Lorena,
 And the frost gleams where the flowers have been.
 But the *heart* throbs on as warmly now
 As when the summer days were nigh—
 Oh! the sun can never dip so low
 Adown *affection's* cloudless sky.

One hundred months have passed, Lorena,
 Since last I held that *hand* in mine—
 I felt thy pulse beat fast, Lorena,
 But mine beat faster *still* than thine.
 One hundred months! 'Twas flowery May,
 When up the mountain slope we *climbed*—
 To watch the dying of the day,
 And hear the merry church bells *chime*.

We loved each other then, Lorena—
 More than we ever dared to tell,
 And what we might have been, Lorena,
 Had but our loving prospered well.
 But then, 'tis past, the years have *flown*—
 I'll not call up their shadowy forms;
 I'll say to them, lost years sleep on—
 Sleep on, nor heed life's pelting storms.

It matters *little now*, Lorena—
 The past is in the eternal past.
 Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena.
 Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.
 But there's a future, oh! thank God—
 Of life this is so small a part;
 'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod;
 But *there*, up *there*, 'tis *heart* to *heart*.

CAPTAIN LYONS, of Tennessee, was a good soldier of the "Lost Cause," but at the close of the war, while making for home, he was compelled to hide in the flour bin of a country store to escape his pursuers. One of his boys wrote to a friend in Kentucky that "the captain arrived home safe, not covered with *glory*, but with *flour*."

[For the BIVOUAC.]

THE SEATS PREPARED ABOVE.

At one time in the history of the Confederacy, the refugees became so numerous in the towns and villages remote from the path of armies, that the good citizens of the safe and pleasant places were seriously annoyed. The invaders were in their most sacred places, like the plagues of Egypt, entered into their houses, and even their churches were infested.

A worthy congregation of a Virginia town had complained that their pews were occupied by refugees, often to the exclusion of their own families, and their pastor was requested to give notice from the pulpit that all refugees could be accommodated in the gallery.

Accordingly, on one bright Sunday morning the church as usual had its full complement of the obnoxious visitors, when at the proper time the reverend gentleman arose and gave the notice as requested.

The refugees, though already seated and disposed to mind their prayers, arose at once, some with heightened color and tossing heads, and went into the gallery. After the disturbance caused by the move was over, the pastor gave out the hymn, which he had unreflectingly selected. It was

“Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.”

The concluding lines were,

“Haste, my soul, O, haste away,
To seats prepared above.”

A titter went around in the gallery, and the congregation seemed much annoyed; even the minister, before he had finished his verse, saw how unfortunate his selection was, and all seemed to feel how how ridiculous it made them appear.

The next Sunday, as a party of mischievous girls, who were among the obnoxious ones, were entering the church, they were met by a vestryman who besought them to come in the church and take their choice of seats. “O, no,” said one, “we prefer the seats prepared above,” and so went into the gallery and enjoyed their triumph.

C. M.

“WERE all the Kentucky colonels in the late war?” asked a young lady of an ex-soldier.

“Never knew but one of the gang,” responded the high private “and he always wore a white feather and his sword was drawn—in a raffle.”

Youths' Department.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

SOUTHERN COLLEGE LIFE THIRTY YEARS AGO.



MORE than thirty years ago, the University of Virginia was the great educational institution of the South, indeed, in point of numbers, of the United States. From its walls went forth yearly men who afterward were distinguished in the profession, in the field, and in the councils of the nation. Even now, there are nearly twice as many university men in Congress as from any other college. But especially, went out teachers, who, spreading over the South and West, have done more to mold the character and opinion of the present generation than those from any other three colleges in the land.

It may, therefore, well be taken as the fittest representative of the old-time college life of the South, for there the youthful offshoot of a peculiar civilization was at its best, and marked with distinctive features. The discipline was said to be comparatively mild, yet it was admitted that an extraordinary amount of work was done by the students. In one respect it was remarkable, then as now, namely, for a standard of refinement and a lofty sense of honor. A liar or a cheat was not tolerated, and it was as disgraceful to take advantage of a teacher in an examination as it was to steal.

The incentive to study was the value of its diplomas. "Honor" men from the leading colleges of the South and West contested for its degrees, and in the ranks of the law and medical students were often seen men of professional experience. Though new branches of study have been added, the methods of instruction by lectures chiefly, remain the same. However dry the text-books were, the eloquence of the professors made all subjects interesting.

As to behavior, the students being generally older than those at other colleges, were, as a rule, more dignified. There was no such thing as hazing, and few of the time-honored college pranks were practiced. Occasionally, when the public opinion of the college was offended there were outbursts of passion, as peculiar as they were rare, and very much like those indulged in by a violent and senseless rabble. A single instance will suffice. It occurred in 1856. A couple of students having been arrested for disorder in the town

hall of Charlottesville, one resisted and was beaten over the head by an officer named Dodd. A highly-exaggerated report of the affair "went the rounds." The indignation was profound, and oaths of vengeance were registered against Dodd. One night the latter ventured to attend a supper of some sort given at the Delavan, a boarding-house situated half-way between Charlottesville and the University. About eleven o'clock the cry of "Dodd is at the Delavan," resounded through the arcades and on all the ways and avenues leading to the rotunda. At once, as if by magic, the road leading to the Delavan was filled with half-crazy students, many not knowing why they were called from bed or books. The doomed building was reached, but the news of the mob had gone before and the doors were shut. The crowd constantly increased and were addressed by fiery orators who added fuel to the flame. On the other hand, the county militia was called out, and the sight of their muskets flashing with steady radiance in the moonlight some what cooled the ardor of the rioters. But the students had possession of the front portico and refused to yield. The affair must have ended in bloodshed had it not been for the nerve and wisdom of one man, John B. Minor, then as now, the distinguished professor of law. He boldly came out the front door and addressed the students. Their only answer was "We want Dodd." Some of the leaders advancing near, said "Let us pass, we do not wish to hurt you." "You pass only over my dead body," was the defiant answer. The dignified manner and unflinching courage of Professor Minor won over the students and soon the mob melted away and Dodd was left in peace.

This was the beginning of an era of ill-feeling between the students and the town people, and many of the former, under pretext of retaliation, often made reprisals upon the latter. Upon one occasion, about a hundred disguised as ghosts, made a midnight raid on the town. Stables were broken open and vehicles of every description were drawn by hand to the college grounds, after being loaded with signs and boxes and other inflammable material. On the college lawn a bonfire was made, in which some of the wagons were burned. These outrages called down the arm of authority. A few of the leaders were expelled and the rebellion was suppressed.

BOURBON.

THE CONSCRIPT.

The act of conscription of the Confederate Congress, in 1863; forced a good many unwilling men into the service. Among others was a Dutchman that did not like to face the music then in vogue.

He went to Tybee Island and enlisted, thinking, probably, a case-mate was the safest place then in Dixie. The recruit, after some instruction, was put on guard duty, on the beach, and told to be very vigilant; that if he saw any one approaching he must challenge and demand the countersign, if it was correct to pass the individual, otherwise, he was to fire his piece and retreat to quarters. The Dutchman was on guard from ten to twelve at night. The night was dark and rainy, and about eleven o'clock, he thought he could hear above the roar of the surf, a confused hum of voices. He listened intently and peering through the darkness as well as he could, aided by an occasional flash of lightning, he was satisfied he saw men approaching. Soon they were on him.

"Halt! who comes there?"

"Grand Rounds," was the reply. This was a stumper for him. He had heard of the corporal, the sergeant, the officers of the day, but had never heard of the "Grand Rounds." The Sergeant saw his dilemma and told him that his duty was to demand the countersign, and if correct, to salute the "Grand Rounds" and pass them on. The next morning he was put on extra duty for dereliction of duty the night before.

"Vell," says he, "dey made me stand guard all day lasht night, and now I ish wet and cold and hungry, dey put me to vork on dish damn camp. If dish is vot you call soldiering, the next time I go to war I'll stay at home."

CO. "C." MORGAN'S SQUADRON, C. S. C.

THE BOLD GUERRILLA BOY.

I found Jim at home with my horse, which he had gotten from Tom Stone. Jim was very glad to see me, and so was Miss Sallie. I told her I had risked my life to get a horse for her. She thanked me, but told me I mustn't do so again. I said I would get her a horse as sure as my name was Sam. Buster. She smiled tenderly when I said this. She talks so sweet and her eyes shine so bright!

They asked me where my pistol was. I told them that I had let the Yankees have every load of it, had dropped two or three of them, and then had let it fall out of my hand. I didn't think it any harm to say this, as they might have misunderstood me if I had said I had not fired at the Yankees at all. But I couldn't have shot at them, and they would have caught me certain; for what could I have done against so many? But Jim and Miss Sallie wouldn't have understood this; so I told them what I did. I wasn't deceiving them.

They would have been deceived if they thought I threw away the pistol because I was afraid. Jim told me not to mind the loss of the pistol, as he had several, and would give me one.

March 26th. I have been terribly tired ever since I had that run from the Yankee camp. I have been so stiff that I can't walk out of the yard yet. A soldier's life is certainly a hard one. He has to run all sorts of risks in battle, and then the hardships of the life are terrible on his health. But, then, a man is fighting for his country, and he ought to be willing to stand anything in such a cause.

I could bear this almost daily risk of my life much better if I didn't know that there were so many men at home who won't join the army. The Confederate Government ought to catch these cowardly fellows and shoot them if they won't enlist. There's Joe Miller, who lives within two miles of my father's house, who is perfectly able to join the army and do any kind of service. He says he has the rheumatism, but I believe it is an infernal lie. He is six feet tall, and weighs two hundred, if he weighs a pound. He goes limping around on crutches, and screams like a baby if you touch him on the knee, and spends half of his time in groaning. He spends the other half in eating and sleeping. He eats as much as any two soldiers. He says the rheumatism affects his joints, but don't effect his stomach. I believe the whole thing is a lie, and that he picked out rheumatism so that the doctors couldn't find him out. I wish that I had him here for a while! I would carry him into some hot places, where he would try his limbs a little more. The cowardly rascal! To lay back at home and let his neighbors and kinsmen go out and risk their lives to get him liberty! I wish I was President of the Confederate States for a month. If I wouldn't boot these cowardly fellows out of their warm nests, my name ain't Sam Buster!

April 15th. I have been staying close at home for some time, trying to recruit myself after the hard time I had in the surprise of the Yankee calvary camp. That was about the most foolish raid the captain ever went on. He had no right to carry us down there and risk our lives for a few horses. I didn't enlist in his company to catch horses, but to fight and kill Yankees; and, besides, they didn't behave right in running away and leaving me to fight the whole Yankee company by myself. I stood by them to the last, and they ought to have done the same with me; but, at the very first shot, off they ran, and took my horse with them! I believe the captain don't like me, and he wants to get me either killed or captured. He

carries me into the very tightest kind of places, and then leaves me to get out the very best way I can. I am willing to fight fairly, but I am not willing to fight with both sides against me.

Captain Jumper has sent several times lately to me to go on a raid with him, but I told him I was sick and couldn't go. I have been very unwell, and have pains in my back and arms and legs nearly all the time. I have been obliged to use a cane in walking about the house. They tell me it must be rheumatism. I don't know what is the name of the thing, but I certainly do feel pains in my joints. Captain Jumper says he don't believe there is anything the matter with me. I don't expect any better opinion from him, as he don't like me. I think one reason of it is that he is in love with Miss Sallie, and he is afraid my chances are better than his. I wish I had never joined his company. I would much rather go out and fight the Yankees on my own hook. Mrs. Morrison told him that she knew I was sick and unable to go on a raid, for she saw how hard it was for me to walk about the house, and that it even hurt me for any one to touch me. Running from those infernal Yankees and staying out all night made me sick. I believe he would really make me go on a raid, sick or not, if it wasn't for Mrs. Morrison.

Miss Sallie hasn't been so kind to me lately. When I was first sick she used to wait on me, and help me around. It was very sweet in her, and I loved her more and more for it. She talked so sweet and her eyes shone so bright! But lately she has been treating me very coldly. She lets me hobble around without giving me any help at all, and she don't make any nice things for me to eat. She even said something to me yesterday about the Yankee horse I promised to capture for her. If she wants me to go out at the risk of my health, I'll do it, and let the responsibility be on her. So I sent word this morning to Captain Jumper to let me know when he would go on another raid. He said he certainly would. So I have been rubbing up my pistol to-day, and currying Rebel till he shines like a looking-glass. I think the exercise has done me good, too, for I have been able to get about a great deal better.

April 17th. True to his word, Captain Jumper sent for me early yesterday morning. I bid Miss Sallie "good-bye," and told her I would certainly get her a horse this time. I said that, though I was still unwell, yet I was ready to obey the call of duty, and I hoped she would think kindly of me if I got killed. She told me I was doing right, and that she would certainly remember me if I was killed. She looked lovely. She talks so sweet, and her eyes shone

so bright. I looked at her as I rode away, and swore to myself that I would get her yet.

Jim and I met the captain and the company at Sutler's cross-roads, and we set off about ten o'clock. We rode across the country, and at last posted ourselves in a woods near the road from Uniontown to Pikeville. I soon found out that a wagon-train was expected to come along soon from Uniontown, and that we were going to attack it. It seemed to me it would a very easy thing for us to capture a wagon-train, as the wagoners would not be able to make much of a fight against us. But I heard that the Yankee wagon-trains were always guarded by either infantry or cavalry. I felt surè, then, that a strong force would be with this wagon-train, and that it would be a risky business for us to attack them. But Captain Jumper always was a fool about fighting, and would be just as likely as not to attack double his number of men. I was willing to fight in equal numbers, but I had no notion of risking my life where there was no chance shown me. However, I determined to hold my ground, and act according to circumstances. If there was a chance for us to win, I would attack with the others; but if the odds were against us, I made up my mind that I would stay where I was and stand the consequences. So I put Miss Sallie's ribbon in my pocket and sat down by a tree, holding my horse by the bridle.

We had to wait such a long time, that I fell asleep. All at once I was waked up by some one saying, "here they come." A cold sweat come out on my whole body, produced by sleeping in the open air, I suppose. I arose at once, and mounted my horse.

On looking up the road I saw a long line of white-covered wagons coming along; and, sure enough, they were guarded by a company of infantry marching in front. There was a battery also, at the head of the line of wagons. I expected the captain to counter-march us at once, as it would be perfect foolishness for us to attack the infantry and cannon, too. But he sat perfectly still on his horse, watching the Yankees, and now and then looking at his men. I was on the point of leaving and had turned my horse's head, but I caught the captain's eye and stopped. I concluded, that probably, it was best to stay with our men and share their fortunes, be what they may.

THE SKIRMISH LINE.

DR. J. L. BURROWS was everywhere in the hospitals, in camp or on the march, cheering the living, comforting the dying, or exhorting the sinner, and no man was dearer to the Confederate soldier than Dr. Burrows.

On one occasion he preached on the subject that the victory was not always with the strong, and took for illustration the story of David and Goliath, but the war soon after demonstrated that victory was with the side having the most men and cannon. The plow-share and pruning hook epoch succeeded the siege of cannon and sword, and the reverend doctor was one day accosted by a citizen whose halting step proclaimed that he had been a soldier. After introducing himself, the ex-soldier, with a merry twinkle of the eye, asked the doctor this question over which he still unsatisfactorily broods: "Say, doctor, what about that David and Goliath story?"

OLD HUNTER was deaf as a post, and through this deafness and his shrewdness he managed to hide his sympathy for either Federal or Confederate.

On one occasion a party drinking in his store to test the old man's deafness proposed the following toast:

"Here's to old Hunter, the two-sided old villain; may he be kicked to death by mules and his body sunk in the sea a hundred fathoms deep. May no prayer be said over him, and his blind soul wander rayless through all eternity."

The toast was drunk in great glee, in which the old man joined. "The same to yourselves, gentlemen," said he, "the same to yourselves."

Of course, he had not heard a word that was said.

THE late General Buford was a turf man, and his most forcible expressions naturally were of the "horse" order. At Perryville his brigade received its baptism of fire, and in one of the preliminary skirmishes he ordered Captain J. to "oblique his company to the right." The captain, misinterpreting the order, was leading his company toward the left, which the general observed and yelled out, "Captain J., I told you to oblique your company to the right. If you don't know what I mean by 'right oblique,' sir, then gee them, sir, gee them, gee them."

Editorial.

WITH this number, Volume II. of the BIVOUAC closes. Possibly, some would like to know how the magazine has prospered. To these we say, "It has not done as well as it might, but much better than we even hoped at the beginning of the year." The circulation has increased fivefold, and newspaper men say such success is phenomenal. With equal luck the coming year, it will be practicable to put it upon the footing originally contemplated. In one sense, the Confederate side of the war history has not been written. For, now-a-days, a story is only half told that is not illustrated. A single glance at a pictorial representation pleases the masses more than a perusal of a well-written narrative. The picture is always looked at and is bound to make its impression, while the printed tale is often skipped. The *Pictorial War Record*, published by Harper during the war, is, of course, one-sided, yet it is the only pictorial history that has been published. By its light the struggle is viewed as a contest between civilization and barbarism, in which the children of light triumph over the children of darkness. The moral lesson it conveys is that virtue, aided by pluck and constancy, is bound to conquer evil.

It is not proposed to offset this by illustrations equally false, but in the other direction. The evil of this has indeed been somewhat corrected by the scores of military journals now published in the North, which are fair and liberal to our side. But they, of course, look at things from their own point of view. What we propose, is to illustrate many of the famous actions of the war; enough, at least, to show to him who reads that never in any period of history were furnished higher examples of noble daring or heroic virtue than were exhibited by the sons of the South in the sectional struggle. To do this we will have to double or treble our present circulation, and it can be easily done if our friends would only send us the names of persons who would make reliable local agents. That is all we ask.

THE BIVOUAC is furnished at the cost of production, \$1.50 payable in advance. If not promptly paid, the charge will be \$2.00.

MR. BLAINE may be a man of spotless integrity, but he is the last man in the world to deserve the title of "Plumed Knight." That of "Buffalo Jim," or the "Wild Flower of the Forest" is much more fitting. A knight is a man of deeds, not of words; one who strikes with his good weapon, not with his tongue, and strikes, too, for the weak against the strong, not against a helpless captive. None but a smart word-monger like Mr. Ingersoll would ever have thought of applying such an epithet to Mr. Blaine. By nature, incapable of discerning moral truth, he is just the sort of person who would mistake an accomplished coiner of phrases for a hero.

Such a high-sounding title, too, suggests gallant deeds. Where is the record of them? When the continent shook with the tread of armed millions who struck on either side for truth and country, where was James G. Blaine? What if his substitute did fight nobly? Who ever heard of a "plumed knight" hiring a substitute? When the storm was over and the scarred veterans rejoiced in the beams of peace, whose voice was "still for war?" The foremost soldiers of the Union might forgive, but he who had nursed his wrath in the sequestered capital of Maine, while others were giving and taking blows in the field, was still for vengeance. At the supreme hour of reconciliation and reunion in the national halls, he arose and forbade the bans. With flashing eyes and raised crest he denounced Jefferson Davis and opened all *his* batteries at the old man's defenseless head. Glorious courage to thus defy so many unarmed Confederate brigadiers and heap obloquy on a noble captive. "Plumed Knight," indeed!

OUR readers will pardon us for publishing the following from the Manchester (N. H.) *Union*, a widely-read journal, forceful in character and clean in tone:

"If the ex-Confederate soldiers do not support the BIVOUAC it is either because they are too poor or else do not appreciate how good a thing they are missing. We never miss reading a single number, and to say that we thoroughly enjoy reading the "other side" when so acceptably presented, is the simple truth. It is only by hearing both sides of a controversy that we can arrive at the truth, and in every number of the BIVOUAC new facts are brought to light concerning the great struggle that convulsed the nation for four long years, now so happily ended. The SOUTHERN BIVOUAC ought to find thousands of readers among the boys who wore the blue, as well as a liberal support from those who wore the gray. The poem, 'We have Covered Them Over,' which we copied from the BIVOUAC several months ago, is well worth a year's subscription to the magazine."

THE following from a Washington correspondent to the *Cincinnati Commercial*, of January, 1862, gives some idea from a Union standpoint of the social revolution brought about in Washington by the war:

"It is really affecting to hear the old *habitués* of Washington lament or rage over the new *regime*. Miss Forlorn burrows in the attic. She is a maiden of fifty who, of course, has seen 'better days,' had many lovers, and refused 'thirty offers of marriage.' There is something touching, as well as ridiculous, in her dinner-table lamentations. Once she was the bosom friend of Lady Guy Owsley, the chosen confidante of Lady Napier, if we may believe her story. In those palmy days she despised and hated everything Northern. Now, not daring to despise, she hates us with redoubled zest. On the row of clear-cut Northern faces which confront her at the dinner table, with quiet politeness, she glares with covert menace. 'Do you think that God has any special spite against New York and Massachusetts?' I asked the other day. 'Yes,' she answered, 'nothing could be more marked than the way in which he caused the New York and Massachusetts regiments to be cut up at Bull Run. 'O', she says, 'Washington is Washington no longer. Could you have seen it under the old administrations. It was perfectly clean and beautiful then. But the Goths and Huns have come down upon us with their dirt. I never walk in the avenue now, for instead of my dear Southern friends, I find only filth and Yankees.' She never goes to the capitol, because it is so filled with Republicans, and her presence can no longer inspire the eloquence of Southern traitors. She never attends the levees, because Mrs. Lincoln is so common and Mr. Lincoln not a gentleman. He is simply a comprehensive, earnest, honest man, who does not know always how to make the most graceful use of his hands. No Southern woman will pardon him for *that*. Rebellion has made Miss Forlorn a little crazy. But her prejudices represent, without exaggeration, those of a larger class of Washingtonians."

THE fate of the Republic seems to hang by a thread, and that thread is in the hands of Benjamin F. Butler. When it is remembered how promptly he has always been to respond to duty's call, no gloomy forebodings need be indulged in. A man who, like him, has climbed to fortune by the sweat of his brow, can not avoid being run after by his fellow-workingmen; but there is every assurance from the venerable John Kelley that Mr. Butler means well.

"THE Star of Empire, or Gray and Blue," by S. C. Mercer, is on our table. It is a dramatic representation of the desolation wrought by the war, and of the new Union that arises from the ruins of the old. Its birth is celebrated by peans sung by representatives of all the States at a festival gotten up for the benefit of Confederate soldiers. The plot is well sustained, and the fervor of the poet excites our admiration. It is printed on the best of paper, neatly bound, and is altogether a unique and attractive volume. The author proposes to devote a part of the profits of the sales to aid in the establishment of an old soldiers' home. For sale by John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.

It is hardly necessary to repeat what has been so often said, that we prize highly all contributions from old soldiers and eye-witnesses. We want not so much war articles as a narrative of facts. There is not a subscriber but what might help us in this matter.

We clip the following from an editorial in the Shreveport (Louisiana) *Daily Times*, of July 17, 1884, and, in doing so, must not only return our thanks to the *Times*, but to the press generally of Louisiana, for the many kind notices of the BIVOUAC, and the estimable lady who represents it in that State. We have been with the Louisianians on many a hard-fought battle-field, when they proved their courage and devotion to the "lost cause." They have no reason, nor inclination, to be ashamed of their record, and have liberally come to the support of the BIVOUAC in its effort to preserve the brave deeds of those who wore the gray, for our children and country:

"THE SOUTHERN FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.—In looking over the pages of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, a magazine for which Mrs. Beers is now canvassing our city, and there reading the ably-written articles upon the thrilling events of the late war, the sketches of our great battles and our generals, together with the humorous incidents of soldier life, we find ourselves living over again the four years of camp life, and emotions are aroused which, in the language of Ossian, are 'Like the music of Caryl, pleasant, but mournful to the soul.'

"This magazine recommends itself to every one from its own merits, but when advocated by such a lady as Mrs. Beers, it is doubly interesting.

"This lady, living in quiet obscurity, in 1878, in the city of New Orleans, was the recipient, at that time, of a charity fund for yellow-fever sufferers, sent to her by the people of Brooklyn, New York, through her uncle, Ripley Ropes, president of the Brooklyn trust company. Her active, personal efforts in distributing this fund, and in relieving the sick and suffering, her authorship of

the play called *Blond and Bruin*, and others, which were freely given for the benefit of different charities, brought her into notice. It was determined to tender her an entertainment as an expression of their appreciation of her efforts in behalf of the different charities, and then it was, that her name becoming known, letters poured in from Confederates from every quarter, some of which were published without her knowledge; and when it became certain that she was, indeed, the same lady who, by four years constant devotion to the sick and wounded soldiers, first in Virginia, and then in Tennessee, had won for herself the proud title of the Southern Florence Nightingale, the ex-Confederate generals, officers and privates of these two armies, took hold of the matter with enthusiasm and made the entertainment for her benefit a grand ovation, soldiers and officers vying with each other in acting as ticket agents, doorkeepers, ushers and managers; distinguished orators, among whom was Judge Braughn, volunteering their services for the occasion.

"The record of Mrs. Beers was found to be, for the past nineteen years, as good as it was at the time this complimentary entertainment was given her, and she consented to become a canvasser for the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, because assured by the soldiers, all of whom take an interest in the enterprise, that her name and record would accredit it and insure success.

"We receive no compensation for thus extensively noticing this lady and her enterprise. We can not, in justice to them both, say too much, and we sincerely hope she will meet with all the success that she and the magazine she represents, so richly merit."

THE columns of the BIVOUAC have furnished but little of the life of Confederate soldiers in the military prison of the North, a matter in which many of our readers would take a lively interest. A number of our subscribers served a long and bitter term in these Northern bastiles, and we ask them to give some of their experience, especially the individual and organized efforts at escape; many of which would show more daring and heroism than actions on the pitched battle-fields of the war. Don't put it off to a more "convenient season," but sit down and write at once.

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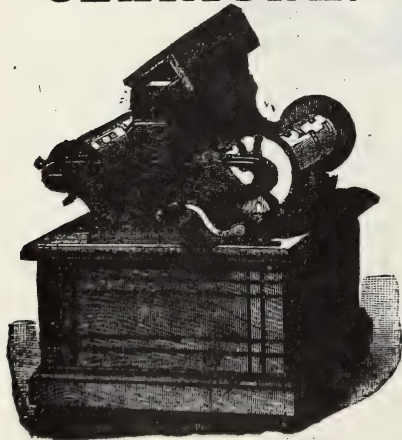
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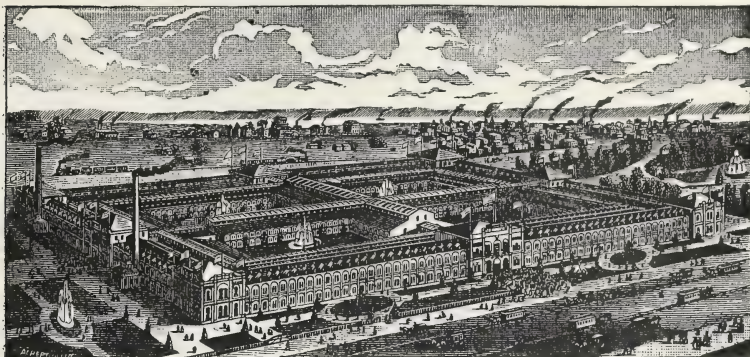
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Justified by the attendance and appreciation accorded its efforts in the past, the management of 1884 has resolved to even out-do its past attempts, to offer at Louisville an Exhibition typical of Kentucky and the whole South and Southwest. To accomplish the greatest possibilities the brightest intellects, the most varied tastes, the widest experiences will be called into requisition. The ideal in art and music, the best and most perfect of mechanical effects and appliances, the latest and most wonderful phases of light by electricity, in addition to the grandest display of the products and resources of our own and sister Southern States will all be secured and showed in what is designed to be the greatest industrial exposition of the age.

The consummation of the arrangements with Cappa and Gilmore assures the Southern Exposition the repetition of probably the most charming feature of last year's exhibition. From August 16 to October 25, there will thus be given two concerts each day from bands not excelled by any in the world. Musical entertainments of this kind had never been attempted by any exposition until the Southern Exposition of 1883, and the repetition of the engagements this year will probably make our exhibition exceptional in this respect.

The pyrotechnique display of last year, which attracted the admiration and wonder of all who were so fortunate as to see them, will be equally if not surpassed this season.

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